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An English anthology of prose and poetry

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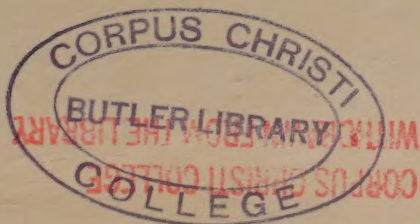
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NEWBOLT, H.

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AN ENGLISH ANTHOLOGY
OF PROSE AND POETRY

NOTE

THE PUBLISHERS HAVE MUCH PLEASURE IN ANNOUNCING THAT SIR HENRY NEWBOLT HAS PREPARED, AS A COMPANION TO THE PRESENT VOLUME, AN ANNOTATED INDEX CONTAINING DESCRIPTIVE AND CRITICAL NOTES ON ALL THE SELECTIONS INCLUDED IN THE ANTHOLOGY.

AN ENGLISH ANTHOLOGY OF PROSE AND POETRY

SHEWING THE MAIN STREAM
OF ENGLISH LITERATURE
THROUGH SIX CENTURIES

(14th Century-19th Century)



COMPILED
& ARRANGED BY
HENRY NEWBOLT

1922

LONDON & TORONTO

J. M. DENT & SONS LTD.

NEW YORK: E. P. DUTTON & CO.

FIRST PUBLISHED . . . 1921
REPRINTED . . . 1922

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PRINTED IN GREAT BRITAIN

PREFACE

THE plan of this book is simple, but it is believed to be new. My object has been not to supply one more portable collection of gems, but to show the progress of the English language and literature as the gradual gathering of many tributaries into one stream, or of many characters and influences into one great national concourse. In attempting this I found at once that three conditions imposed themselves. The selection must include both prose and verse : and it must treat upon the same footing all printed work of interest, whether scientific, philosophical, political or creative. But thirdly, an arrangement must be devised by which the reader should be enabled to follow the stream continuously, to trace without confusion the entrance and effect of the gathering influences.

It has generally been the custom in making a volume of selections to place the authors according to their dates of birth : but from my point of view this was too mechanical an arrangement and would often introduce confusion where it was a chief object to be clear. The moment of birth is not the moment of a great writer's entry into the world of thought : nor is it possible to fix any age at which genius or literary influence may be said in general to take effect. I will give a simple illustration : Peacock was seven years

older than his friend Shelley, but the best of his books were not published for years after Shelley's death. His influence on England and on literature is in fact much later, and his work must be placed in the array much later, because it was not present to the mind of that generation.

I was compelled then to make a new order for myself and my readers: the order in which the great writers of English made their decisive appearance. This is not so easy a matter, for it involves in many cases a personal judgment: and as only a few illustrations can be given of even a great writer's work, the gradual growth of his influence, and its possible changes, cannot be adequately shown. Moreover he may have one or more contemporaries of exactly his own date, and mutual influences may be at work. In the case of Chaucer, Shakespeare and Milton I have endeavoured to lessen the difficulties by dividing their work into two and three separate periods. This makes it possible (e.g.) to take account of the political storms which racked Milton's spirit, and to put in its proper place the estimate of Shakespeare formed by a younger contemporary who died in 1592—that is, before the Shakespeare we know had really come into existence.

But whether the work is well or ill done, whether the pieces selected do sufficiently represent in every case the nature of the new influence and the hour of its arrival, I do not doubt that this is the method for my purpose. The idea of the book is that wherever the reader chooses to open it, he shall have (in abridgement) upon the left hand all the effective content of the literary mind at that date: and upon the right hand, all that was still to come.

He will also find recorded the dates (when known) of birth and death : but these, as I have said, are not the significant dates : it is by the order that the book stands or falls, and by the value which may be allowed to the idea which it endeavours to carry into effect.

In my own defence—for every anthologist is on his defence—I hope I may plead that I have spent much time and thought upon the work, and that what may appear to be an inconsistency is often the result of a careful negotiation between two irreconcilable necessities. I should wish it also to be remembered that my interpretation of the word literature is a wide one—I have felt no difficulty in including familiar letters, and among them such historical (but not “literary”) documents as those of Drake and William Paston Junior. In no case has a piece been chosen without some definite reason beyond its literary excellence, as that phrase is commonly used. I have tried to illustrate national life in thought, and whatever helps to that end has been welcome to me. “Gossip Mine” and the song of them “that saylen to St. Jamys” are no doubt rough in texture : but they speak vividly of drink and sea crossings, which have been in the English mind all these centuries as certainly as religion, education, philosophy, science and criticism.

But even if the inconsistencies pass, the omissions will probably hand me over to the expert tormentor. Perhaps the very first test applied to an anthology by most readers takes the form of the inquiry “has he got ——?” and to satisfy all desires within the compass of a poor thousand pages is beyond hope. At times the work appears to the

compiler as one long series of renunciations : at another he exults in the shining pieces which have gone by hundreds into his mosaic. At any rate they could be matched in no other language : and in many examples very full measure has been given.

For some of the finest contributions to the book I am indebted to the generous kindness of four of my friends : the Poet Laureate ; Mr. Thomas Hardy ; Mr. Edmund Gosse ; and Mr. Austin Dobson, whose lines in this volume are doubly endeared to me—by old association and as his dying gift.

I desire also to thank those who have given me permission to include copyright poems or passages : the representatives of Mary Coleridge, Coventry Patmore, A. C. Swinburne, Walter Pater, R. L. Stevenson, and Andrew Lang ; Mr. Charles Whibley, for two poems by W. E. Henley, and my friend Mr. William Meredith, for his father's *Hymn to Colour* and the chapter from *Richard Feverel*.

I have to acknowledge permission or confirmation by the following publishers for copyright extracts : for those from Pater, Henley, Andrew Lang, Henry James, J. H. Short-house, and Mr. Thomas Hardy, by Messrs. Macmillan ; for the Poet Laureate's poems, by Mr. John Murray ; for George Meredith's work, by Messrs. Constable ; for Swinburne's poems, and Mr. Gosse's work, by Messrs. Heinemann ; for the extract from George Eliot's *Middlemarch*, by Messrs. Blackwood ; for the passage from Mr. Thomas Hardy's *Under the Greenwood Tree*, and selections from R. L. Stevenson, by Messrs. Chatto and Windus ; for a poem by Austin Dobson, by Messrs. Kegan Paul, Trench,

Trübner and Co.; and a poem by Andrew Lang, by Messrs. Longmans, Green and Co.

Lastly I acknowledge with gratitude my debt to those editors and anthologists who have preceded me: and especially to Sir Arthur Quiller-Couch, from whose books I have borrowed several hints and decisions; and to Sir Henry Craik, who kindly allowed me to take from his own great anthology of English Prose a modernised version of two passages from Sir John Mandeville, and other fragments.

Henry Newbolt.

POETRY BEFORE CHAUCER

CUCKOO SONG

(c. 1226)

SUMER is icumen in,
Lhude sing cuccu !
Groweth sed, and bloweth med,
And springth the wude nu—
Sing cuccu !

Awe bleteth after lomb
Lhouth after calve cu ;
Bulluc sterteth, bucke verteth,
Murie sing cucu !

Cuccu, cuccu, well singes thu, cuccu :
Ne swike thu naver nu ;
Sing cuccu, nu, sing cuccu,
Sing cuccu, sing cuccu, nu !

ANONYMOUS.

ALISON

(c. 1300)

BYTUENE Mershe ant Averil
When spray biginneth to spring,
The lutel foul hath hire wyl
On hyre lud to synge :

lhude=loud. sed, med=seed, mead. nu=now. awe=ewe.
lhouth=loweth. cu=cow. sterteth=frisketh. verteth=goeth to the
woods. murie=merrily. swike=cease. on hyre lud=in her own tongue.

Ich libbe in love-longinge
 For semlokest of alle thynges,
 He may me blisse bringe,
 Icham in hire bandoun.
 An hendy hap ichabbe y-hent,
 Ichot from hevene it is me sent,
 From alle wymmen my love is lent
 Ant lyht on Alisoun.

On heu hire her is fayr ynoh,
 Hire browe broune, hire eye blake ;
 With lossom chere he on me loh ;
 With middel smal ant wel y-make ;
 Bote he me wolle to hire take
 For to buen hire owen make,
 Long to lyven ichulle forsake
 And feye fallen adoun.
 An hendy hap, etc.

Nihtes when I wende and wake,
 For-thi myn wonges waxeth won ;
 Levedi, al for thine sake
 Longinge is y-lent me on.
 In world his non so wyter mon
 That al hire bountè telle con ;
 Hire swyre is whittore then the swon,
 And feyrest may in toune.
 An hendy hap, etc.

Icham for wowyng al for-wake,
 Wery so water in wore ;
 Lest any reve me my make
 Ichabbe y-yerned yore.

libbe=live. semlokest=seemliest. he=she. icham=I am. bandoun=
 =bondage. hendy=gracious. ichabbe=I have. y-hent=seized.
 ichot=I wot. on heu hire her=in colour her hair. lossom=lovesome.
 loh=laughed. bote he=unless she. make=mate. feye=dying. wende
 =turned. wonges=cheeks. won=pale. levedi=lady. is y-lent me
 on=has come upon me. so wyter mon=so wise a man. swyre=
 neck. may=maid. so water in wore=as water in a weir. reve=rob.
 y-yerned yore=been long in fear.

Betere is tholien whyle sore
 Then mournen evermore.
 Geynest under gore,
 Herkne to my roun—
 An hendy hap, etc.

ANONYMOUS.

THIS WORLD'S JOY

(c. 1300)

WYNTER wakeneth al my care,
 Nou this leves waxeth bare ;
 Ofte I sike ant mourne sare
 When hit cometh in my thoht
 Of this worldes joie, hou hit goth al to noht.

Nou hit is, and nou hit nys,
 Al so hit ner nere, ywys ;
 That moni mon seith, soth hit ys :
 Al goth bote Godes wille :
 Alle we shule deye, thah us like ylle.

Al that gren me graueth grene
 Nou hit faleweth albydene :
 Jesu, help that hit be sene
 Ant shild us from helle !
 For y not whider y shal, ne hou longe her duelle.

ANONYMOUS.

tholien=endure. geynest under gore=fairest under frock. roun=song. this=these. sike=sigh. nys=is not. al so hit ner nere=as though it never were. bote=but. thah=though. graueth=groweth. faleweth albydene=faleth altogether. y not whider y shal=I know not whither I shall go. her duelle=here dwell.

PRAISE OF WOMEN

No thyng ys to man so dere
 As wommanys love in gode manèr.
 A gode womman is mannys blys,
 There her love right and stedfast ys.
 There ys no solas under hevene
 Of alle that a man may nevene
 That shulde a man so moche glew
 As a gode womman that loveth true.
 Ne derer is none in Goddis hurde
 Than a chaste womman with lovely worde.

ROBERT MANNYNG OF BRUNNE.

WILLIAM LANGLAND

PIERS PLOWMAN (1362)

A THOUSAND of men tho . thrungen togyderes ;
 Cried upward to cryst . and to his clene moder,
 To haue grace to go with hem . treuthe to seke.
 Ac there was wyghte non so wys . the wey thider couthe,
 But blustreden forth as bestes . ouer bankes and hilles,
 Til late was and longe . that thei a lede mette,
 Apparailled as a paynym . in pylgrymes wyse.
 He bare a burdoun ybounde . with a brode liste,
 In a withewyndes wise . ywounden aboute.
 A bolle and a bagge . he bare by his syde ;
 An hundreth of ampulles . on his hatt seten,
 Signes of synay . and shelles of galice ;
 And many a cruche on his cloke . and keyes of Rome,

nevene=name. glew=gladden. hurde=flock. tho=then. couthe
 =knew. blustreden=strayed. lede=man. paynym=Saracen.
 burdoun=staff. withewyndes wise=bindweed-fashion. ampulles=
 phials. synay=Sinai. galice=Galicia. cruche=cross.

And the vernicle bifore . for men shulde knowe,
And se bi his signes . whom he soughte hadde.

This folke frayned hym firste . fro whennes he come ?

“ Fram synay,” he seyde . “ and fram owre lordes sepulcre
In betheleem and in babiloyne . I haue ben in bothe,
In ermonyne, in Alisaundre . in many other places.
Ye may se bi my signes . that sitten on myn hatte,
That I haue walked ful wyde . in wete and in drye,
And soughte gode seyntes . for my soules helth.”

“ Knowestow oughte a corseint . that men calle treuthe ?
Coudestow aughte wissen us the weye . where that wy dwelleth ?

“ Nay, so me god helpe ! ” . seide the gome thanne,
“ I seygh neuere palmere . with pike ne with scrippe
Axen after hym er . til now in this place.”

“ Peter ! ” quod a plowman . and put forth his hed,
“ I knowe hym as kyndely . as clerke doth his bokes ;
Conscience and kynde witte . kenned me to his place,
And deden me suren hym sikerly . to serue hym for euere,
Bothe to sowe and to sette . the while I swynke myghte.
I haue ben his folwar . al this fifty wyntre ;
Bothe ysowen his sede . and sued his bestes,
With-inne and with-uten . wayted his profyt.
I dyke and I delue . I do that treuthe hoteth ;
Some tyme I sowe . and some tyme I thresche,
In tailoures crafte and tynkares crafte . what treuthe can deuyse,
I weue and I wynde . and do what treuthe hoteth.

For thoughe I seye it my-self . I serue hym to paye ;
Ich haue myn huire of hym well . and otherwhiles more ;
He is the pretest payer . that pore men knoweth ;
He ne with-halt non hewe his hyre . that he ne hath it at euen.
He is as low as a lombe . and loueliche of speche,
And yif ye wilneth to wite . where that he dwelleth,
I shall wisse yow witterly . the weye to his place.”

“ Ye, leue pieres,” quod this pilgrymes . and profered hym huire .

vernicle = cloth with the face of Christ upon it. frayned = asked.
ermonyne = Armenia. corseint (corps saint) = a saint. wissen = teach.
wy = man. gome = man. seygh = saw. er = before. deden = made.
suren hym = promise him. sikerly = surely. swynke = toil. sued =
driven. wayted = looked after. hoteth = biddeth. pretest = readiest.
non hewe = no servant. low = gentle. wilneth = wish. witerly = clearly.
leve = dear.

For to wende with hem . to treuthes dwellyng place.

“ Nay, bi my soules helth,” quod pieres . and gan forto swere,
 “ I nolde fange a ferthyng . for seynt Thomas shryne !
 Treuthe wolde loue me the lasse . a longe tyme there-after !
 Ac if ye wilneth to wende wel . this is the weye thider,
 That I shal say to yow . and sette yow in the sothe.

GEOFFREY CHAUCER (I)

(1340?–1400)

HIS DAYDREAM OF A HUNTING

ME thoughte thus :—that hit was May,
 And in the dawning ther I lay,
 Me mette thus, in my bed al naked :—
 I loked forth, for I was waked
 With smale foules a gret hepe,
 That had affrayed me out of slepe
 Through noyse and swetnesse of hir song ;
 And, as me mette, they sate among,
 Upon my chambre-roof withoute,
 Upon the tyles, al a-boute,
 And songen, everich in his wyse,
 The moste solempne servyse
 By note, that ever man, I trowe,
 Had herd ; for som of hem song lowe,
 Some hye, and al of oon accorde.
 To telle shortly, at oo worde,
 Was never y-herd so swete a steven,
 But hit had be a thing of heven ;—
 So mery a soun, so swete entunes,
 That certes, for the toune of Tewnes,
 I nolde but I had herd hem singe ;
 For al my chambre gan to ringe
 Through singing of hir armonye.
 For instrument nor melodye

I nolde fange - I would not take. sothe — right (way).

Was nowher herd yet half so swete,
Nor of acorde half so mete ;
For ther was noon of hem that feyned
To singe, for ech of hem him peyned
To finde out mery crafty notes ;
They ne spared not hir throtes.
And, sooth to seyn, my chambre was
Ful wel depeynted, and with glas
Were al the windowes wel y-glased,
Ful clere, and nat an hole y-crased,
That to beholde hit was gret joye.
For hoolly al the storie of Troye
Was in the glasing y-wroght thus,
Of Ector and king Priamus,
Of Achilles and Lamedon,
Of Medea and of Jason,
Of Paris, Eleyne, and Lavyne.
And alle the walles with colours fyne
Were peynted, bothe texte and glose,
Of al the Romaunce of the Rose.
My windowes weren shet echon,
And through the glas the sunne shon
Upon my bed with brighte bemes,
With many glade gilden stremes ;
And eek the welken was so fair,
Blew, bright, clere was the air,
And ful atempre, for sothe, hit was ;
For nother cold nor hoot hit nas,
Ne in al the welken was a cloude.

And as I lay thus, wonder loude
Me thoughte I herde an hunte blowe
T' assaye his horn, and for to knowe
Whether hit were clere or hors of soune.

I herde goinge, up and doune,
Men, hors, houndes, and other thing ;
And al men speken of hunting,
How they wolde slee the hert with strengthe,
And how the hert had, upon lengthe,
So moche embosed, I not now what,

Anon-right, whan I herde that,
 How that they wolde on hunting goon,
 I was right glad, and up anoon ;
 I took my hors, and forth I wente
 Out of my chambre ; I never stente
 Til I com to the feld withoute.
 Ther overtook I a gret route
 Of huntres and eek of foresteres,
 With many relays and lymeres,
 And hyed hem to the forest faste,
 And I with hem ;—so at the laste
 I asked oon, ladde a lymere :—
 “ Say, felow, who shall hunten here ? ”
 Quod I ; and he answerde ageyn,
 “ Sir, th’ emperour Octovien,”
 Quod he, “ and is heer faste by.”
 “ A goddes halfe, in good tyme,” quod I,
 “ Go we faste ! ” and gan to ryde.
 Whan we came to the forest-syde,
 Every man dide, right anoon,
 As to hunting fil to doon.
 The mayster-hunte anoon, fot-hoot,
 With a gret horne blew three moot
 At the uncoupling of his houndes.
 Within a whyl the hert y-founde is,
 Y-halowed, and rechased faste
 Longe tyme ; and at the laste,
 This hert rused and stal away
 Fro alle the houndes a prevy way.
 The houndes had overshot hem alle,
 And were on a defaute y-falle ;
 Therwith the hunte wonder faste
 Blew a forloyn at the laste.

The Book of the Duchesse.

TROILUS AND CRISEYDE

BUT for to tellen forth in special
As of this kinges sone of which I tolde,
And leten other thing collateral,
Of him thenke I my tale for to holde,
Bothe of his joye, and of his cares colde ;
And al his werk, as touching this matere,
For I it gan, I wil ther-to refere.

With-inne the temple he wente him forth pleyinge,
This Troilus, of every wight aboute,
On this lady and now on that lokinge,
Wher-so she were of toun, or of withoute :
And up-on cas bifel, that through a route
His eye perced, and so depe it wente,
Til on Criseyde it smoot, and ther it stente.

And sodeynly he wex ther-with astoned,
And gan hire bet biholde in thrifty wyse :
“ O mercy, god ! ” thoughte he, “ wher hastow woned ;
That art so fair and goodly to devyse ? ”
Ther-with his herte gan to sprede and ryse,
And softe sighed, lest men mighte him here,
And caughte a-yein his firste pleyinge chere.

She nas not with the leste of hir stature,
But alle hir limes so wel answeringe
Weren to womanhode, that creature
Was never lasse mannish in seminge.
And eek the pure wyse of here meninge
Shewede wel, that men might in hir gesse
Honour, estat, and wommanly noblesse.

To Troilus right wonder wel with-alle
Gan for to lyke hir mening and hir chere,
Which somdel deynous was, for she leet falle
Hir look a lite a-side, in swich manere,

Ascaunces, " what ! may I not stonden here ? "
 And after that hir loking gan she lighte,
 That never thoughte him seen so good a sighte.

And of hir look in him ther gan to quiken
 So greet desir, and swich affeccioun,
 That in his hertes botme gan to stiken
 Of hir his fixe and depe impressioun :
 And though he erst hadde poured up and down,
 He was tho glad his hornes in to shrinke ;
 Unnethes wiste he how to loke or winke.

Lo, he that leet him-selven so konninge,
 And scorned hem that Loves peynes dryen,
 Was ful unwar that Love hadde his dwellinge
 With-inne the subtille stremes of hir eyen ;
 That sodeynly him thoughte he felte dyen,
 Right with hir look, the spirit in his herte ;
 Blessed be Love, that thus can folk converte !

She, this in blak, lykinge to Troilus,
 Over alle thing he stood for to biholde ;
 Ne his desir, ne wherfor he stood thus,
 Ne neither chere made, ne worde tolde ;
 But from a-fer, his maner for to holde,
 On other thing his look som-tyme he caste,
 And eft on hir, whyl that servyse laste.

And after this, not fulliche al awhaped,
 Out of the temple al esiliche he wente,
 Repentinge him that he hadde ever y-japed
 Of Loves folk, lest fully the descente
 Of scorn fille on him-self ; but, what he mente,
 Lest it were wist on any maner syde,
 His wo he gan dissimulen and hyde.

(Book I.

But as she sat allone and thoughte thus,
 Th' ascry aroos at skarmish al with-oute,
 And men cryde in the strete, " see, Troilus

Hath right now put to flight the Grekes route ! ”
With that gan al hir meynne for to shoute,
“ A ! go we see, caste up the latis wyde ;
For thurgh this strete he moot to palays ryde ;

For other wey is fro the yate noon
Of Dardanus, ther open is the cheyne.”
With that com he and all his folk anoon
An esy pas rydinge, in routes tweyne,
Right as his happy day was, sooth to seyne,
For which, men say, may nought disturbed be
That shal bityden of necessitee.

This Troilus sat on his baye stede,
Al armed, save his heed, ful richely,
And wounded was his hors, and gan to blede,
On whiche he rood a pas, ful softly ;
But swich a knightly sighte, trewely,
As was on him, was nought, with-uten faile,
To loke on Mars, that god is of batayle.

So lyk a man of armes and a knight
He was to seen, fulfild of heigh prowessse ;
For bothe he hadde a body and a might
To doon that thing, as wel as hardinesse ;
And eek to seen him in his gere him dresse,
So fresh, so yong, so weldy semed he,
It was an heven up-on him for to see.

His helm to-hewen was in twenty places,
That by a tissew heng, his bak bihinde,
His sheld to-dasshed was with swerdes and maces
In which men mighte many an arwe finde
That thirled hadde horn and nerf and rinde ;
And ay the peple cryde, “ here cometh our joye,
And, next his brother, holdere up of Troye ! ”

For which he wex a litel reed for shame,
Whan he the peple up-on him herde cryen,

That to biholde it was a noble game,
 How sobrelliche he caste doun his eyen.
 Cryseyda gan al his chere aspyen,
 And leet so softe it in hir herte sinke,
 That to hir-self she seyde, " who yaf me drinke ? "

For of hir owene thought she wex al reed,
 Remembringe hir right thus, " lo, this is he
 Which that myn uncle swereth he moot be deed,
 But I on him have mercy and pitee " ;
 And with that thought, for pure a-shamed, she
 Gan in hir heed to pulle, and that as faste,
 Why! he and al the peple for-by paste,

And gan to caste and rollen up and doun
 With-inne hir thought his excellent prowesse,
 And his estat, and also his renoun,
 His wit, his shap, and eek his gentillesse ;
 But most hir favour was, for his distresse
 Was al for hir, and thoughte it was a routhe
 To sleen swich oon, if that he mente trouthe.

Now mighte som envyous jangle thus,
 " This was a sodeyn love, how mighte it be
 That she so lightly lovede Troilus
 Right for the firste sighte ; ye, pardee ? "
 Now who-so seyth so, mote he never thee !
 For every thing, a ginning hath it nede
 Er al be wrought, with-uten any drede.

For I sey nought that she so sodeynly
 Yaf him hir love, but that she gan enclyne
 To lyke him first, and I have told yow why ;
 And after that, his manhod and his pyne
 Made love with-inne hir for to myne,
 For which, by proces and by good servyse,
 He gat hir love, and in no sodeyn wyse.

The dayes honour, and the hevenes eye,
The nightes fo, al this clepe I the sonne,
Gan westren faste, and dounward for to wrye,
As he that hadde his dayes cours y-ronne ;
And whyte thinges wexen dimme and donne
For lak of light, and sterres for to appere,
That she and al hir folk in wente y-fere.

So whan it lyked hir to goon to reste,
And voyded weren they that voyden oughte,
She seyde, that to slepe wel hir leste.
Hir wommen sone til hir bed hir broughte.
Whan al was hust, than lay she stille, and thoughte
Of al this thing the manere and the wyse.
Reherce it nedeth nought, for ye ben wyse.

A nightingale, upon a cedre grene,
Under the chambre-wal ther as she lay,
Ful loude sang ayein the mone shene,
Paraunter, in his briddes wyse, a lay
Of love, that made hir herte fresh and gay.
That herkned she so longe in good entente,
Til at the laste the dede sleep hir hente.

And, as she sleep, anoon-right tho hir mette,
How that an egle, fethered whyt as boon,
Under hir brest his longe clawes sette,
And out hir herte he rente, and that a-noon,
And dide his herte in-to hir brest to goon,
Of which she nought agroos ne no-thing smerte,
And forth he fleigh, with herte left for herte.

(Book II.)

Go, litel book, go litel myn tregedie,
Ther god thy maker yet, er that he dye,
So sende might to make in som comedie !
But litel book, no making thou n'envye,
But subgit be to alle poesye ;
And kis the steppes, wher-as thou seest pace
Virgile, Ovyde, Omer, Lucan, and Stace.

And for ther is so greet diversitee
 In English and in wryting of our tonge,
 So preye I god that noon miswryte thee,
 Ne thee mismetre for defaute of tonge.
 And red wher-so thou be, or elles songe,
 That thou be understonde I god beseche !
 But yet to purpos of my rather speche.—

The wraththe, as I began yow for to seye,
 Of Troilus, the Grekes boughten dere ;
 For thousandes his hondes maden deye,
 As he that was with-uten any pere,
 Save Ector, in his tyme, as I can here.
 But weylaway, save only goddes wille,
 Dispitously him slough the fiers Achille.

And whan that he was slayn in this manere,
 His lighte goost ful blisfully is went
 Up to the holownesse of the seventh spere,
 In convers letinge every element ;
 And ther he saugh, with ful avysement,
 The erratik sterres, herkeninge armonye
 With sownes fulle of hevenish melodye.

And doun from thennes faste he gan avyse
 This litel spot of erthe, that with the see
 Embraced is, and fully gan despyse
 This wrecched world, and held al vanitee
 To respect of the pleyn felicitee
 That is in hevene above ; and at the laste,
 Ther he was slayn, his loking doun he caste ;

And in him-self he lough right at the wo
 Of hem that wepten for his deeth so faste ;
 And dampned al our werk that folweth so
 The blinde lust, the which that may not laste,
 And sholden al our herte on hevene caste.
 And forth he wente, shortly for to telle,
 Ther as Mercurie sorted him to dwelle.—

Swich fyn hath, lo, this Troilus for love,
Swich fyn hath al his grete worthinesse ;
Swich fyn hath his estat real above,
Swich fyn his lust, swich fyn hath his noblesse ;
Swich fyn hath false worldes brotelnesse.
And thus bigan his lovinge of Criseyde,
As I have told, and in this wyse he deyde.

O yonge fresshe folkes, he or she,
In which that love up-groweth with your age,
Repeyreth hoom from worldly vanitee,
And of your herte up-casteth the visage
To thilke god that after his image
Yow made, and thinketh al nis but a fayre
This world, that passeth sone as floures fayre.

And loveth him, the which that right for love
Upon a cros, our soules for to beye,
First starf, and roos, and sit in hevене a-bove ;
For he nil falsen no wight, dar I seye.
That wol his herte al hoolly on him leye.
And sin he best to love is, and most meke,
What nedeth feyned loves for to seke ?

Lo here, of Payens corsed olde rytes,
Lo here, what alle hir goddes may availle ;
Lo here, these wrecched worldes appetytes ;
Lo here, the fyn and guerdon for travaille
Of Jove, Appollo, of Mars, of swich rascaille !
Lo here, the forme of olde clerkes speche
In poetrye, if ye hir bokes seche.—

O moral Gower, this book I directe
To thee, and to the philosophical Strode,
To vouchen sauf, ther nede is, to corecte,
Of your benignitees and zeles gode.
And to that sothfast Crist, that starf on rode,
With al myn herte of mercy ever I preye ;
And to the lord right thus I speke and seye :

Thou oon, and two, and three, eterne on-lyve,
 That regnest ay in three and two and oon,
 Uncircumscrip, and al mayst circumscrip,
 Us from visible and invisible foon
 Defende ; and to thy mercy, everychoon,
 So make us, Jesus, for thy grace, digne,
 For love of mayde and moder thyn benigne ! Amen.

(Book V.)

JOHN WYCLIF

(1320 ?-1384)

ON MONASTIC VOWS

AND if religiouse men bindun thus to be obedient, and puttun ther will under mannis will, more than under the will of God, so that it behowvith to do the will of man, be it hout worth or nout, and wat that God biddith hem to they may not do it, if ther overman bid hem cerse, or to do the contrari, certis this is agen the gospel ; and that we axe in our *pater noster*. Our fader that art in heven, thi wyl be it don, in yerth as it is in heven. And thus wan religiouse men are lettun bi ther vow fro ther preching of Goddis word, and fro filling of the dedis of mercy, and fro rigtwisnes manifold, as thei knowlech, and are nedid bi al ther tyme to comyn with ther brether, thow thei be symonientis and synnars, that God forbedith tak meyt with, or hald felischip with ; it is certeyn that in swilk casis her vow is agen the gospel. And wan the vow of religious is to wilful bodily povert, and obediens, and chastité, to be kepid, but now our religious lifith and flowith among all men most in delitis, and habundith in worldly riches, and takith to hem worldly honoris : certeynly either they han feynidly and falsly a nother vow agen the gospel, or ellis

bindun=bind themselves. hout or nout=ought or nought. cerse=desist. wan=when. lettun=prevented. knowlech=claim. comyn=associate. symonientis=men guilty of simony. hald=hold. lifith=liveth. delitis=delights. habundith=aboundeth.

they brek ther vow. And wether it be so or so, the toon or the tother, the vow is agen the gospel, and dampnable; werfor Prosper, in his book of contemplatif lif, seith thus, It is to sarow he seith, that ther sum in theis daies that wel be coneris, but in express maneris thei kast no thing a wey, thei chaunge not the mynde but the cloth, thei are that forsakun the world only in word, but not in werk, thei lifen worldly, and hidun ther bicus with a veyn higt of better lif, and mantel it with a name of ymaginid religioun, they tak for vertu, the opiniun of vertu, they wil be seen a mong men dredy and just, thei diuerse fro the puple, not in mynd, but in cloth, not in lifing, but in habit only, in liknes, but not in effect, thei study to be seen gret, but not to be, thei preeche gret thingis but thei do hem not, thei accuse vices, but they do not a wey, thei ben in wordis, but thei do not in dedis. In opun thei feyn hem to be displecid of thingis that thei don in hid; thei knowlech to know and luf God, but in dedis they deney. In habite and lifing thei han the form of pitè, but thei deney the vertue ther of. And for this thei disseyve the moo, for thei transfiger hem in to an aungel of ligt, and with face and tonsure pretendun a schadowe peyntid of religioun. Werfor it is don that thei are maad desseyvable ypocritis, and lurkyng wolvis of ref under a schepis flees; of wam it is seid bi the prophet, The dred of God is not bi forn ther een. Alien sonis han liyed to me, alien sonis han yeldid and crokid fro thi pathis, arett thu ther lifing dampnacoun, that lufun the maner of the world for the cloyster, and dispice for Christ a fewe facultes, and covetun moo agen Crist, and inword coveyteis restith or lurkith under dispicyng of temporal thingis. Of theis seith Bernard to Eugeny the pope, Thei are that suffur not to be under lowtid, thei kan not be aboven, thei are unfeithful to ther sovereyns, unevyn to ther lowar, unschamful to axe, bolde to denay, unrestful

sarow=sorrow. ther=there are. coneris=conversi, lay brothers or novices. bicus=vices. higt=promise. dredy=grave. diuerse=differ. puple=people. in hid=in secret. the moo=the more. ref=plunder. wam=whom. Alien sonis=strange children. crokid=gone astray. arett=esteem. lufun=leave. under lowtid=obedient.

tul thei tak, unkynd wan thei han tane, thei ken ther tongis for to spek gret thingis, wan thei do but litil thingis; thei are largist bihigtars, and scarsist gevars; glosandist flaterars, and bitandist bacbitars; simplist glosars, and warst willid traytoris. And Lincoln seith thus, A cloystrer of privat ordre, and specialy a frere wandring voyd in the world, is a ded careyn, gon out of the grave, woundun in dedly clothis, schaken of the fend a mong men: thei are tokunid bi the wif of Loth, that, after the going out of Sodom, loking agen, was turnid in to an image of salt. An image hath the similitud of a man, but not the trowth.

An Apology for Lollard Doctrines.

THE WYCLIF BIBLE

(1378-84)

ISAIAH

CHAPTER XXXV

THE forsakun [*Judee*] and with outen weie schal be glad, and wildirnesse schal make ful out ioie, and schal floure as a lilie. It buriownynge schal buriowne, and it glad and preisyng schal make ful out ioie. The glorie of Liban is yovun to it, the fairnesse of Carmele and of Saron; thei schulen se the glorie of the Lord, and the fairnesse of oure God. Coumforte ye comelid hondis, and make ye strong feble knees. Seie ye, men of litil coumfort, be ye coumfortid, and nyle ye drede; lo! oure God schal brynge the veniaunce of yeldyng, God hym silf schal come, and schal saue us. Thanne the iyen of blynde men schulen be openyd, and the eeris of deaf men schulen be opyn. Thanne a crokid man schal skippe as an hert, and the tunge of doumbe men schal be openyd; for whi watris ben broken out in desert,

tul=till. tane=taken. ken=teach. bihigtars=promisers.
 glosandist=smoothest. glosars=deceivers. Lincoln=Grosseteste,
 Bishop of Lincoln. frere=friar. careyn=carrion. woundun=
 wrapped. fend=fiend. tokunid=symbolised. trowth=truth.
 buriowne = burgeon. yovun = given. comelid = numbed.
 nyle ye = do not ye.

and stremes in wildirnesse. And that that was drie, *is maad* in to a poond, and the thirsti *is maad* in to wellis of watris. Grenenesse of rehed and of spier schal growe in dennes, in whiche dwelliden dragouns bifore. And a path and a weie schal be there, and it schal be clepid an hooli weie, he that is defoulid schal not passe therbi; and this schal be a streiyt weie to you, so that foolis erre not therbi. A lioun schal not be there, and an yvel beeste schal not stie therbi, nether schal be foundun there. And thei schulen go, that ben delyuered and agenbouyt of the Lord; and thei schulen be conuertid, and schulen come in to Sion with preisying; and euerlastyng gladnesse *schal be* on the heed of hem; thei schulen haue ioie and gladnesse, and sorewe and weilyng schulen fle awei.

CHAPTER LX. VERSE IO TO END

AND the sones of pilgrymes schulen bilde thi wallis, and the kyngis of hem schulen mynystre to thee. For Y smoot thee in myn indignacioun, and in my recounselyng Y hadde merci on thee. And thi gatis schulen be openyd contynueli, day and nigt tho schulen not be closid; that the strengthe of hethene men be brought to thee, and the kyngis of hem be brought. For whi the folk and rewme that serveth not thee, schal perische, and hethene men schulen be distried bi wildirnesse. The glorie of the Liban schal come to thee, a fir tre, and box tre, and pyne appil tre togidere, to onour the place of myn halewyng; and Y schal glorifie the place of my feet. And the sones of hem that maden thee lowe, schulen come lowe to thee, and alle that bacbitiden thee, schulen worschipe the steppis of thi feet; and schulen clepe thee A citee of the Lord of Sion, of the hooli of Israel. For that that thou were forsakun, and hatid, and noon was that passide bi thee, Y schal sette thee in to pryde of worldis, ioie in generacioun and in to generacioun. And thou schalt souke the mylke of folkis, and thou schalt

rehed = reed. spier = bulrush. clepid = called. stie = go up.
 agenbouyt = ransomed. pilgrymes = strangers. rewme = realm.

be soclid with the tete of kyngis ; and thou schalt wite that Y *am* the Lord, savyng thee, and thin agenbiere, the stronge of Jacob. For bras Y schal brynge gold, and for irun Y schal brynge silver ; and bras for trees, and yrun for stoonys ; and Y schal sette thi visitacioun pees, and thi prelatys rigtfulnesse. Wickidnesse schal no more be herd in thi lond, nether distriyng and defoulyng in thi coostis ; and helthe schal ocupie thi wallis, and heriyng *schal* ocupie thi gatis. The sunne schal no more be to thee for to schyne bi dai, nether the brigtnesse of the moone schal ligtne thee ; but the Lord schal be in to everlastyng ligth to thee, and thi God *schal* be in to thi glorie. Thi sunne schal no more go down, and thi moone schal not be decreesid ; for the Lord schal be in to everlastyng ligth to thee, and the daies of thi mourenyng schulen be fillid. Forsothe thi puple alle iust men, withouten ende schulen enherite the lond, the seed of my plauntyng, the werk of myn hond for to be glorified. The leeste schal be in to a thousynde, and a litil man *schal* be in to a ful stronge folk. Y, the Lord, schal make this thing sudenli, in the tyme therof.

II. SAMUEL

CHAPTER XVIII. VERSE 24

In this and the three following passages, the spelling, wherever non-essential, has been modernised.

AND David sat betwixe twei gates ; and the spyer that was in the highness of the gate on the wall, raised his eyes and saw a man alone renning ; and the spyer cried and shewed to the King. And the King said to him, If he is alone, good message is in his mouth. But while he hasted and nighed near, the spyer saw another man renning, and the spyer cried in the highness and said, Another man renning alone appeareth to me. And the King said to him, And this man is a good messenger. And the spyer said, I behold

agenbiere=redeemer. heriyng=praising. puple=people.

the renning of the former, as the renning of Achemaas the son of Sadoch. And the King said, He is a good man, and he cometh bringing a good message. And Achemaas cried and said to the King, Hail King ! And he worshipped the King lowly before him to earth, and said, Blessed be thy Lord God, that closed the men that raiseden together their handes against my lord the King. And the King said, Whether peace is to the child Absolon ? And Achemaas said, I saw, *that is, I heard*, a great noise, when Joab thy servant, thou King, sent me thy servant *to thee* : I kan none other thing. To whom the King said, Pass thou and stand here. And when he had passed and stood, Chusi appeared ; and he came and said, My lord the King, I bring good message ; for the Lord hath demed to-day for thee of the hand of all men that riseden against thee. And the King said to Chusi, Whether peace is to the child Absolon ? To whom Chusi answered and said, The enemies of my lord the King, and all men that riseden against him in to evil, be made as the child. Therefore the King was sorry and stiede up in to the soler of the gate, and wept and spake thus going, My son, Absolon ! Absolon, my son ! Who giveth to me that I die for thee ? Absolon, my son ! my son, Absolon !

PSALM XC

LORD, refut thou art made to us ; from generation in to generation. Before that hills weren made, or were formed the earth and the roundness ; from world and in to world thou art God. Ne turn thou a man into meekness ; and thou saidest, beth converted, ye sons of men. For a thousand year before thine eyen ; as yesterday that is passed. And the ward in the night, that for nought ben had ; the years of them shall ben. Early as an herb pass he, early flourish he, and pass ; at even fall he down, inwardly harde he and

kan = know. demed = given judgment. stiede = went up.
soler = chamber. refut = refuge. harde = harden, wither.

wax dry. For we han failed in thy wrath ; and in thy woodness we ben disturbed. Thou hast put our wickednesses in thy sight ; our world in the lighting of thy cheer. For all our dayes faileden ; and in thy wrath we han failed. Our years, as an ireyn, shall be bethought ; the dayes of our yeares in them seventy year. If forsooth in mighties, eighty year ; and the more over of them travail and sorrow. For there overcame debonairness : and we shall be chastised. Who knew the power of thy wrath ; and for thy dread thy wrath denoumbren ? Thy righthand so make knowen ; and the taught with heart in wisdom. Be thou converted, Lord, how long : and lowly prayable be thou upon thy servants. We ben fulfild early with thy mercy : we han full outjoyed, and delighted in all our dayes. We han joyed for the dayes in which thou hast meeked us ; the yeares in which we have seen evils. Behold, Lord, in to thy servants, and in to thy workes : and rule forth the sones of them. And be the shining of the Lord our God upon us ; and the workes of our handes rightforth rule upon us : and the work of our handes rule rightforth.

PSALM CXXVI

WHEN the Lord turned the caitifte of Sion ; we weren made as comforted. Then our mouth was filled with joy ; and our tongue with full outjoying. Then they schulen say among heathen men ; the Lord magnified to do with them. The Lord magnified to do with us ; we ben made glad. Lord, turn thou our caitifte : as a strond in the south. They that sowen in teares : schulen reap in full outjoying. They going geden and wepten : sending their seedes. But they coming schulen come with full outjoying : bearing their handfulles.

woodness = great anger. ireyn = arain = cobweb (araneum).
meeked = humbled. caitifte = captivity. strond = river. geden = went.

PSALM CXXVII

No but the Lord build the house : they that builden it
han travailed in vain. No but the Lord keepeth the city :
he waketh in vain that keepeth it. It is vain to you to rise
before the light ; rise ye after that ye han set, that eaten
the bread of sorrow. When he shall give sleep to his loved ;
lo ! then the heritage of the Lord is sons, the meed is the
fruit of the womb. As arrowes ben in the hand of the
mighty ; so the sons of them that ben shaken out. Blessed
is the man that hath filled his desire of them ; he shall not
be shent when he shall speak to his enemies in the gate.

GEOFFREY CHAUCER (II)

THE CANTERBURY TALES

PROLOGUE

WHAN that Aprille with his shoures sote
The droghte of Marche hath perced to the rote,
And bathed every veyne in swich licour,
Of which vertu engendred is the flour ;
Whan Zephirus eek with his swete breeth
Inspired hath in every holt and heeth
The tendre croppes, and the yonge sonne
Hath in the Ram his halfe cours y-ronne,
And smale fowles maken melodye,
That slepen al the night with open eye,
(So priketh hem nature in hir corages) :
Than longen folk to goon on pilgrimages
(And palmers for to seken straunge strondes)
To ferne halwes, couthe in sondry londes ;
And specially, from every shires ende
Of Engelond, to Caunterbury they wende,

The holy blisful martir for to seke,
That hem hath holpen, whan that they were seke.

Bifel that, in that seson on a day,
In Southwerk at the Tabard as I lay
Redy to wenden on my pilgrimage
To Caunterbury with ful devout corage,
At night was come in-to that hostelrye
Wel nyne and twenty in a companye,
Of sondry folk, by aventure y-falle
In felawshipe, and pilgrims were they alle,
That toward Caunterbury wolden ryde ;
The chambres and the stables weren wyde,
And wel we weren esed atte beste.
And shortly, whan the sonne was to reste,
So hadde I spoken with hem everichon,
That I was of hir felawshipe anon,
And made forward erly for to ryse,
To take our wey, ther as I yow devyse.

But natheless, whyl I have tyme and space,
Er that I ferther in this tale pace,
Me thinketh it acordaunt to resoun,
To telle yow al the condicioun
Of ech of hem, so as it semed me,
And whiche they weren, and of what degree ;
And eek in what array that they were inne :
And at a knight than wol I first biginne.

A KNIGHT ther was, and that a worthy man,
That fro the tyme that he first bigan
To ryden out, he loved chivalrye,
Trouthe and honoúr, fredom and curteisye.
Ful worthy was he in his lordes werre,
And therto hadde he riden (no man ferre)
As wel in Cristendom as hethenesse,
And ever honoured for his worthinesse.

At Alisaundre he was, whan it was wonne ;
Ful ofte tyme he hadde the bord bigonne
Aboven alle naciouns in Pruce.
In Lettow hadde he reysed and in Ruce,
No Cristen man so ofte of his degree.

In Gernade at the sege eek hadde he be
Of Algezir, and riden in Belmarye.
At Lyeyes was he, and at Satalye,
Whan they were wonne ; and in the Grete See
At many a noble áryve hadde he be.
At mortal batailles hadde he been fiftene,
And foughten for our feith at Tramissene
In listes thryes, and ay slayn his fo.
This ilke worthy knight had been also
Somtyme with the lord of Palatye,
Ageyn another hethen in Turkye :
And evermore he hadde a sovereyn prys.
And though that he were worthy, he was wys,
And of his port as meke as is a mayde.
He never yet no vileinye ne sayde
In al his lyf, un-to no maner wight.
He was a verray parfit gentil knight.
But for to tellen yow of his array,
His hors were gode, but he was nat gay.
Of fustian he wered a gipoun
Al bismotered with his habergeoun ;
For he was late y-come from his viage,
And wente for to doon his pilgrimage.

With him ther was his sone, a yong SQUYER,
A lovyere, and a lusty bachelor,
With lokkes crulle, as they were leyd in presse.
Of twenty yeer of age he was, I gesse.
Of his stature he was of evene lengthe,
And wonderly deliver, and greet of strengthe.
And he had been somtyme in chivachye,
In Flaundres, in Artoys, and Picardye,
And born him wel, as of so litel space,
In hope to stonden in his lady grace.
Embrouded was he, as it were a mede
Al ful of fresshe floures, whyte and rede.
Singing he was, or floytinge, al the day ;
He was as fresh as is the month of May.
Short was his goune, with sleeves longe and wyde.
Wel coude he sitte on hors, and faire ryde.

He coude songes make and wel endyte,
 Juste and eek daunce, and wel purtreie and wryte.
 So hote he lovede, that by nightertale
 He sleep namore than dooth a nightingale.
 Curteys he was, lowly, and servisable,
 And carf biforn his fader at the table.

A YEMAN hadde he, and servaunts namo
 At that tyme, for him liste ryde so ;
 And he was clad in cote and hood of grene ;
 A sheef of pecok-arwes brighte and kene
 Under his belt he bar ful thriftily ;
 (Wel coude he dresse his takel yemanly :
 His arwes drouped noght with fetheres lowe),
 And in his hand he bar a mighty bowe.
 A not-heed hadde he, with a broun visage.
 Of wode-craft wel coude he al the usage.
 Upon his arm he bar a gay bracer,
 And by his syde a swerd and a bokeler,
 And on that other syde a gay daggere,
 Harneised wel, and sharp as point of spere ;
 A Cristofre on his brest of silver shene.
 An horn he bar, the bawdrik was of grene ;
 A forster was he, soothly, as I gesse.

There was also a Nonne, a PRIORESSE,
 That of hir smyling was ful simple and coy :
 Hir gretteste ooth was but by sēynt Loy ;
 And she was cleped madame Eglentyne.
 Ful wel she song the service divyne,
 Entuned in hir nose ful semely ;
 And Frensh she spak ful faire and fetisly,
 After the scole of Stratford atte Bowe,
 For Frensh of Paris was to hir unknowe.
 At mete wel y-taught was she with-alle ;
 She leet no morsel from hir lippes falle,
 Ne wette hir fingres in hir sauce depe.
 Wel coude she carie a morsel, and wel kepe,
 That no drope ne fille up-on hir brest.
 In curteisye was set ful muche hir lest.
 Hir over lippe wyped she so clene,

That in hir coppe was no ferthing sene
Of grece, whan she dronken hadde hir draughte.
Ful semely after hir mete she raughte,
And sikerly she was of greet disport,
And ful plesaunt, and amiable of port,
And peyned hir to countrefete chere
Of court, and been estatlich of manere,
And to ben holden digne of reverence.
But, for to speken of hir conscience,
She was so charitable and so pitous,
She wolde wepe, if that she sawe a mous
Caught in a trappe, if it were deed or bledde.
Of smale houndes had she, that she fedde
With rosted flesh, or milk and wastel-breed.
But sore weep she if oon of hem were deed,
Or if men smoot it with a yerde smerte :
And al was conscience and tendre herte.
Ful semely hir wimpel pinched was ;
Hir nose tretys ; hir eyen greye as glas ;
Hir mouth ful smal, and ther-to softe and reed ;
But sikerly she hadde a fair forheed ;
It was almost a spanne brood, I trowe ;
For, hardily, she was nat undergrowe.
Ful fetis was hir cloke, as I was war.
Of smal coral aboute hir arm she bar
A peire of bedes, gauded al with grene ;
And ther-on heng a broche of gold ful shene,
On which ther was first writ a crowned A,
And after, *Amor vincit omnia*.

Another NONNE with hir hadde she,
That was hir chapeleyne, and PREESTES three.

A MONK ther was, a fair for the maistrye,
An out-rydere, that lovede venerye ;
A manly man, to been an abbot able.
Ful many a deyntee hors hadde he in stable :
And, when he rood, men mighte his brydel here
Ginglen in a whistling wind as clere ;
And eek as loude as dooth the chapel-belle
Ther as this lord was keper of the celle.

The reule of seint Maure or of seint Beneit,
 By-cause that it was old and som-del streit,
 This ilke monk leet olde thinges pace,
 And held after the newe world the space.
 He yaf nat of that text a pulled hen,
 That seith, that hunters been nat holy men ;
 Ne that a monk, whan he is cloisterlees,
 Is lykned til a fish that is waterlees ;
 This is to seyn, a monk out of his cloistre.
 But thilke text held he nat worth an oistre ;
 And I seyde, his opinion was good.
 What ! sholde he studie, and make himselven wood,
 Upon a book in cloistre alwey to poure,
 Or swinken with his handes, and laboure,
 As Austin bit ? How shal the world be served ?
 Lat Austin have his swink to him reserved.
 Therefore he was a pricasour aright ;
 Grehoundes he hadde, as swifte as fowel in flight ;
 Of priking and of hunting for the hare
 Was al his lust, for no cost wolde he spare.
 I seigh his sleeves y-purfiled at the hond
 With grys, and that the fyneste of a lond ;
 And, for to festne his hood under his chin,
 He hadde of gold y-wroght a curious pin :
 A love-knotte in the gretter ende ther was.
 His heed was balled, that shoon as any glas,
 And eek his face, as he had been anoint.
 He was a lord ful fat and in good point ;
 His eyen stepe, and rollinge in his heed,
 That stemed as a forneys of a leed ;
 His botes souple, his hors in greet estat.
 Now certainly he was a fair prelat ;
 He was nat pale as a for-pyned goost.
 A fat swan loved he best of any roost.
 His palfrey was as broun as is a berye.

* * * * *

A CLERK ther was of Oxenford also,
 That un-to logik hadde longe y-go.

As lene was his hors as is a rake,
 And he nas nat right fat, I undertake ;
 But loked holwe, and ther-to soberly.
 Ful thredbar was his overest courtepy ;
 For he had geten him yet no benefyce,
 Ne was so worldly for to have offyce.
 For him was lever have at his beddes heed
 Twenty bokes, clad in blak or reed,
 Of Aristotle and his philosophye,
 Than robes riche, or fithle, or gay sautrye.
 But al be that he was a philosophre,
 Yet hadde he but litel gold in cofre ;
 But al that he mighte of his freendes hente,
 On bokes and on lerninge he it spente,
 And busily gan for the soules preye
 Of hem that yaf him wher-with to scoléye.
 Of studie took he most cure and most hede.
 Noght o word spak he more than was nede,
 And that was seyde in forme and reverence,
 And short and quik, and ful of hy sentence.
 Souninge in moral vertu was his speche,
 And gladly wolde he lerne, and gladly teche.

* * * * *

A FRANKLEYN was in his companye ;
 Whyt was his berd, as is the dayesye.
 Of his complexioun he was sangwyn.
 Wel loved he by the morwe a sop in wyn.
 To liven in delyt was ever his wone,
 For he was Epicurus owne sone,
 That heeld opinioun, that pleyyn delyt
 Was verrailly felicitee parfyt.
 An housholdere, and that a greet, was he ;
 Seint Julian he was in his contree.
 His breed, his ale, was alway after oon ;
 A bettre envyned man was no-wher noon.
 With-oute bake mete was never his hous,
 Of fish and flesh, and that so plenteous,
 It snewed in his hous of mete and drinke

Of alle deyntees that men coude thinke.
 After the sondry sesons of the yeer,
 So chaunged he his mete and his soper.
 Ful many a fat partrich hadde he in mewe,
 And many a breem and many a luce in stewe.
 Wo was his cook, but-if his sauce were
 Poynaunt and sharp, and redy al his gere.
 His table dormant in his halle alway
 Stood redy covered al the longe day.
 At sessiouns ther was he lord and sire ;
 Ful ofte tyme he was knight of the shire.
 An anlas and a gipser al of silk
 Heng at his girdel, whyt as morne milk.
 A shirreve hadde he been, and a countour ;
 Was no-wher such a worthy vavasour.

* * * * *

A good WYF was ther of bisyde BATHE,
 But she was som-del deaf, and that was scathe.
 Of clooth-making she hadde swiche an haunt,
 She passed hem of Ypres and of Gaunt.
 In al the parisshe wyf ne was ther noon
 That to th' offering bifore hir sholde goon ;
 And if ther dide, certeyn, so wrooth was she,
 That she was out of alle charitee.
 Hir coverchiefs ful fyne were of ground ;
 I dorste swere they weyeden ten pound
 That on a Sonday were upon hir heed.
 Hir hosen weren of fyn scarlet reed,
 Ful streite y-teyd, and shoos ful moiste and newe.
 Bold was hir face, and fair, and reed of hewe.
 She was a worthy womman al hir lyve,
 Housbondes at chirche-dore she hadde fyve,
 Withouten other companye in youthe ;
 But therof nedeth nat to speke as nouthe.
 And thryes hadde she been at Jerusalem ;
 She hadde passed many a straunge streem ;
 At Rome she hadde been, and at Boloigne,
 In Galice at seint Jame, and at Coloigne.

She coude muche of wandring by the weye :
Gat-tothed was she, soothly for to seye.
Up-on an amblere esily she sat,
Y-wimpled wel, and on hir heed an hat
As brood as is a bokeler or a targe ;
A foot-mantel aboute hir hipes large,
And on hir feet a paire of spores sharpe.
In felawship wel coude she laughe and carpe.
Of remedies of love she knew perchaunce,
For she coude of that art the olde daunce.

A good man was ther of religioun,
And was a povre PERSOUN of a toun ;
But riche he was of holy thoght and werk.
He was also a lerned man, a clerk,
That Cristes gospel trewely wolde preche ;
His parisshe devoutly wolde he teche.
Benigne he was, and wonder diligent,
And in adversitee ful pacient ;
And swich he was y-preved ofte sythes.
Ful looth were him to cursen for his tythes,
But rather wolde he yeven, out of doute,
Un-to his povre parisshe aboute
Of his offring, and eek of his substaunce.
He coude in litel thing han suffisaunce.
Wyd was his parisshe, and houses fer a-sonder,
But he ne lasse nat, for reyn ne thonder,
In siknes nor in meschief, to visyte
The ferreste in his parisshe, muche and lyte,
Up-on his feet, and in his hand a staf.
This noble ensample to his sheep he yaf,
That first he wroghte, and afterward he taughte ;
Out of the gospel he tho wordes caughte ;
And this figure he added eek ther-to,
That if gold ruste, what shal iren do ?
For if a preest be foul, on whom we truste,
No wonder is a lewed man to ruste ;
And shame it is, if that a preest take keep,
A shiten shepherde and a clene sheep.
Wel oghte a preest ensample for to yive,

By his clenness, how that his sheep shold live.
 He sette nat his benefice to hyre,
 And leet his sheep encombred in the myre,
 And ran to London, un-to sēynt Poules,
 To seken him a chaunterie for soules,
 Or with a bretherhed to been withholde ;
 But dwelte at hoom, and kepte wel his folde,
 So that the wolf ne made it nat miscarie ;
 He was a shepherde and no mercenarie.
 And though he holy were, and vertuous,
 He was to sinful man nat despitous,
 Ne of his speche daungerous ne digne,
 But in his teching discreet and benigne.
 To drawen folk to heven by fairnesse
 By good ensample, was his bisnesse :
 But it were any persone obstinat,
 What-so he were, of heigh or lowe estat,
 Him wolde he snibben sharply for the nones.
 A bettre preest, I trowe that nowher noon is.
 He wayted after no pompe and reverence,
 Ne maked him a spycd conscience,
 But Cristes lore, and his apostles twelve,
 He taughte, and first he folwed it himselve.

THE DEATH OF ARCITE

AND certainly, ther nature wol nat wirche,
 Far-wel, phisyk ! go ber the man to chirche !
 This al and som, that Arcita mot dye,
 For which he sendeth after Emelye,
 And Palamon, that was his cosin dere ;
 Than seyde he thus, as ye shul after here.
 “ Naught may the woful spirit in myn herte
 Declare o poynt of alle my sorwes smerte
 To yow, my lady, that I love most ;
 But I biquethe the service of my gost
 To yow aboven every creature,
 Sin that my lyf may no lenger dure.
 Allas, the wo ! allas, the peynes stronge,

That I for yow have suffred, and so longe !
Allas, the deeth ! alas, myn Emelye !
Allas, departing of our companye !
Allas, myn hertes quene ! alas, my wyf !
Myn hertes lady, endere of my lyf !
What is this world ? what asketh men to have ?
Now with his love, now in his colde grave
Allone, with-outen any companye.
Far-wel, my swete fo ! myn Emelye !
And softe tak me in your armes tweye,
For love of God, and herkneth what I seye.

“ I have heer with my cosin Palamon
Had stryf and rancour, many a day a-gon,
For love of yow, and for my jelousye.
And Jupiter so wis my soule gye,
To speken of a servant proprely,
With alle circumstaunces trewely,
That is to seyn, trouthe, honour, and knighthede,
Wisdom, humblesse, estaat, and heigh kinrede,
Fredom, and al that longeth to that art,
So Jupiter have of my soule part,
As in this world right now ne knowe I non
So worthy to ben loved as Palamon,
That serveth yow, and wol don al his lyf.
And if that ever ye shul been a wyf,
Foryet nat Palamon, the gentil man.”
And with that word his speche faille gan,
For from his feet up to his brest was come
The cold of deeth, that hadde him overcome
And yet more-over, in his armes two
The vital strengthe is lost, and al ago.
Only the intellect, with-outen more,
That dwelled in his herte syk and sore,
Gan faillen, when the herte felte deeth,
Dusked his eyen two, and failed breath.
But on his lady yet caste he his eye ;
His laste word was, “ mercy, Emelye ! ”
His spirit chaunged hous, and wente ther,
As I cam never, I can nat tellen wher.

Therfor I stinte, I nam no divinistre ;
 Of soules finde I nat in this registre,
 Ne me ne list thilke opiniouns to telle
 Of hem, though that they wryten wher they dwelle.
 Arcite is cold, ther Mars his soule gye ;
 Now wol I speken forth of Emelye.

The Knight's Tale.

BRED AND MYLK FOR CHILDREN

(To his son Louis, on the use of the Astrolabe)

LITELL LOWYS my sone, I have perceived well by certeyne evidences thine abilite to lerne sciencez touchinge noumbres and proporciouns ; and as wel considere I thy bisi preyere in special to lerne the tretis of the astrelabie. Than, for as mechel as a filosofre seith, he wrappeth him in his frend, that condescendith to the rigtful preiers of his frend, therfor have I geven the a suffisaunt astralabie as for owre orizonte, compowned after the latitude of Oxenford : upon which, by mediacion of this litel tretis, I purpose to teche the a certain nombre of conclusions apertenying to the same instrument. I seye a certain of conclusiouns, for thre causes. The furste cause is this : truste wel that all the conclusiouns that han ben fownde, or elles possibli myhten be fownde in so noble an instrument as an astralabie, ben un-knowe perfity to any mortal man in this regioun, as I suppose. A-nother cause is this ; that sothly, in any tretis of the astrelabie that I have seyn, there ben some conclusions that wole nat in alle thinges performen hir byhestes ; and some of hem ben to harde to thy tendre age of x. yer to conseve. This tretis, divided in 5 parties, wole I shewe the under ful lihte rewles and naked wordes in englissh ; for latyn ne kanstow yit but smal, my lite sone. But natheles, suffise to the thise trewe conclusiouns in englissh, as wel as suffisith to and thise noble clerkes grekes thise same conclusiouns in grek, & to arabiens in arabik, & to Jewes in Ebrew, & to the latyn folk in latyn :

astrelabie=astrolabe. mechel=much. the=thee. ne kanstow=thou knowest not. lite=little.

whiche latyn folk han hem furst owt of othre diverse languages, & writen in hir owne tonge, that is to sein, in latyn. And God wot, that in alle this(e) langages, & in many mo, han thise conclusiouns ben suffisantly lerned & tawht & yit by diverse rewles, ryht as diverse pathes leden diverse folk the rihte wey to Roome. Now wol I prey mekly every discret persone that redith or herith this litel tretis, to have my rewde endytyng for excused, & my superfluite of wordes, for two causes. The firste cause is, for that curio(u)s ending & hard sentence is ful hevy atones for swich a child to lerne. & the seconde cause is this, that sothly me semeth betre to writen un-to a child twies a good sentence, than he for-get it ones. And Lowis, yif so be that I shewe the in my lihte Englissh as trewe conclusiouns touching this matere, & nawht only as trewe but as many & as subtil conclusiouns as ben shewed in latyn in ani commune tretis of the astrelabie, kon me the more thank; and preye god save the kyng, that is lord of this langage, & alle that him feyth bereth & obeieth, everech in his degree, the more and the lasse. But considere wel, that I ne usurpe nat to have fownde this werk of my labour or of myn engin. I nam but a lewd compilatour of the labour of olde Astrolog(i)ens, and have hit translated in myn englissh only for thi doctrine; & with this swerd shal I slen envie.

Tractatus de Conclusionibus Astrolabii.

JOHN GOWER

(1325 ?-1408)

THE STORY OF PHŒBUS AND DAPHNE

A MAIDEN whilom there was one
Which Daphne hight; and such was none
Of beauty then, as it was said.
Phœbus his love hath on her laid;

kon=acknowledge. everech=everyone or each. engin=ingenuity. lewd=common. swerd=sword. slen=slayen.

And thereupon to her he sought
In his fool-haste, and so besought
That she with him no reste had.
For ever upon her love he grad,
And she said ever unto him, "Nay."
So it befell upon a day,
Cupide, which hath every chance
Of love under his governance,
Saw Phœbus hasten him so sore ;
And, for he should him hasten more,
And yet not speeden at the last,
A dart throughout his heart he cast
Which was of gold and all a-fire,
That made him many-fold desire
Of love more than he did.
To Daphne eke in that same stede
A dart of lead he cast and smote,
Which was all cold and nothing hot.
And thus Phœbus in love burneth
And in his haste aboute runneth
To look if that he mighte win ;
But he was ever to begin.
For ever away fro' him she fled,
So that he never his love sped,
And, for to make him full believe
That no fool-haste might achieve
To gotten love in such degree,
This Daphne into a laurel tree
Was turned ; which is ever green,
In token, as yet it may be seen,
That she shall dwell a maiden still,
And Phœbus failen of his will.

Confessio Amantis, III.

RICHARD THE REDELESS

(AUTHOR UNCERTAIN—1399)

THE HOUSE OF COMMONS IN 1398

AND whanne the tale was tolde anon to the ende,
A-morwe thei must, a-ffore mete, mete to-gedir,
The knygtis of the comunete, and carpe of the maters,
With citiseyns of shiris y-sent ffor the same,
To reherse the articlis and graunte all her askynge.
But yit ffor the manere, to make men blynde,
Somme argued agein rith then a good while,
And said, " We beth servauntis and sallere ffongen,
And y-sente ffro the shiris to shewe what hem greveth,
And to parle ffor her prophete, and passe no fferthere,
And to graunte of her gold to the grett wattis
By no manere wronge way, but if werre were ;
And if we ben ffals to tho us here ffyndyth,
Evyll be we worthy to welden oure hire."
Than satte summe, as siphre doth in awgrym,
That noteth a place, and no thing availith ;
And some had y-soupid with Symond overe even,
And schewed ffor the shire, and here schew lost ;
And somme were tituleris, and to the kyng wente,
And fformed him of foos, that good ffrendis weren,
That bablid ffor the best and no blame served,
Of kynge ne conceill, ne of the comunes nother,
Ho so toke good kepe to the culorum ;
And somme slombrid and slepte, and said but a lite ;
And somme mafflid with the mouth, and nyst what they ment ;
And somme had hire, and helde ther-with evere,

a-morwe = on the morrow. carpe = discourse. her = their.
rith = right. sallere = salary. ffongen = receive. wattis = persons.
werre = war. ffyndyth = maintain. welden = enjoy. siphre = cypher.
awgrym = arithmetic. tituleris = holders of sinecures. culorum =
end. mafflid = stammered. nyst = know not.

And wolde no fforth a ffor, ffor ffer of her maistris ;
 And some were so soleyne, and sad of her wittis,
 That er they come to the clos a-combred they were,
 That thei the conclucioun than constrewe ne couthe
 No burne of the benche, of borowe nother ellis,
 So blynde and so ballid and bare was the reson ;
 And somme were so ffers at the ffrist come,
 That they bente on a bonet, and bare a topte saile
 A-ffor the wynde ffresshely, to make a good ffare.

JOHN LYDGATE

(1370?–1451)

DESCRIPTION OF A MEDIÆVAL SCHOOLBOY

VOID of reason ; given to wilfulness ;
 Froward to virtue ; of thrift gave little heed ;
 Loth to learne ; loved no business
 Save play or mirthe ; strange to spell or read ;
 Following all appetites 'longing to childhead ;
 Lightly turning ; wild, and seldom sad ;
 Weeping for nought, and anon after glad.

For little wroth, to strive with my fellow
 As my passions did my bridle lead ;
 Of the yarde sometime I stood in awe
 To be scored ; for that was all my dread.
 Loth toward school, [I] lost my time indeed,
 Like a young colt that ran withoute bridle ;
 Make my friendes their good to spend in idle.

I had in custom to come to school late,
 Not for to learn but for a countenance,
 With my fellows ready to debate,
 To jangle and jape was set all my pleasaunce,
 Whereof rebuked this was my chevisaunce
 To forge a lesyng and thereupon to muse,
 When I trespassed myselfe to excuse.

burne = baron. borowe = borough. ballid = bald. bonet =
 studding sail.

To my betters I did no reverence ;
 Of my sovereigns gave no force at all ;
 Waxed obstinate by inobedience ;
 Ran into gardens, apples there I stall ;
 To gather fruites spared hedge nor wall ;
 To pluck grapes in other mennes vines
 Was more ready than to say matines.

* * * * *

Loth to rise ; lother to bed at eve ;
 With unwashed handes ready to dinnér ;
 My Paternoster, my Creed, or my Believe,
 Cast at the cook ; lo ! this was my mannér ;
 Waved with each wind, as doth a reede-spear ;
 Snibbed of my friends such taches for to amend
 Made deaf eare list not to them attend.

Testament.

SIR JOHN MANDEVILLE

(FOURTEENTH CENTURY)

(Translated by himself or by another hand)

THE LADY OF THE LAND

AND some men say that in the Isle of Lango is yet the daughter of Hippocrates, in form and likeness of a great dragon, that is a hundred fathom of length, as men say ; for I have not seen her. And they of the Isles call her, Lady of the Land. And she lieth in an old castle, in a cave, and sheweth twice or thrice in the year. And she doth no harm to no man, but if men do her harm. And she was thus changed and transformed, from a fair damsel, into likeness of a dragon, by a goddess, that was cleped Diana. And men say, that she shall so endure in that form of a dragon, unto the time that a knight come, that is so hardy, that dare come to her and kiss her on the mouth : and

then shall she turn again to her own kind, and be a woman again. But after that she shall not live long. And it is not long since, that a knight of the Rhodes, that was hardy and doughty in arms, said that he would kiss her. And when he was upon his courser, and went to the castle, and entered into the cave, the dragon lift up her head against him. And when the knight saw her in that form so hideous and so horrible, he fled away. And the dragon bare the knight upon a rock, maugre his head; and from the rock she cast him into the sea: and so was lost both horse and man. And also a young man, that wist not of the dragon, went out of a ship, and went through the Isle, till that he came to the castle, and came in to the cave, and went so long till that he found a chamber, and there he saw a damsel that combed her head, and looked in a mirror; and she had much treasure about her, and he trowed, that she had been a common woman, that dwelled there to receive men to folly. And he abode, till the damsel saw the shadow of him in the mirror. And she turned her toward him, and asked him, what he would. And he said, he would be her leman or paramour. And she asked him if that he were a knight. And he said, nay. And then she said that he might not be her leman: but she bade him go again unto his fellows, and make him knight, and come again upon the morrow, and she should come out of the cave before him, and then come and kiss her on the mouth, and have no dread; "for I shall do thee no manner of harm, albeit that thou see me in likeness of a dragon. For though thou see me hideous and horrible to look on, I do thee to witness, that it is made by enchantment. For without doubt, I am none other than thou seest now, a woman; and therefore dread thee nought. And if thou kiss me, thou shalt have all this treasure, and be my lord, and lord also of all that isle." And he departed from her and went to his fellows to ship, and let make him knight, and came again upon the morrow, for to kiss this damsel. And when he saw her come out of the cave, in form of a dragon, so hideous and so horrible, he had so great dread, that he fled again to the ship; and she followed him. And when she saw

that he turned not again, she began to cry, as a thing that had much sorrow : and then she turned again, into her cave ; and anon the knight died. And since then, hitherwards, might no knight see her, but that he died anon. But when a knight cometh, that is so hardy to kiss her, he shall not die ; but he shall turn the damsel into her right form and kindly shape, and he shall be lord of all the countries and isles abovesaid.

THE WATCHING OF THE SPARROWHAWK

AND from thence, men go through little Ermonye. And in that country is an old castle, that stands upon a rock, the which is cleped the Castle of the Sparrowhawk, that is beyond the city of Layays, beside the town of Pharsipee, that belongeth to the lordship of Cruk ; that is a rich lord and a good Christian man ; where men find a sparrowhawk upon a perch right fair, and right well made ; and a fair Lady of Fayrye, that keepeth it. And who that will wake the Sparrowhawk, seven days and seven nights, and as some men say, three days and three nights, without company and without sleep, that fair lady shall give him, when he hath done, the first wish, that he will wish, of earthly things : and that hath been proved often times. And one time befel, that a king of Ermonye, that was a worthy knight and a doughty man and a noble prince, woke that hawk some time ; and at the end of seven days and seven nights, the lady came to him and bade him wish ; for he had well deserved it. And he answered that he was great lord the now, and well in peace, and had enough of worldly riches ; and therefore he would wish none other thing, but the body of that fair lady, to have it at his will. And she answered him, that he knew not what he asked ; and said, that he was a fool, to desire that he might not have : for she said, that he should not ask, but earthly thing : for she was no earthly thing, but a ghostly thing. And the lady answered, “ Sith that I may not withdraw you from your lewd courage,

I shall give you without wishing, and to all them that shall come of you. Sire King, ye shall have war without peace, and always to the ninth degree, ye shall be in subjection of your enemies ; and ye shall be needy of all goods." And never since, neither the King of Ermonye, nor the country, were never in peace, nor they had never since plenty of goods ; and they have been since always under tribute of the Saracens. Also the son of a poor man woke that hawk, and wished that he might cheve well, and to be happy to merchandise. And the lady granted him. And he became the most rich and the most famous merchant that might be on sea or on earth. And he became so rich, that he knew not the thousandth part of that he had : and he was wiser, in wishing, than was the king. Also a Knight of the Temple woke there ; and wished a purse ever more full of gold ; and the lady granted him. But she said him, that he had asked the destruction of their Order ; for the trust and the affiance of that purse, and for the great pride, that they should have : and so it was. And therefore look he keep him well, that shall wake : for if he sleep, he is lost, that never man shall see him more. This is not the right way for to go to the parts, that I have named before ; but for to see the marvel, that I have spoken of.

Travels of Sir John Mandeville.

CHESTER PLAYS

THE SACRIFICE OF ISAAC

(? 14TH CENTURY—SPELLING LATER)

God. Abraham, my servante, Abraham.

Abraham. Loe, Lorde, all readye heare I am.

God. Take, Isaake, thy sonne by name,

That thou loveste the best of all,

And in sacrifice offer hym to me

Uppon that hyll their besides thee.

Abraham, I will that soe it be,

For oughte that maye befall.

Abraham. My Lorde, to thee is myne intende
 Ever to be obediente.
 That sonne that thou to me hast sente,
 Offer I will to thee,
 And fulfill thy comaundemente,
 With hartie will, as I am kente.
 Highe God, Lorde omnipotente,
 Thy byddinge done shalbe.
 My meanye and my children eichone
 Lenges at home, bouth all and one,
 Save Isaake, my sonne, with me shall gone
 To a hill heare besyde.

Heare Abraham, torninge hym to his sonne Isaake, saith :

Make thee readye, my deare darlinge,
 For we must doe a littill thinge.
 This woode doe on thy backe it bringe,
 We maye no longer abyde.
 A sworde and fier that I will take ;

(Heare Abraham taketh a sworde and fier.)

For sacrafice me behoves to make :
 Godes byddinge will I not forsake,
 But ever obediente be.

Heare Isaake speaketh to his father, and taketh a burne of stickes and beareth after his father, and saieth :

Isaake. Father, I am all readye
 To doe your byddinge moste mekelye,
 And to beare this woode full beane am I,
 As you comaunded me.

Abraham. O Isaake, my darlinge deare,
 My blessinge nowe I geve thee heare,
 Take up this faggote with good cheare,
 And on thy backe it bringe.
 And fier with us I will take.

kente = bid. meanye = household. lenges = abides. beane = obedient.

Isaake. Your byddinge I will not forsake ;
 Father, I will never slake
 To fulfill your byddinge.

(Heare they goe bouth to the place to doe sacrificce.)

Abraham. Now, Isaake sonne, goe we our waie
 To yender mounte, yf that we maye.

Isaake. My deare father, I will asaye
 To followe you full fayne.

*Abraham, beinge mynded to sleye his sonne Isaake, leiftes up
 his handes, and saith fowlowinge.*

Abraham. O ! my harte will breake in three,
 To heare thy wordes I have pittye ;
 As thou wylte, Lorde, so muste yt be,
 To thee I wilbe bayne.

Laye downe thy faggote, my owne sonne deare.

Isaake. All readye, father, loe yt is heare.

But whye make you suche heavye cheare ?

Are you anye thinge adreade ?

Father, yf yt be your will,

Wher is the beaste that we shall kill ?

Abraham. Therof, sonne, is non upon this hill,
 That I see here in this steade.

Isaake, fearinge leste his ffather would slaye him, saith :

Isaake. Father, I am full sore [affearde]

To see you beare that drawne [swerde] :

I hope for all myddel earde

You will not slaye your childe.

Abraham comfortes his sonne, and saieth :

Abraham. Dreede thee not, my childe, I reade ;

Our Lorde will sende of his godheade

Some manner of beaste into this [steade],

Either tame or wilde.

bayne = obedient.

steade = place.

reade = advise.

Isaake. Father, tell me or I goe

Whether I shalbe harmede or noe.

Abraham. Ah ! deare God ! that me is woe !

Thou breakes my harte in sunder.

Isaake. Father, tell me of this case

Why you your sorde drawne hase,

And beares yt naked in this place,

Theirow I have greate wonder.

Abraham. Isaake, sonne, peace, I praie thee

Thou breakes my harte even in three.

Isaake. I praye you, father, leane nothinge from me,

But tell me what you thinke.

Abraham. Ah ! Isaake, Isaake, I muste thee kille !

Isaake. Alas ! father, is that your will,

Your owine childe for to spill

Upon this hilles brinke ?

Yf I have treasspasede in anye degree,

With a yarde you maye beate me ;

Put up your sorde, yf your wil be,

For I am but a childe.

Abraham. O, my deare sonne, I am sorye

To doe to thee this greate anoye :

Godes commaundmente doe muste I,

His workes are ever full mylde.

Isaake. Woulde God my mother were here with me !

Shee woulde kneele downe upon her knee,

Prainge you, father, if yt may be,

For to save my liffe.

Abraham. O ! comelye creature, but I thee kille,

I greve my God, and that full ylle ;

I may not worke againste his will,

But ever obediente be.

O ! Isaake, sonne, to thee I saie,

God hath commaunded me to daye

Sacrifice, this is no naye,

To make of thy bodye.

Isaake. Is yt Godes will I shalbe slayne ?

Abraham. Yea, sonne, it is not for to leane ;

yarde = rod.

To his byddinge I wilbe bayne,
 And ever to hym pleasinge.
 But that I do this dilfull deede,
 My Lorde will not quite me in my nede.
Isaake. Marye, father, God forbydde,
 But you doe your offeringe !
 Father, at home your sonnes you shall fynde,
 That you must love by course of kinde :
 Be I onste out of your mynde,
 Your sorowe maie some cease ;
 But yet you muste do Godes byddinge.
 Father, tell my mother for no thinge.

Here Abraham wrynges his handes, and saith :

Abraham. For sorowe I maie my handes wringe,
 Thy mother I can not please.
 Ho ! *Isaake*, *Isaake*, blessed muste thou be !
 Allmoste my witte I lose for thee ;
 The blood of thy bodye so free
 I am full lothe to sheede.

*Here Isaake askinge his father blessinge one his knyves,
 and saith :*

Isaake. Father, seinge you muste nedes doe soe,
 Let it passe lightlie, and over goe ;
 Kneelinge on my kneeyes towe,
 Your blessinge on me spreade.

Abraham. My blessinge, deere son, give I thee,
 And thy mothers with hart free ;
 The blessing of the Trinitie,
 My deare sone, on thee lighte.

Isaake. Father, I praye you hyde my eyne
 That I see not the sorde so keyne,
 Your strocke, father, woulde I not seene,
 Leste I againste yt grylle.

Abraham. My deare sonne *Isaake*, speake no more,
 Thy wordes makes my harte full sore.

but that—unless.

dilfull=doleful.

grylle=tremble.

Isaake. O deare father, wherefore ! wherefore !

Seinge I muste nedes be dead,
Of on thinge I will you praie,
Seithen I muste dye the death to daie,
As fewe strockes as you well maie,
When you smyte of my heade.

Abraham. Thy meekness, childe, makes me affraye ;
My songe maye be wayle-a-waie.

Isaake. O dere father, doe awaye, do awaye
Your makeinge so moche mone !
Nowe, trewlye, father, this talkinge
Doth but make longe taryeinge.
I praye you, come and make endinge,
And let me hense be gone.

Hence Isaake riseth and cometh to his father, and he taketh hym, and byndeth and laieth hym upon the alter to sacrifice hym, and saith :

Abraham. Come heither, my childe, thou arte soe sweete,
Thou muste be bounde both hande and feete.

Isaake. Father, we muste no more meete,
Be oughte that I maie see ;
But doe with me then as you will,
I must obaye, and that is skille,
Godes commaundmente to fulfill,
For nedes soe must yt be.
Upon the porpose that you have sette you,
For south, father, I will not let you,
But ever more to you bowe,
While that ever I maie.

Father, greete well my brethren yinge,
And praye my mother of her blessinge,
I come noe more under her wynges,
Fare well for ever and aye ;
But father ! crye you mercye,
For all that ever I have trespassed to thee,

skille = reasonable. south = sooth. let = hinder. yinge =
young.

Forgiven, father, that it maye be
Untell domesdaie.

Abraham. My deare sonne, let be thy mones !
My childe, thou greves me ever ones ;
Blessed be thou bodye and bones,
And I forgeve thee heare !
Nowe, my deere sonne, here shalt thou lye,
Unto my worke nowe must I hie ;
I hade as leeve my selfe to die,
As thou, my darlinge deare.

Isaake. Father, if you be to me kinde,
Aboute my head a carschaffe bynde,
And let me lightlie out of your mynde,
And sone that I were speede.

*Here Abraham doth kisse his sonne Isaake, and byndes a
carschaffe aboute his heade.*

Abraham. Fare well, my sweete sonne of grace.

Here let Isaake kneele downe and speake.

Isaake. I praye you, father, torne downe my face
A litill while, while you have space,
For I am sore adreade.

Abraham. To doe this deed I am sorye.

Isaake. Yea, Lorde, to thee I call and crye,
Of my soule thou have mercye,
Hartelye I thee praie !

Abraham. Lorde, I woulde fayne worke thy will,
This yonge innocente that lieth so still
Full loth were me hym to kille,
By any maner a waye.

Isaake. My deare father, I thee praye,
Let me take my clothes awaie,
For sheedinge blude on them to daye
At my laste endinge.

Abraham. Harte, yf thou wouldeste borste in three,
Thou shalte never master me ;

carschaffe = kerchief.

I will no longer let for thee,
My God, I maye not greeve.

Isaake. A ! mercye, father, why tarye you soe ?
Smyte of my head, and let me goe.
I praye God rydd me of my woe,
For nowe I take my leve.

Abraham. Ah, sonne ! my harte will breake in three,
To heare thee speake such wordes to me.
Jesu ! on me thou have pittye,
That I have moste in mynde.

Isaake. Nowe father, I see that I shall dye :
Almightie God in magistie !
My soule I offer unto thee ;
Lorde, to yt be kinde.

*Here let Abraham take and bynde his sonne Isaake upon the
alter ; let hym make a signe as though he woulde cut of
his head with his sorde ; then let the angell come and
take the sworde by the end and staie it, sainge :*

Angelus. Abraham, my servante dere.

Abraham. Loe, Lorde, I am all readye here !

Angelus. Laye not thy sworde in noe manere
On Isake, thy deare darlinge ;
And do to hym no anoye.
For thou dredes God, wel wote I,
That of thy sonne has no mercye,
To fulfill his byddinge.

Secundus Angelus. And for hys byddinge thou does aye,
And spareste nether for feare nor fraye,
To doe thy sonne to death to daie,
Isake, to thee full deare :
Therefore, God hathe sent by me, in faye !
A lambe, that is bouth good and gaye,
Into this place, as thou se may,
Lo, have hym righte here.

Abraham. Ah ! Lorde of heaven, and kinge of blesse,
Thy byddinge shalbe done, i-wysse !
Sacrafice here sente me is,

JAMES I. OF SCOTLAND

And all, Lorde, through thy grace.
 A horned weither here I see,
 Among the breyers tyed is he,
 To thee offred shall he be
 Anon righte in this place.

JAMES I. OF SCOTLAND

(1394-1437)

THE GREAT CHANGE

BEWAILLING in my chamber thus allone,
 Despeired of all joye and remedye,
 For-tiret of my thought and wo-begone,
 And to the wyndow gan I walk in hye,
 To see the world and folk that went forbye,
 As for the tyme though I of mirthis fude
 Mycht have no more, to luke it did me gude.

Now was there maid fast by the Touris wall
 A gardyn faire, and in the corneris set
 Ane herbere grene, with wandis long and small
 Railit about, and so with treis set
 Was all the place, and hawthorn hegis knet,
 That lyf was non walkyng there forbye,
 That mycht within scarce any wight aspy.

So thick the bewis and the levis grene
 Beschadit all the allyes that there were,
 And myddis every herbere mycht be sene
 The scharpe grene suete jenepere,
 Growing so fair with branchis here and there,
 That, as it semyt to a lyf without,
 The bewis spred the herbere all about.

And on the smale grene twistis sat
 The lytil suete nyghtingale, and song
 So loud and clere, the ympnis consecrat

herbere=arbour. hegis=hedges. lyf=living thing. bewis=
 boughs. ympnis=hymns.

Of luvis use, now soft now lowd among,
 That all the gardynis and the wallis rong
 Ryght of thaire song, and on the copill next
 Of thaire suete armony, and lo the text :

“ Worschippe, ye that loveris bene, this May,
 For of your bliss the kalendis are begonne,
 And sing with us, away winter, away,
 Come somer, come, the suete seson and sonne,
 Awake, for schame ! that have your hevynis wonne,
 And amourosly lift up your hedis all,
 Thank Lufe that list you to his merci call.”

Quhen thai this song had song a littil thrawe,
 Thai stent a quhile, and therewith unafraid,
 As I beheld, and kest myn eyen a-lawe,
 From beugh to beugh thay hippit and thai plaid,
 And freschly in thair birdis kynd araid
 Thair fatheris new, and fret thame in the sonne,
 And thankit Lufe, that had thair makis wonne.

And therewith kest I doun myn eye ageyne,
 Quhare as I saw walkyng under the Toure,
 Full secretely, new cumyn hir to playne,
 The fairest or the freschest younge floure
 That ever I sawe, methought, before that houre,
 For quhich sodayne abate, anon astert
 The blude of all my body to my hert.

And though I stood abaisit tho a lyte,
 No wonder was ; for quhy ? my wittis all
 Were so ouercome with plesance and delyte,
 Only through latting of myn eyen fall,
 That sudaynly my hert become hir thrall,
 For ever of free wyll, for of manace
 There was no takyn in her suete face.

on the copill next=as in the next verse. thrawe=measure.
 a-lawe=below. makis=mates. manace=compulsion. takyn=token.

And in my hede I drew rycht hastily,
 And eft sones I lent it out ageyne,
 And saw hir walk that verray womanly,
 With no wight mo, bot only women tueyne,
 Than gan I studye in myself and seyne :
 " Ah ! suete, are ye a warldly creature,
 Or hevinly thing in likeness of nature ?

" Or ar ye god Cupidis owin princesse ?
 And cumyn are to louse me out of band,
 Or are ye veray Nature the goddesse,
 That have depayntit with your hevinly hand
 This gardyn full of flouris, as they stand ?
 Quhat sall I think, allace ! quhat reverence
 Sall I minister to your excellence ?

" Giff ye a goddesse be, and that ye like
 To do me payne, I may it not astert ;
 Giff ye be warldly wight, that dooth me sike,
 Quhy lest God mak you so, my derest hert,
 To do a sely prisoner thus smert,
 That lufis you all, and wote of nought but wo ?
 And, therefore, merci, suete ! sen it is so."

Quhen I a lytill thrawe had maid my mone,
 Bewailing myn infortune and my chance,
 Unknowin how or quhat was best to done,
 So ferre I fallyng into lufis dance,
 That sodeynly my wit, my contenance,
 My hert, my will, my nature, and my mynd,
 Was changit clene rycht in ane other kind.

The Kingis Quhair.

astert=escape. dooth me sike=makest me sigh. lest=pleased.
 all=entirely.

THE PASTON LETTERS

JOHN AMEND-ALL (1452)

PETITION

To the right reverent fader in God, Cardynale Archebusshop
of York and Chaunceler of Ingland.

PLEASE it yowre gode Lordeshep to know that oon Roger Cherche, other wyse callyd Roger Bylaugh, Roger Wryte, and Roger Baly, late was at a gaderyng and assemble of xv. persones in a feleshep under a wode in the town of Possewyke, in the counte of Norffolk, which feleshep, as it is seid be hem, was procured and gaderyd be the seid Roger Cherche and by his councelores, the same Roger seyng to summe of the same feleshep, he had remembred a gode name for her capteyn, that shuld be John Amend Alle; and the seyde Roger aftyr the seyde gaderyng aggreyd hym self to be take and examyned be persones of his own covyne, and be color of his seid feleshep of xv. persones be hym gaderyd, enbilled divers gentilmen, and many thryfty and substanciall yomen, and thryfty husbondes, and men of gode name and fame, noysing and diffamyng to the Kyng and his Councell that the seid gentilmen, yomen, and thryfty husbondes, with other, to the nombre of ccc. persones, shuld have mad a gaderyng and a risyng ageyn the Kynges peas under the seid wode, contrary to the tought; which is verily conceyved to be don of malyce to put the seid gentilmen and yomen in feer and trobill that thei as wele as alle the contre shuld not be hardy to attempt, ne lette the purposyd malyce of the seid Cherche and his councellores in divers riottes, extorciouns, forsibil entreys and unlawfull disherytauns of gentilmen and other of the Kynges liege peple in the seid shire that thei dayly use, which riottes, extorcions, aswele as the seid untrewe diffamacions, causyth gret grudgyng, trobill, and comocyon in the seid shire. Please it yowre gode grace, these premysses

considered, not to suffre the seid Cherche to have no pardon of the comune grace graunted by the Kyng owre soverayn Lorde un Gode Fryday last past,¹ un to the tyme that he hath fownde sufficient suerte of wel namyd persones of the seid shire of his gode beryng ; and to direct a comyssion un to such notabill persones in the seid shire as please you, to take and examyn the seid Roger Cherche, as wele as other that them semyth necessary to examyn in this behalf, so that thei that be giltles in this may be so declared, and that thei that be guilty may be ponysshed acordyng to her demerytes ; and to beseche the Kyng owre soverayn Lord in the behalf of the gentilmen of the seid shire that his Hignesse wull not take hem, ne any of hem, in conceyt to be of such rewle and disposicion up un enformacion of such a mysse rewled and encredibill man as the seid Roger. And thei shall pray to God for you.

INFORMATION AGAINST ROBERT LEDHAM

THESE be divers of the ryottis and offensis done in the hundred of Blofeld in the counte of Norffolk, and in other townys, be Robert Lethum, otherwyse callyd Robert Ledham of Wytton be Blofeld in the counte of Norffolk, and by his ryottys mēn and by other of his affinitez and knowleche, whose names folowyn, and that they continually folow and resorte unto his hous, and ther be supported and maynteynet and confortid.

These be the principall menealle men of the sayd Robert Ledham ys house, be the whiche the sayd ryottys have be done, that use in substaunce non other occupacion but ryottys :—*In primis*, John Cokett, Thomas Bury, Thomas Cokowe, Cristofer Bradlee, Elys Dukworth, William Donmowe, Cristofer Grenesheve, Roger Chirche. . . . With the which persons, and many moo unknowyn, the sayd

¹ On Good Friday the 7th April, 1452, Henry VI. offered general pardons for offences against himself to all who would sue them out of Chancery.

Robert Ledham kept atte his house in maner of a forcelet, and issith ouute atte here pleaysour and atte his lust, the sayd Ledham to assigne, sometyme vi. and sometyme xij. sometyme xxx. and moo, armyd, jakkid, and salettyd, with bowys and arrowys, speris, billys, and over ryde the coun-trey and oppressid the Kyngs peple, and didde mony oryble and abhomynable dedes, like to have be destruccion of the enhabitantes in the sayd hundred, in the forme that folowyth, and warse.

In primis, on the Monday next before Ester day and the shire daye, the xxx. yere of oure soverayne Lord the Kyng, x. persons of the sayd riottors, with a brother of the wyff of the sayd Robert Letham, laye in awayte in the hygh way, under Thorpe Wode, upon Phillip Berney esquyer, and his man, comyng from the shire, and shette atte hym and smote the hors of the sayd Phillipp with arowes, and than over rode hym, and toke hym and bette hym and spoillid hym. And for thayr excuse of this ryot, they ledde hym to the Bysshopp of Norwiche, axyng seuerte of the peas, wher they hadde never waraunt hym to areste. Which affray shorttyd the lyffdayes of the sayd Phillippe, which dyed withynne shorte tyme after the said affray.

Item, iij. of the sayd riottys feloshippe the same day, yere and place, laye on awayte uppon Edmond Broune, gentilman, and with naked swerdes and other wepyng faght with hym be the space of on quarte of an houre, and toke and spoillyd hym, and kepte hym as long as them lyst, and after that lette hym goo.

Item, xl. of the sayd riottys felowshipp, be the com-maundement of the same Robert Lethum, jakket and saletted, with bowes, arowys, billys and gleyves oppon Mauyndy Thursday at iiij. of the klokke atte after nonne, the same yere, comyn to the White Freres in Norwyche, and wold have brokyn theyr yates and dorys, feynyng thaym that they wold hire thayre evesong. Where they ware aunswered suche service was non used to be there,

forcelet=fortress. here=their. jakkid, jakket=jacketed in leather coats. salettyd=in steel caps. shette=shot. bette=beat. gleyves=lances or halbutts. hire=hear.

nor withyn the sayd citee, atte that tyme of the daye, and prayd them to departe ; and they aunswered and sayd that afore thayre departyng they wold have somme persons ouute of that place, qwykke or dede, insomuch the sayd freris were fayn to kype thaire place with forsse. And the Mayr and the Sheriffe of the sayd cite were fayn to arere a power to resyst the sayd riotts, which to have on that holy tyme was tediose and heynous, consedryng the losse and lettynge of the holy service of that holy nyght. And theroppon the sayd riotors departed. . . .

Item, the sayd Thomas Bery, Elys Dukworth, Thomas Cokowe, George of Chamer, the v. day of Novembre last past, with divers other unknowyn men, onto the nombre of xx. persons, and noman of reputacion among hem, comen under color of huntynge, and brake up gatys and closys of Osburne Monford atte Brayston ; and xij. persons of the same felowshipp, with bowys bent and arowys redy in thair handys, abode alone betwixt the maner of Brayston and the chirche, and there kept him from vij. of the clokke on the mornynge unto iij. of the clokk after none, lyng in awayte oppon the servauntez of the sayd Osburne Monford, lorde of the sayd maner, so that nonne durst comen out for doute of thair lyves. . . .

Item, vj. or vij. of the sayd Ledamys men dayly, boyth werkeday and halyday, use to goo aboute in the countrey with bowys and arowys, shotyng and playng in mennys closis among men catall, goyng from alhous to alhousez and manassyng suche as they hated, and soght occasion and quarels and debate. . . .

Item, please unto your Lordshipp to remembre that the sayd Ledham and his sayd mys governed feloushipp be endited of many of these articles and of many more not comprehendit here, and in especiall of the sayd rysyng against the Kyng . . . and the inhabitauntz of the sayd hundred of Blofeld shall pray for you. And else they be lyke to be destruyd for ever.

arere=raise. lettynge=hindrance. men catall=small cattle, i.e., fowls, etc. manassyng=menacing.

AN ETON BOY'S WOOING

Feb. 23. 1479

To his worchepfull broder, John Paston, be thys delyvered
in hast.

RYGHT reverent and worchepfull broder, after all dewtes of recomendacion, I recomaunde me to yow, desyryng to here of your prosperite and welfare, whych I pray God long to contynew to Hys plesore, and to your herts desyr; letyng yow wete that I receyved a letter from yow, in the whyche letter was viij*d*. with the whyche I schuld bye a peyer of slyppers.

Ferthermor certyfing yow, as for the xiijs. iiij*d*. whyche ye sende by a jentylmannys man, for my borde, cawlyd Thomas Newton, was delyvered to myn hostes, and soo to my creancer, Mr. Thomas Stevenson; and he hertely recommended hym to yow.

Also ye sende me worde in the letter of xij*li*. fyggs and viij*li*. reysons. I have them not delyvered, but I dowte not I shal have, for Alwedyr tolde me of them, and he seyde that they came aftyr in an other barge.

And as for the yong jentylwoman, I wol certyfyte yow how I fryste felle in qweyntaince with hyr. Hir ffader is dede; ther be ij. systers of them; the elder is just weddyd; at the whych weddyng I was with myn hostes, and also desyryd by the jentylman hym selfe, cawlyd Wylliam Swanne, whos dwyllynge is in Eton.

So it fortuneth that myne hostes reportyd on me odyrwyse than I was wordy; so that hyr moder comaundyd hyr to make me good chere, and soo in good feythe sche ded. Sche is not a bydyng ther sche is now; hyr dwellyng is in London; but hyr moder and sch(e) come to a place of hyrs v. myle from Eton, were the weddyng was, for because it was nye to the jentylman whych weddyd hyr dowtyr. And on Monday next comynge, that is to sey, the fyrst Monday of Clene Lente, hyr moder and sche wyl goo to

creancer = creditor.

the pardon at Schene, and soo forthe to London, and ther to abyde in a place of hyrs in Bowe Chyrche Yerde ; and if it plesse yow to inquire of hyr, hyr modys name is Mestres Alborow, the name of the dowtyr is Margarete Alborow, the age of hyr is be all lykelyod xviiij. or xix. yere at the fertheeste. And as for the mony and plate, it is redy when soo ever sche were weddyd ; but as for the lyvelod, I trow not tyll after hyr modys desese, but I can not tell yow, for very certeyn, but yow may know by inquiryng. And as for hyr bewte, juge yow that when ye see hyr, yf so be that ye take the laubore, and specially beolde hyr handys, for and if it be as it is tolde me, sche is dysposyd to be thyke.

And as for my comynge from Eton, I lake no thyng but wersyfyng, whyche I troste to have with a lytyll contynuance.

Quæritur, Quomodo non valet hora, valet mora? Unde dicitur :

Arbore jam videas exemplum. Non die possunt
Omnia suppleri ; sed tamen illa mora.

And thes too verse afore seyde be of myn own making.
No more to yow at thys tyme, but God have yow in Hys kepyng.

Wretyn at Eton the Even of Seynt Matthy the Apostyll in haste, with the hande of your broder.

WYLL'M PASTON, JUNR.

ROBERT HENRYSON

(FIFTEENTH CENTURY)

ROBIN AND MAKYNE

ROBIN sat on gude green hill,
 Kepand a flock of fe :
 Mirry Makyn said him till
 " Robin, thou rew on me :
 I haif thee luvit, loud and still,
 Thir yeiris twa or thre ;
 My dule in dern bot gif thou dill,
 Doutless but dreid I de."

Robin answerit " By the Rude
 Na thing of luvè I knaw,
 But keipis my sheip undir yon wud :
 Lo, quhair they raik on raw.
 Quhat has marrit thee in thy mude
 Makyn to me thou shaw ;
 Or quhat is luvè, or to be lude ?
 Fain wad I leir that law."

" At luvis lair gif thou will leir
 Tak thair ane A B C ;
 Be heynd, courtass, and fair of feir,
 Wyse, hardy, and free :
 So that no danger do thee deir
 Quhat dule in dern thou dre ;
 Preiss thee with pain at all poweir
 Be patient and previe."

fe=sheep. rew=have pity. dule=sorrow. dern=secret. bot
 gif thou dill=unless thou assuage. but dreid=without doubt. raik=
 rank. on raw=in a row. lude=loved. leir=learn. lair=lore,
 heynd=kindly. feir=manner. deir=vex. dre=endure.

Robin answerit hir agane,
 " I wat not quhat is lufe ;
 But I haif mervel in certaine
 Quhat makis thee this wanrufe :
 The weddir is fair, and I am fain ;
 My sheep gois haill aboif ;
 And we wald pley us in this plane,
 They wald us baith reproif."

" Robin, tak tent unto my tale,
 And wirk all as I reid,
 And thou sall haif my heart all haill,
 Eik and my maiden-heid :
 Sen God sendis bute for baill,
 And for murnyng remeid,
 In dern with thee bot gif I dale
 Dowlles I am bot deid."

" Makyn, to-morn this ilka tyde
 And ye will meit me heir,
 Peraventure my sheip may gang besyde
 Quhyle we haif liggit full neir ;
 But mawgre haif I, and I byde,
 Fra they begin to steir ;
 Quhat lyis on heart I will nocht hyd ;
 Makyn, then mak gude cheir."

" Robin, thou reivis me roiff and rest ;
 I luvè bot thee allane."

" Makyn, adieu ! the sone gois west,
 The day is neir-hand gane."

" Robin, in dule I am so drest
 That luvè will be my bane."

" Gae luvè, Makyne, quhair-evir thow list,
 For lemman I luvè nane."

wanrufe=disquiet. haill=hearty. aboif=above. and=if. tent=heed. bute=remedy. baill=pain. dale=deal. mawgre=rebuke. and=if. steir=stir. reivis=robbest. roiff=peace.

- “ Robin, I stand in sic a styll,
 I sicht and that full sair.”
- “ Makyn, I haif been here this quhyle ;
 At hame God gif I weir.”
- “ My huny, Robin, talk ane quhyll
 Gif thow will do na mair.”
- “ Makyn, sum uthir man begyle,
 For hamewart I will fair.”

Robin on his wayis went
 As light as leif of tre ;
 Makyn murnit in hir intent,
 And trowd him nevir to se.
 Robin brayd attour the bent :
 Then Makyn cryit on hie,
 “ Now may thow sing, for I am schent !
 Quhat alis lufe at me ? ”

Makyn went hame withowttin fail,
 Full wery eftir cowth weip ;
 Then Robin in a ful fair daill
 Assemblit all his scheip.
 Be that sum part of Makynis aill
 Out-throw his hairt coud creip ;
 He fallowit hir fast thair till assaill,
 And till her tuke gude kep.

“ Abyd, abyd, thow fair Makyne,
 A word for ony thing ;
 For all my lufe, it sall be thyne,
 Withowttin departing.
 All haill thy hairt for till haif myne
 Is all my cuvating ;
 My scheip to-morn, quhyle houris nyne,
 Will neid of no keping.”

sicht=sigh. quhyle=while. brayd=shouted. attour=out over.
 bent=stiff grass. alis=ails. be that=by then. till=to. tuke=
 took. haill=whole. till haif=to have.

" Robin, thow hes hard sounge and say,
 In gestis and storeis auld,
 The man that will nocht quhen he may
 Sall haif nocht quhen he wald.
 I pray to Jesu every day,
 Mot eik thair cairis cauld
 That first preissis with thee to play
 Be firth, forrest, or fauld."

" Makyn, the nicht is soft and dry,
 The weddir is warme and fair,
 And the grene woid rycht neir us by
 To walk attour all quhair :
 Thair ma na janglour us espy,
 That is to lufe contrair ;
 Thairin, Makyne, baith ye and I,
 Unsene we ma repair."

" Robin, that warld is all away,
 And quyt brocht till ane end :
 And nevir agane thereto, perfay,
 Sall it be as thow wend ;
 For of my pane thow maid it play ;
 And all in vane I spend :
 As thow hes done, sa sall I say,
 ' Murne on ; I think to mend.' "

" Makyn, the howp of all my heill,
 My hairt on thee is sett ;
 And evirmair to thee be leill
 Quhill I may leif but lett ;
 Never to faill as utheris feill,
 Quhat grace that evir I gett."
 " Robin, with thee I will nocht deill ;
 Adieu ! for thus we mett."

hard=heard. mot eik=that he may increase. woid=wood. all
 quhair=everywhere. janglour=gossip. wend=weened. spend=
 spent. but lett=without fail.

Makyn went hame blyth anneuche
 Attour the holttis hair ;
 Robin murnit, and Makyn leuche ;
 Scho sang, he sichit sair :
 And so left him baith wo and wreuch,
 In dolour and in cair,
 Kepand his hird under a huche
 Amangis the holtis hair.

THE PILGRIMS' SEA VOYAGE

(15TH CENTURY—AUTHOR UNKNOWN)

MEN may leve alle gamys,
 That saylen to seynt Jamys !
 Ffor many a men it gramys,
 When they begyn to sayle.
 Ffor when they have take the see,
 At Sandwyche, or at Wynchylsee,
 At Brystow, or where that it bee,
 Theyr hertes begyn to fayle.

Anone the mastyr commaundeth fast
 To hys shyp-men in alle the hast,
 To dresse hem sone about the mast,
 Theyr takelyng to make.
 With " howe ! hissa ! " then they cry,
 " What, howe, mate ! thow stondyst to ny,
 Thy felow may nat hale the by " ;
 Thus they begyn to crake.

A boy or tweyn anone up styen,
 And overthwart the sayle-yerde lyen ;—
 " Y how ! taylia ! " the remenaunt cryen,
 And pulle with alle theyr myght.

anneuche = enough. holttis hair = copses grey. leuche = laughed.
 wo and wreuch = sad and wretched. huche = hillside,

" Bestowe the boote, bote-swayne, anon,
That our pylgryms may pley theron ;
For som ar lyke to cowgh and grone
Or it be full mydnyght.

" Hale the bowelyne ! now, vere the shete !—
Cooke, make redy anoon our mete,
Our pylgryms have no lust to ete,
I pray god yeve hem rest ! "
" Go to the helm ! what, howe ! no nere !
Steward, fellow ! A pot of bere ! "
" Ye shall have, sir, with good chere,
Anon alle of the best."

" Y howe ! trussa ! hale in the brayles !
Thou halyst nat, be god, thow fayles !
O se howe welle owre good shyp sayles ! "
And thus they say among.
" Hale in the wartake ! " " it shall be done."
" Steward ! cover the boorde anone,
And set bred and salt therone,
And tary nat to long."

Then cometh oone and seyth, " be mery ;
Ye shall have a storme or a pery."
" Holde thow thy pese ! thow canst no whery
Thow medlyst wondyr sore."
Thys mene whyle the pylgryms ly,
And have theyr bowlys fast theym by,
And cry aftyr hote malvesy,
" Thow helpe for to restore."

And som wold have a saltyd tost ;
Ffor they myght ete neyther sode ne rost ;
A man myght sone pay for theyr cost,
As for oo day or twayne.
Som layde theyr bookys on theyr kne,
And rad so long they myght nat se ;
" Allas ! myne hede wolle cleve on thre ! "
Thus seyth another certayne.

Then commeth owre owner lyke a lorde,
 And speketh many a royall worde,
 And dresseth hym to the hygh borde,
 To see alle thyng be welle.
 Anone he calleth a carpentere,
 And byddyth hym bryng with hym hys gere,
 To make the cabans here and there,
 With many a febylle celle.

A sak of strawe were there ryght good,
 For som must lyg theym in theyr hood ;
 I had as lefe be in the wood,
 Without mete or drynk ;
 For when that we shall go to bedde,
 The pompe was nygh oure beddes hede,
 A man were as good to be dede
 As smell therof the stynk !

WILLIAM CAXTON

(1422 ?-91 ?)

PROEM TO CANTERBURY TALES

(1484)

GREAT thanks, laud, and honour ought to be given unto the clerks, poets, and historiographers that have written many noble books of wisdom of the lives, passions, and miracles of holy saints, of histories of noble and famous acts and faites, and of the chronicles since the beginning of the creation of the world unto this present time, by which we be daily informed and have knowledge of many things of whom we should not have known if they had not left to us their monuments written. Among whom and in especial before all others, we ought to give a singular laud unto that noble and great philosopher Geoffrey Chaucer, the

which for his ornate writing in our tongue may well have the name of a laureate poet. For to-fore that he by labour embellished, ornated, and made fair our English, in this realm was had rude speech and incongruous, as yet it appeareth by old books, which at this day ought not to have place ne be compared among, ne to, his beauteous volumes and ornate writings, of whom he made many books and treatises of many a noble history, as well in metre as in rhyme and prose ; and them so craftily made that he comprehended his matters in short, quick, and high sentences, eschewing prolixity, casting away the chaff of superfluity, and shewing the picked grain of sentence uttered by crafty and sugared eloquence ; of whom among all others of his books I purpose to print, by the grace of God, the book of the tales of Canterbury, in which I find many a noble history of every state and degree ; first rehearsing the conditions and the array of each of them as properly as possible is to be said ; and after their tales which be of nobleness, wisdom, gentleness, mirth, and also of very holiness and virtue, wherein he finisheth this said book, which book I have diligently overseen and duly examined, to that end it be made according unto his own making. For I find many of the said books which writers have abridged it, and many things left out ; and in some place have set certain verses that he never made ne set in his book ; of which books so incorrect was one brought to me, six years past, which I supposed had been very true and correct ; and according to the same I did do imprint a certain number of them, which anon were sold to many and divers gentlemen, of whom one gentleman came to me and said that this book was not according in many place unto the book that Geoffrey Chaucer had made. To whom I answered that I had made it according to my copy, and by me was nothing added ne minished. Then he said he knew a book which his father had and much loved, that was very true and according unto his own first book by him made ; and said more, if I would imprint it again he would get me the same book for a copy, howbeit he wist well that his father would not gladly depart from it. To

whom I said, in case that he could get me such a book, true and correct, yet I would once endeavour me to imprint it again for to satisfy the author, whereas before by ignorance I erred in hurting and defaming his book in divers places, in setting in some things that he never said ne made, and leaving out many things that he made which be requisite to be set in it. And thus we fell at accord, and he full gently got of his father the said book, and delivered it to me, by which I have corrected my book, as hereafter, all along by the aid of Almighty God, shall follow ; whom I humbly beseech to give me grace and aid to achieve and accomplish to his laud, honour, and glory ; and that all ye that shall in this book read or hear, will of your charity among your deeds of mercy remember the soul of the said Geoffrey Chaucer, first author and maker of this book. And also that all we that shall see and read therein may so take and understand the good and virtuous tales, that it may so profit unto the health of our souls that after this short and transitory life we may come to everlasting life in Heaven. Amen.

SIR THOMAS MALORY

(15TH CENTURY ; "MORTE DARTHUR" COMPLETED 1469)

HOW BY MISADVENTURE OF AN ADDER THE
BATTLE BEGAN, WHERE MORDRED WAS
SLAIN, AND ARTHUR HURT TO THE DEATH

THEN were they condescended that King Arthur and Sir Mordred should meet betwixt both their hosts, and every each of them should bring fourteen persons. And they came with this word unto King Arthur. Then said he, I am glad that this is done. And so he went into the field. And when Arthur should depart, he warned all his host that an they see any sword drawn, Look ye come on fiercely, and slay that traitor Sir Mordred, for I in no wise trust

him. In like wise Sir Mordred warned his host that,—
An ye see any sword drawn, look that ye come on fiercely,
and so slay all that ever before you standeth : for in no
wise I will not trust for this treaty : for I know well my
father will be avenged upon me. And so they met as their
pointment was, and so they were agreed and accorded
thoroughly : and wine was fetched, and they drank. Right
so came an adder out of a little heath bush, and it stung
a knight on the foot. And when the knight felt him stungen,
he looked down and saw the adder, and then he drew his
sword to slay the adder, and thought of none other harm.
And when the host on both parties saw that sword drawn,
then they blew beames, trumpets, and horns, and shouted
grimly. And so both hosts dressed them together. And
King Arthur took his horse, and said, Alas this unhappy
day, and so rode to his party : and Sir Mordred in like-
wise. And never was there seen a more dolefuller battle
in no Christian land. For there was but rushing and riding,
foining and striking, and many a grim word was there
spoken either to other, and many a deadly stroke. But ever
King Arthur rode throughout the battle of Sir Mordred
many times, and did full nobly as a noble king should ;
and at all times he fainted never. And Sir Mordred that
day put him in devoir, and in great peril. And thus they
fought all the long day, and never stinted, till the noble
knights were laid to the cold ground, and ever they fought
still, till it was near night, and by that time was there an
hundred thousand laid dead upon the down. Then was
Arthur wood wroth out of measure, when he saw his people
so slain from him. Then the king looked about him, and
then was he ware of all his host, and of all his good knights,
were left no more on live but two knights, that was Sir
Lucan de Butlere, and his brother Sir Bedivere : and they
were full sore wounded. Jesu mercy, said the king, where
are all my noble knights becomen. Alas that ever I should
see this doleful day. For now, said Arthur, I am come to
mine end. But would to God that I wist where were that
traitor Sir Mordred, that hath caused all this mischief.
Then was King Arthur ware where Sir Mordred leaned

upon his sword among a great heap of dead men. Now give me my spear, said Arthur unto Sir Lucan, for yonder I have espied the traitor that all this woe hath wrought. Sir, let him be, said Sir Lucan, for he is unhappy ; and if ye pass this unhappy day, ye shall be right well revenged upon him. Good lord, remember ye of your night's dream, and what the spirit of Sir Gawaine told you this night, yet God of his great goodness hath preserved you hitherto. Therefore, for God's sake, my lord, leave off by this. For blessed be God ye have won the field : for here we be three on live, and with Sir Mordred is none on live. And if ye leave off now, this wicked day of destiny is past. Tide me death, betide me life, saith the king, now I see him yonder alone, he shall never escape mine hands, for at a better avail shall I never have him. God speed you well, said Sir Bedivere. Then the king gat his spear in both his hands, and ran toward Sir Mordred, crying, Traitor, now is thy death day come. And when Sir Mordred heard Sir Arthur, he ran until him with his sword drawn in his hand. And there King Arthur smote Sir Mordred under the shield, with a foin of his spear throughout the body more than a fathom. And when Sir Mordred felt that he had his death's wound, he thrust himself, with the might that he had, up to the bur of King Arthur's spear. And right so he smote his father Arthur with his sword holden in both his hands, on the side of the head, that the sword pierced the helmet and the brainpan, and therewithal Sir Mordred fell stark dead to the earth. And the noble Arthur fell in a swoon to the earth, and there he swooned oft-times. And Sir Lucan de Butlere and Sir Bedivere oft-times heave him up, and so weakly they led him betwixt them both to a little chapel not far from the seaside. And when the king was there, he thought him well eased. Then heard they people cry in the field. Now go thou, Sir Lucan, said the king, and do me to wit what betokens that noise in the field. So Sir Lucan departed, for he was grievously wounded in many places. And so as he yede, he saw and hearkened by the moonlight, how that pillers and robbers were come into the

field to pill and to rob many a full noble knight of ouches and beads, of many a good ring, and of many a rich jewel ; and who that were not dead all out, there they slew them for their harness and their riches. When Sir Lucan understood this work, he came to the king as soon as he might, and told him all what he had heard and seen. Therefore by my rede, said Sir Lucan, it is best that we bring you to some town. I would it were so, said the king.

HOW KING ARTHUR COMMANDED TO CAST HIS SWORD EXCALIBUR INTO THE WATER, AND HOW HE WAS DELIVERED TO LADIES IN A BARGE

BUT I may not stand, my head works so. Ah, Sir Launcelot, said King Arthur, this day have I sore missed thee. Alas, that ever I was against thee, for now have I my death, whereof Sir Gawaine me warned in my dream. Then Sir Lucan took up the king the one part, and Sir Bedivere the other part, and in the lifting, the king swooned, and Sir Lucan fell in a swoon with the lift, that the part of his guts fell out of his body, and therewith the noble knight's heart brast. And when the king awoke, he beheld Sir Lucan how he lay foaming at the mouth, and part of his guts lay at his feet. Alas, said the king, this is unto me a full heavy sight to see this noble duke so die for my sake, for he would have holpen me that had more need of help than I. Alas, he would not complain him, his heart was so set to help me. Now Jesu have mercy upon his soul. Then Sir Bedivere wept for the death of his brother. Leave this mourning and weeping, said the king, for all this will not avail me : for, wit thou well, an I might live myself the death of Sir Lucan would grieve me evermore ; but my time hieth fast, said the king. Therefore, said Arthur unto Sir Bedivere, take thou Excalibur, my good sword, and go with it to yonder water side, and when thou comest there, I charge thee throw my sword in that water,

and come again, and tell me what thou there seest. My lord, said Bedivere, your commandment shall be done, and lightly bring you word again. So Sir Bedivere departed, and by the way he beheld that noble sword, that the pommel and the haft was all of precious stones, and then he said to himself, If I throw this rich sword in the water, thereof shall never come good, but harm and loss. And then Sir Bedivere hid Excalibur under a tree. And so as soon as he might he came again unto the king, and said he had been at the water, and had thrown the sword in the water. What saw thou there? said the king. Sir, he said, I saw nothing but waves and winds. That is untruly said of thee, said the king; therefore go thou lightly again, and do my commandment; as thou art to me lief and dear, spare not, but throw it in. Then Sir Bedivere returned again, and took the sword in his hand; and then him thought sin and shame to throw away that noble sword; and so eft he hid the sword, and returned again, and told to the king that he had been at the water, and done his commandment. What saw thou there? said the king. Sir, he said, I saw nothing but the waters wap and the waves wan. Ah traitor, untrue, said King Arthur, now hast thou betrayed me twice. Who would have weened that thou that hast been to me so lief and dear, and thou art named a noble knight, and would betray me for the riches of the sword. But now go again lightly, for thy long tarrying putteth me in great jeopardy of my life, for I have taken cold. And but if thou do now as I bid thee, if ever I may see thee, I shall slay thee with mine own hands, for thou wouldst for my rich sword see me dead. Then Sir Bedivere departed, and went to the sword, and lightly took it up, and went to the water side, and there he bound the girdle about the hilts, and then he threw the sword as far into the water as he might, and there came an arm and an hand above the water, and met it, and caught it, and so shook it thrice and brandished, and then vanished away the hand with the sword in the water. So Sir Bedivere came again to the king, and told him what he saw. Alas, said the king, help me hence, for I dread me I have tarried over long.

Then Sir Bedivere took the king upon his back, and so went with him to that water side. And when they were at the water side, even fast by the bank hove a little barge, with many fair ladies in it, and among them all was a queen, and all they had black hoods, and all they wept and shrieked when they saw King Arthur. Now put me into the barge, said the king : and so he did softly. And there received him three queens with great mourning, and so they set them down, and in one of their laps King Arthur laid his head, and then that queen said, Ah, dear brother, why have ye tarried so long from me ? Alas, this wound on your head hath caught over much cold. And so then they rowed from the land ; and Sir Bedivere beheld all those ladies go from him. Then Sir Bedivere cried, Ah, my lord Arthur, what shall become of me now ye go from me, and leave me here alone among mine enemies. Comfort thyself, said the king, and do as well as thou mayest, for in me is no trust for to trust in. For I will into the vale of Avilion, to heal me of my grievous wound. And if thou hear never more of me, pray for my soul. But ever the queens and the ladies wept and shrieked, that it was pity to hear. And as soon as Sir Bedivere had lost the sight of the barge, he wept and wailed, and so took the forest, and so he went all that night, and in the morning he was ware betwixt two holts hoar of a chapel and an hermitage.

Morte Darthur.

JOHN SKELTON

(1460-1529)

TO MISTRESS MARGARET HUSSEY

MERRY Margaret
 As midsummer flower,
 Gentle as falcon
 Or hawk of the tower :
 With solace and gladness,
 Much mirth and no madness,
 All good and no badness ;

So joyously,
So maidenly,
So womanly
Her demeaning
In every thing,
Far, far passing
That I can indite
Or suffice to write
Of Merry Margaret
As midsummer flower,
Gentle as falcon
Or hawk of the tower.
As patient and still
And as full of good will
As fair Isaphill,
Coliander,
Sweet pomander,
Good Cassander ;
Steadfast of thought,
Well made, well wrought,
Far may be sought,
Ere that ye can find
So courteous, so kind,
As merry Margaret,
This midsummer flower,
Gentle as falcon
Or hawk of the tower.

WILLIAM DUNBAR

(1465 ?-1530 ?)

IN HONOUR OF THE CITY OF LONDON

LONDON, thou art of townes *A per se*.
Soveraign of cities, seemliest in sight,
Of high renoun, riches and royaltie ;
Of lordis, barons, and many a goodly knyght ;
Of most delectable lusty ladies bright ;

Of famous prelatis, in habitis clericall ;
 Of merchauntis full of substaunce and of myght :
 London, thou art the flour of Cities all.

Gladdith anon, thou lusty Troynovaunt,
 Citie that some tyme cleped was New Troy ;
 In all the erth, imperiall as thou stant,
 Pryncesse of townes, of pleasure and of joy,
 A richer restith under no Christen roy ;
 For manly power, with craftis naturall,
 Fourmeth none fairer sith the flode of Noy :
 London, thou art the flour of Cities all.

Gemme of all joy, jaspre of jocunditie,
 Most myghty carbuncle of vertue and valour ;
 Strong Troy in vigour and in strenuytie ;
 Of royall cities, rose and geraflour ;
 Empress of townes, exalt in honour ;
 In beawtie beryng the crone imperiall ;
 Swete paradise precelling in pleasure :
 London, thou art the flour of Cities all.

Above all ryvers thy Ryver hath renowne,
 Whose beryall stremys, pleasaunt and preclare,
 Under thy lusty wallys renneth down,
 Where many a swān doth swymme with wyngis fair ;
 Where many a barge doth saile and row with are ;
 Where many a ship doth rest with top-royall.
 O, towne of townes ! patrone and not compare,
 London, thou art the flour of Cities all.

Upon thy lusty Brigge of pylers white
 Been merchauntis full royall to behold ;
 Upon thy stretis go'th many a semely knyght
 In velvet gownes and in cheynes of gold.
 By Julyus Cesar thy Tour founded of old

gladdith=be glad. fourmeth=appeareth. geraflour=pink.
 are=oars. not compare=unequaled.

May be the hous of Mars victoryall,
 Whose artillary with tonge may not be told :
 London, thou art the flour of Cities all.

Strong be thy wallis that about the standis ;
 Wise be the people that within the dwellis ;
 Fresh is thy ryver with his lusty strandis ;
 Blith be thy chirches, wele sownyng be thy bellis ;
 Rich be thy merchauntis in substaunce that excellis ;
 Fair be their wives, right lovesom, white and small ;
 Clere be thy virgyns, lusty under kellis :
 London, thou art the flour of Cities all.

Thy famous Maire, by pryncely governaunce,
 With sword of justice thee ruleth prudently.
 No Lord of Parys, Venyce, or Floraunce
 In dignitie or honour go'th to hym nigh.
 He is exemplar, loode-ster, and guye ;
 Principall patrone and rose orygnalle,
 Above all Maires as maister most worthy :
 London, thou art the flour of Cities all.

LAMENT FOR THE MAKERS

I THAT in heill was and gladnèss
 Am trublit now with great sickness
 And feblit with infirmitie :—
Timor Mortis conturbat me.

Our plesance here is all vain glory,
 This fals world is but transitory,
 The flesh is bruckle, the Feynd is slee :—
Timor Mortis conturbat me.

the=thee. kellis=hoods. guye=guide. heill=health.
 bruckle=brittle. slee=sly.

The state of man does change and vary,
 Now sound, now sick, now blyth, now sary,
 Now dansand mirry, now like to die :—

Timor Mortis conturbat me.

No state in Erd here standis sicker ;
 As with the wynd wavis the wicker
 So wannis this world's vanitie :—

Timor Mortis conturbat me.

Unto the Death gois all Estatis,
 Princis, Prelattis, and Potestatis,
 Baith rich and poor of all degree :—

Timor Mortis conturbat me.

He takis the knichtis in to the field
 Enarmit under helm and scheild ;
 Victor he is at all mellie :—

Timor Mortis conturbat me.

That strong unmerciful tyrand
 Takis, on the motheris breast sowkand,
 The babe full of benignitie :—

Timor Mortis conturbat me.

He takis the campion in the stour,
 The captain closit in the tour,
 The lady in boyr full of bewtie :—

Timor Mortis conturbat me.

He spairis no lord for his piscence,
 Na clerk for his intelligence ;
 His awful straik may no man flee :—

Timor Mortis conturbat me.

Art-magicianis and astrologis,
 Rethoris, logicianis, and theologis,
 Them helpis no conclusionis slee :—

Timor Mortis conturbat me.

sary=sorry. sicker=sure. wicker=willow. wannis=waned.
 mellie=mellay. sowkand=sucking. campion=champion. stour=
 fight. piscence=puissance. straik=stroke.

In medecine the most practicianis,
Leechis, surrigianis and physicianis,
Themself from Death may nocht supplee :—

Timor Mortis conturbat me.

I see that makaris amang the lave
Playis here their padyanis, syne gois to grave ;
Sparid is nocht their facultie :—

Timor Mortis conturbat me.

He has done petuously devour
The noble Chaucer, of makaris flour,
The Monk of Bury, and Gower, all three :—

Timor Mortis conturbat me.

The good Sir Hew of Eglintoun,
Ettrick, Heriot, and Wintoun,
He has tane out of this cuntrie :—

Timor Mortis conturbat me.

That scorpion fell has done infeck
Maister John Clerk, and James Afflek,
Fra ballat-making and tragedie :—

Timor Mortis conturbat me.

Holland and Barbour he has berevit ;
Alas ! that he not with us levit
Sir Mungo Lockart of the Lee :—

Timor Mortis conturbat me.

Clerk of Tranent eke he has tane,
That made the aventeris of Gawaine ;
Sir Gilbert Hay endit has he :—

Timor Mortis conturbat me.

He has Blind Harry and Sandy Traill
Slain with his schour of mortal hail,
Quhilk Patrick Johnstoun might nocht flee :—

Timor Mortis conturbat me.

He has reft Mersar his endite
That did in luvè so lively write,
So short, so quick, of sentence hie :—
Timor Mortis conturbat me.

He has tane Rowll of Aberdene,
And gentill Rowll of Corstorphine ;
Two better fallowis did no man see :—
Timor Mortis conturbat me.

In Dunfermline he has tane Broun,
With Maister Robert Henrysoun ;
Sir John the Ross enbrasit has he :—
Timor Mortis conturbat me.

And he has now tane, last of a',
Good gentil Stobo and Quintin Shaw,
Of quhom all wichtis has pitie :—
Timor Mortis conturbat me.

Good Maister Walter Kennedy
In point of Death lies verily ;
Great ruth it were that so suld be :—
Timor Mortis conturbat me.

Sen he has all my brothers tane,
He will nocht let me live alane ;
Of force I mon his next prey be :—
Timor Mortis conturbat me.

Since for the Death remeid is none,
Best is that we for Death dispone
After our death that live may we :—
Timor Mortis conturbat me.

ANONYMOUS POETRY

(15TH AND 16TH CENTURIES)

GOSSIP MINE

(C. 1500)

I WILL you tell a full good sport,
How gossips gather them on a sort,
Their sick bodies for to comfort,
When they meet in a lane or a street.

But I dare not, for their displeasance,
Tell of these matters half the substance ;
But yet somewhat of their governance,
As far as I dare I will declare.

“ Good gossip mine, where have ye be ?
It is so long since I you see !
Where is the best wine ? tell you me :
Can you aught tell ? ” “ Yea, full well.

“ I know a draught of merry-go-down,—
The best it is in all this town :
But yet I would not, for my gown,
My husband it wist,—ye may me trust.

“ Call forth your gossips by and by,—
Elinore, Joan, and Margery,
Margaret, Alice, and Cecily,
For they will come both all and some.

“ And each of them will somewhat bring,—
Goose, pig, or capon’s wing,
Pasties of pigeons, or some such thing :
For a gallon of wine they will not wring.

"Go before by twain and twain,
Wisely, that ye be not seen ;
For I must home—and come again—
To wit, I wis, where my husband is.

"A stripe or two God might send me,
If my husband might here me see."
"She that is afear'd, let her flee !"
Quoth Alice than, "I fear no man !

"Now be we in tavern set ;
A draught of the best let him fett,
To bring our husbands out of debt ;
For we will spend till God more send."

Each of them brought forth their dish :
Some brought flesh, and some brought fish.
Quoth Margaret meek, "Now, with a wish,
I would Anne were here—she would make us good cheer."

"How say you, gossips ? is this wine good ?"
"That it is," quoth Elinore, "by the rood !
It cherisheth the heart, and comforts the blood ;
Such junkets among shall make us live long."

"Anne, bid fill a pot of Muscadel,
For of all wines I love it well.
Sweet wines keep my body in hele ;
If I had of it nought, I should take great thought.

"How look ye, gossip, at the board's end ?
Not merry, gossip ? God it amend !
All shall be well, else God it defend :
Be merry, and glad, and sit not so sad."

"Would God I had done after your counsel !
For my husband is so fell,
He beateth me like the devil of hell ;
And, the more I cry, the less mercy."

than=then. fett=fetch. junkets=dainties. hele=health.

Alice with a loud voice spake than :
“ I wis,” she said, “ little good he can
That beateth or striketh any woman,
And specially his wife : God give him short life ! ”

Margaret meek said, “ So might I thrive,
I know no man, that is alive
That give me two strokes, he shall have five :
I am not afear’d, though I have no beard.”

One cast down her shot, and went her way.
“ Gossip,” quoth Elinore, “ what did she pay ? ”
“ Not but a penny.” “ Lo therefore I say
She shall be no more of our lore.

“ Such guests we may have enow
That will not for their shot allow.
With whom come she ? Gossip, with you ? ”
“ Nay,” quoth Joan, “ I come alone.”

“ Now reckon our shot, and go we hence.
What ! cost it each of us but three pence ?
Pardie ! this is but a small expense
For such a sort, and all but sport.

“ Turn down the street where ye came out,
And we will compass round-about.”
“ Gossip,” quoth Anne, “ what needeth that doubt ?
Your husbands be pleased when ye be reised.

“ Whatsoever any man think,
We come for nought but for good drink.
Now let us go home and wink ;
For it may be seen where we have been.”

From the tavern be they all gone ;
And everich of them showeth her wisdom,
And there she telleth her husband anon
She had been at the church.

shot=payment. everich=each one.

This is the thought that gossips take ;
 Once in the week, merry will they make,
 And all small drink they will forsake,
 But wine of the best shall have no rest.

Some be at the tavern once a week,
 And so be some every day eke,
 Or else they will groan and make them sick ;
 For things used will not be refused.

How say you, women, is it not so ?
 Yes surely, and that ye well know ;
 And therefore let us drink all a-row,
 And of our singing make a good ending.

Now fill the cup, and drink to me,
 And then shall we good fellows be :
 And of this talking leave will we,
 And speak then good of women.

QUIA AMORE LANGUEO

In a valley of this restless mind
 I sought in mountain and in mead,
 Trusting a true love for to find.
 Upon an hill then took I heed ;
 A voice I heard (and near I yede)
 In great dolour complaining tho :
 See, dear soul, how my sides bleed
 Quia amore langueo.

Upon this hill I found a tree,
 Under a tree a man sitting ;
 From head to foot wounded was he ;
 His hearte blood I saw bleeding :
 A seemly man to be a king,
 A gracious face to look unto.
 I asked why he had paining ;
 [He said], *Quia amore langueo.*

I am true love that false was never ;
My sister, man's soul, I loved her thus.
Because we would in no wise dissever
I left my kingdom glorious.
I purveyed her a palace full precious ;
She fled, I followed, I loved her so
That I suffered this pain piteous
Quia amore langueo.

My fair love and my spouse bright !
I saved her from beating, and she hath me bet ;
I clothed her in grace and heavenly light ;
This bloody-shirt she hath on me set ;
For longing of love yet would I not let ;
Sweete strokes are these : lo !
I have loved her ever as I her het
Quia amore langueo.

I crowned her with bliss and she me with thorn ;
I led her to chamber and she me to die ;
I brought her to worship and she me to scorn ;
I did her reverence and she me villany.
To love that loveth is no maistry ;
Her hate made never my love her foe :
Ask me then no question why—
Quia amore langueo.

Look into mine handes, man !
These gloves were given me when I her sought ;
They be not white, but red and wan ;
Embroidered with blood my spouse them brought.
They will not off ; I loose hem nought ;
I woo her with hem wherever she go.
These hands for her so friendly fought
Quia amore langueo.

Marvel not, man, though I sit still.
See, love hath shod me wonder strait :
Buckled my feet, as was her will,
With sharpe nails (well thou may'st wait !)

In my love was never desait ;
 All my membres I have opened her to ;
 My body I made her herte's bait
Quia amore langueo.

In my side I have made her nest ;
 Look in, how weet a wound is here !
 This is her chamber, here shall she rest,
 That she and I may sleep in fere.
 Here may she wash, if any filth were ;
 Here is seat for all her woe ;
 Come when she will, she shall have cheer
Quia amore langueo.

I will abide till she be ready,
 I will her sue if she say nay ;
 If she be retchless I will be greedy,
 If she be dangerous I will her pray ;
 If she weep, then bide I ne may :
 Mine arms ben spread to clip her me to.
 Cry once, I come : now, soul, assay
Quia amore langueo.

Fair love, let us go play :
 Apples ben ripe in my gardayne.
 I shall thee clothe in a new array,
 Thy meat shall be milk, honey and wine.
 Fair love, let us go dine :
 Thy sustenance is in my crippe, lo !
 Tarry thou not, my fair spouse mine,
Quia amore langueo.

If thou be foul, I shall thee make clean ;
 If thou be sick, I shall thee heal ;
 If thou mourn ought, I shall thee mene ;
 Why wilt thou not, fair love, with me deal ?
 Foundest thou ever love so leal ?
 What wilt thou, soul, that I shall do ?
 I may not unkindly thee appeal
Quia amore langueo.

What shall I do now with my spouse
 But abide her of my gentleness,
 Till that she look out of her house
 Of fleshly affection ? love mine she is ;
 Her bed is made, her bolster is bliss,
 Her chamber is chosen ; is there none mo.
 Look out on me at the window of kindness

Quia amore langueo.

My love is in her chamber : hold your peace !
 Make ye no noise, but let her sleep.
 My babe I would not were in disease,
 I may not hear my dear child weep.
 With my pap I shall her keep ;
 Ne marvel ye not though I tend her to :
 This wound in my side had ne'er be so deep

But *Quia amore langueo.*

Long thou for love never so high,
 My love is more than thine may be.
 Thou weepest, thou gladdest, I sit thee by :
 Yet wouldst thou once, love, look unto me !
 Should I always feede thee
 With children meat ? Nay, love, not so !
 I will prove thy love with adversitè

Quia amore langueo.

Wax not weary, mine own wife !
 What mede is aye to live in comfort ?
 In tribulation I reign more rife
 Ofter times than in disport.
 In weal and in woe I am aye to support :
 Mine own wife, go not me fro !
 Thy mede is marked, when thou art mort :

Quia amore langueo.

THE NUT-BROWN MAID

*He. Be it right or wrong, these men among
On women do complain ;
Affirming this, how that it is
A labour spent in vain
To love them wele ; for never a dele
They love a man again :
For let a man do what he can
Their favour to attain,
Yet if a new to them pursue,
Their first true lover than
Laboureth for naught ; for from her thought
He is a banished man.*

*She. I say not nay, but that all day
It is both written and said
That woman's faith is, as who saith,
All utterly decayed :
But nevertheless, right good witness
In this case might be laid
That they love true and continue :
Record the Nut-brown Maid,
Which, when her love came her to prove,
To her to make his moan,
Would not depart ; for in her heart
She loved but him alone.*

*He. Then between us let us discuss
What was all the manere
Between them two : we will also
Tell all the pain in fere
That she was in. Now I begin,
So that ye me answeare :
Wherefore all ye that present be,
I pray you, give an ear.*

*I am the Knight. I come by night,
As secret as I can,
Saying, Alas ! thus standeth the case,
I am a banished man.*

*She. And I your will for to fulfil
In this will not refuse ;
Trusting to shew, in wordes few,
That men have an ill use—
To their own shame—women to blame,
And causeless them accuse.
Therefore to you I answer now,
All women to excuse—
Mine own heart dear, with you what cheer ?
I pray you, tell anone ;
For, in my mind, of all mankind
I love but you alone.*

*He. It standeth so : a deed is do
Whereof great harm shall grow :
My destiny is for to die
A shameful death, I trow ;
Or else to flee. The t'one must be.
None other way I know
But to withdraw as an outlaw,
And take me to my bow.
Wherefore adieu, mine own heart true !
None other rede I can :
For I must to the green-wood go,
Alone, a banished man.*

*She. O Lord, what is this worldis bliss,
That changeth as the moon !
My summer's day in lusty May
Is darked before the noon.
I hear you say, farewell : Nay, nay,
We depart not so soon.
What say ye so ? whither will ye go ?
Alas ! what have ye done ?*

All my welfare to sorrow and care
Should change, if ye were gone :
For, in my mind, of all mankind
I love but you alone.

He. I can believe it shall you grieve,
And somewhat you distraign ;
But afterward, your paines hard
Within a day or twain
Shall soon aslake ; and ye shall take
Comfort to you again.
Why should ye ought ? for, to make thought,
Your labour were in vain.
And thus I do ; and pray you to,
As hartely as I can :
For I must to the green-wood go,
Alone, a banished man.

She. Now, sith that ye have showed to me
The secret of your mind,
I shall be plain to you again,
Like as ye shall me find.
Sith it is so that ye will go,
I will not live behind.
Shall never be said the Nut-brown Maid
Was to her love unkind.
Make you ready, for so am I,
Although it were anone :
For, in my mind, of all mankind
I love but you alone.

He. Yet I you rede to take good heed
What men will think and say :
Of young, of old, it shall be told
That ye be gone away
Your wanton will for to fulfil,
In green-wood you to play ;
And that ye might for your delight
No longer make delay.

Rather than ye should thus for me
Be called an ill woman
Yet would I to the green-wood go,
Alone, a banished man.

She. Though it be sung of old and young
That I should be to blame,
Theirs be the charge that speak so large
In hurting of my name :
For I will prove that faithful love
It is devoid of shame ;
In your distress and heaviness
To part with you the same :
And sure all tho that do not so
True lovers are they none :
For in my mind, of all mankind
I love but you alone.

He. I counsel you, Remember how
It is no maiden's law
Nothing to doubt, but to run out
To wood with an outlaw.
For ye must there in your hand bear
A bow ready to draw ;
And as a thief thus must you live
Ever in dread and awe ;
Whereby to you great harm might grow :
Yet had I liever than
That I had to the green-wood go,
Alone, a banished man.

She. I think not nay but as ye say ;
It is no maiden's lore ;
But love may make me for your sake,
As I have said before,
To come on foot, to hunt and shoot,
To get us meat and store ;
For so that I your company
May have, I ask no more.

From which to part it maketh my heart
As cold as any stone ;
For, in my mind, of all mankind
I love but you alone.

He. For an outlaw this is the law,
That men him take and bind :
Without pitie, hangèd to be,
And waver with the wind.
If I had need (as God forbede !)
What socours could ye find ?
Forsooth I trow, you and your bow
For fear would draw behind.
And no mervail ; for little avail
Were in your counsel than :
Wherefore I'll to the green-wood go,
Alone, a banished man.

She. Right well know ye that women be
But feeble for to fight ;
No womanhede it is, indeed,
To be bold as a knight :
Yet in such fear if that ye were
With enemies day and night,
I would withstand, with bow in hand,
To grieve them as I might,
And you to save ; as women have
From death men many one :
For, in my mind, of all mankind
I love but you alone.

He. Yet take good hede ; for ever I drede
That ye could not sustain
The thorny ways, the deep valleys,
The snow, the frost, the rain,
The cold, the heat ; for dry or wete,
We must lodge on the plain ;
And, us above, no other roof
But a brake bush or twain :

Which soon should grieve you, I believe ;
And ye would gladly than
That I had to the green-wood go,
Alone, a banished man.

She. Sith I have here been partynere
With you of joy and bliss,
I must also part of your woe
Endure, as reason is :
Yet I am sure of one pleasure,
And shortly it is this—
That where ye be, me seemeth, pardè,
I could not fare amiss.
Without more speech I you beseech
That we were shortly gone ;
For, in my mind, of all mankind
I love but you alone.

He. If ye go thyder, ye must consider,
When ye have lust to dine,
There shall no meat be for to gete,
Neither bere, ale, ne wine,
Ne shetès clean, to lie between,
Made of thread and twine ;
None other house, but leaves and boughs,
To cover your head and mine.
Lo, mine heart sweet, this ill diète
Should make you pale and wan :
Wherefore I'll to the green-wood go,
Alone, a banished man.

She. Among the wild deer such an archere,
As men say that ye be,
Ne may not fail of good vitayle
Where is so great plentè :
And water clear of the rivere
Shall be full sweet to me ;
With which in hele I shall right wele
Endure, as ye shall see ;

And, or we go, a bed or two
I can provide anone ;
For, in my mind, of all mankind
I love but you alone.

He. Lo yet, before, ye must do more,
If ye will go with me :
As, cut your hair up by your ear,
Your kirtle by the knee ;
With bow in hand for to withstand
Your enemies, if need be :
And this same night, before daylight,
To woodward will I flee.
If that ye will all this fulfil,
Do it shortly as ye can :
Else will I to the green-wood go,
Alone, a banished man.

She. I shall as now do more for you
Than 'longeth to womanhede ;
To short my hair, a bow to bear,
To shoot in time of need.
O my sweet mother ! before all other
For you I have most drede !
But now, adieu ! I must ensue
Where fortune doth me lead.
All this make ye : Now let us flee ;
The day cometh fast upon :
For, in my mind, of all mankind
I love but you alone.

He. Nay, nay, not so ; ye shall not go,
And I shall tell you why—
Your appetite is to be light
Of love, I well espy :
For, right as ye have said to me,
In likewise hardily
Ye would answer whosoever it were,
In way of company :

It is said of old, Soon hot, soon cold ;
And so is a woman :
Wherefore I to the wood will go,
Alone, a banished man.

She. If ye take heed, it is no need
Such words to say to me ;
For oft ye prayed, and long assayed,
Or I loved you, pardè :
And though that I of ancestry
A baron's daughter be,
Yet have you proved how I you loved,
A squire of low degree ;
And ever shall, whatso befall,
To die therefore anone ;
For, in my mind, of all mankind
I love but you alone.

He. A baron's child to be beguiled,
It were a cursèd deed !
To be felaw with an outlaw—
Almighty God forbede !
Yet better were the poor squyere
Alone to forest yede
Than ye shall say another day
That by my cursèd rede
Ye were betrayed. Wherefore, good maid,
The best rede that I can,
Is, that I to the green-wood go,
Alone, a banished man.

She. Whatever befall, I never shall
Of this thing be upbraid :
But if ye go, and leave me so,
Then have ye me betrayed.
Remember you wele, how that ye dele ;
For if ye, as ye said,
Be so unkind to leave behind
Your love, the Nut-brown Maid,

Trust me truly that I shall die
Soon after ye be gone :
For, in my mind, of all mankind
I love but you alone.

He. If that ye went, ye should repent ;
For in the forest now
I have purveyed me of a maid
Whom I love more than you :
Another more fair than ever ye were,
I dare it well avow ;
And of you both each should be wroth
With other, as I trow :
It were mine ease to live in peace
So will I, if I can :
Wherefore I to the wood will go,
Alone, a banished man.

She. Though in the wood I understood
Ye had a paramour,
All this may nought remove my thought,
But that I will be your' :
And she shall find me soft and kind
And courteis every hour ;
Glad to fulfil all that she will
Command me, to my power :
For had ye, lo', an hundred mo,
Yet would I be that one :
For, in my mind, of all mankind
I love but you alone.

He. Mine own dear love, I see the prove
That ye be kind and true ;
Of maid, of wife, in all my life,
The best that ever I knew.
Be merry and glad ; be no more sad ;
The case is changèd new ;
For it were ruth that for your truth
Ye should have cause to rue.

Be not dismayed, whatsoever I said
To you when I began :
I will not to the green-wood go ;
I am no banished man.

She. These tidings be more glad to me
Than to be made a queen,
If I were sure they should endure ;
But it is often seen
When men will break promise they speak
The wordis on the splene.
Ye shape some wile me to beguile,
And steal from me, I ween :
Then were the case worse than it was,
And I more wo-begone :
For, in my mind, of all mankind
I love but you alone.

He. Ye shall not nede further to drede :
I will not disparage
You (God defend), sith you descend
Of so great a linage.
Now understand : to Westmoreland,
Which is my heritage,
I will you bring ; and with a ring,
By way of marriage
I will you take, and lady make,
As shortly as I can :
Thus have you won an Earles son,
And not a banished man.

*Here may ye see that women be
In love meek, kind, and stable ;
Let never man reprove them than,
Or call them variable ;
But rather pray God that we may
To them be comfortable ;
Which sometime proveth such as He loveth,
If they be charitable.*

*For sith men would that women should
 Be meek to them each one ;
 Much more ought they to God obey,
 And serve but Him alone.*

MAY IN THE GREEN-WOOD

IN somer when the shawes be sheyne,
 And leves be large and long,
 Hit is full merry in feyre foreste
 To here the foulys song.

To se the dere draw to the dale
 And leve the hilles hee,
 And shadow him in the leves grene
 Under the green-wode tree.

Hit befell on Whitsontide
 Early in a May mornynge,
 The Sonne up faire can shyne,
 And the briddis mery can syng.

“ This is a mery mornynge,” said Litulle Johne,
 “ Be Hym that dyed on tre ;
 A more mery man than I am one
 Lyves not in Christiantè.

“ Pluk up thi hert, my dere mayster,”
 Litulle Johne can say,
 “ And thynk hit is a fulle fayre tyme
 In a mornynge of May.”

A LITTLE GESTE OF ROBIN HOOD AND
HIS MEYNIE

HOW KING EDWARD DIGHT IN ABBOT'S WEED DINED
WITH ROBIN IN THE GREENWOOD

"SIR Abbot, for thy tidings,
To-day thou shalt dine with me,
For the lovè of my King,
Under my trystell-tree."

Forth he led our comely King
Full fairè by the hand ;
Many a deer there was slain,
They were full fast dightand.

Robin took a full great horn,
And loudè he gan blow ;
Seven score of wight young men
Came ready on a row.

All they kneelèd on their knee
Full fair before Robin ;
The King said himself until,
And swore by Saint Austin,

"Here is a wonder seemly sight ;
Me thinketh, by God's pine,
His men are more at his bidding
Than my men be at mine."

Full hastily was their dinner dight,
And thereto gan they gon ;
They servèd our King with all their might,
Both Robin and Little John.

Anon before our King was set
The fattè venisoun,
The good white bread, the good red wine,
Thereto fine ale and brown,

“ Make good cheer,” said Robin Hood,
“ Abbot, for charity,
And for this ilkè tiding, Sir,
Blessed mote thou be.

“ Now shalt thou see what life we lead,
Ere thou hennès wend ;
Then thou mayst inform our King,
When ye together lend.”

Up they started all in haste,
Their bows were smartly bent ;
Our King was never so aghast,
He weened to have been shent.

Two yards there were up set,
Therto gan they gang ;
By fifty paces, our King said,
The markès were too lang.

On every side a rose garlànd,
They shot under the line :
“ Who fails of the garland,” said Robin,
“ His tackle he shall tine,

“ And yield it unto his mastèr,
Be it never so fine ;
For no man will I spare,” he said,
“ So drink I ale or wine ;

“ And bear a buffet on his head
I-wis aright all bare ” :
And all that fell to Robin’s lot
He smote them wonder sair.

Twice Robin shot about,
And ever he cleft the wand,
And so did eke the good Gilbèrt
With the white hand.

Little John and good Scathèlock,
For nothing would they spare ;
When they fail'd of the garlànd
Robin smote them sair.

At the last shot that Robin shot,
For all his friendès fare,
Yet he fail'd of the garlànd
Three fingers and mair.

Then bespake him good Gilbèrt,
And thus he gan him say :
“ Master,” he said, “ your tackle is lost,
Stand forth and take your pay.”

“ If it be so,” said Robin Hood,
“ That may no better be,
Sir Abbot, I deliver thee mine arrow,
I pray thee, serve thou me.”

“ It falls not for mine order,” said our King,
“ Robin, by thy leave,
For to smite no good yeomàn,
For doubt I should him grieve.”

“ Smite on boldly,” said Robin,
“ I give thee largè leave.”
Anon our King with that same word
He folded up his sleeve.

And such a buffet he gave Robin,
To ground he yede full near :
“ I make mine avow to God,” said Robin,
“ Thou art a stalwart frere.

“ There is pith in thine arm,” said Robin,
“ I trow thou canst well shoot.”
Thus our King and Robin Hood
Together then they met.

Robin beheld our comely King,
Wistly in the face,
So did Sir Richard at the Lea,
And knelt down in that place.

And so did all the wild outlaws,
When they saw them kneel :
“ My lord the King of Engeland,
Now I know you weel ! ”

“ Mercy then, Robin,” said our King,
“ Under your trystell-tree,
Of thy goodness and thy grace,
For my men and me ! ”

“ Yes, 'fore God,” said Robin Hood,
“ And also God me save !
I ask mercy, my lord the King,
And for my men I crave.”

“ Yes, 'fore God,” then said our King,
“ And thereto sent I me,
With that thou leave the greenè-wood,
And all thy company ;

“ And come home, sir, unto my court,
And there dwell with me.”—
“ I make mine avow to God,” said Robin.
“ And right so shall it be.

“ I will come unto your court,
Your service for to see,
And bringè with me of my men
Seven score and three.

“ But me like well your service,
I will come again full soon,
And shooten at the dunnè deer,
As I am wont to doon.”

STEPHEN HAWES

(c. 1523)

AN EPITAPH

O MORTAL folke you may beholde and see
Howe I lye here, sometime a mighty knight,
The end of joye and all prosperitè
Is death at last, thorough his course and mighte,
After the daye there cometh the darke nighte,
For though the daye be never so long,
At last the belle ringeth to evensong.

The Pastime of Pleasure.

LORD BERNERS

(1467-1533)

THE BATTLE OF OTTERBURN

THE same evening the bishop of Durham came thither with a good company, for he heard at Durham how the Scots were before Newcastle and how that the Lord Percy's sons with other lords and knights should fight with the Scots: therefore the bishop of Durham to come to the rescue had assembled up all the country and so was coming to Newcastle. But Sir Henry Percy would not abide his coming, for he had with him six hundred spears, knights and squires, and an eight thousand footmen. They thought that sufficient number to fight with the Scots, if they were not but three hundred spears and three thousand of other. Thus they departed from Newcastle after dinner and set forth in good order, and took the same way as the Scots had gone and rode to Otterburn, a seven little leagues from thence and fair way, but they could not ride fast because of their foot-men. And when the Scots had supped and some laid down to their rest, and were weary of travailing

and assaulting of the castle all that day, and thought to rise early in the morning in cool of the day to give a new assault, therewith suddenly the Englishmen came on them and entered into the lodgings, weening it had been the masters' lodgings, and therein were but varlets and servants. Then the Englishmen cried, "Percy, Percy!" and entered into the lodgings, and ye know well where such affray is noise is soon raised: and it fortunèd well for the Scots, for when they saw the Englishmen came to wake them, then the lords sent a certain of their servants of foot-men to scrimmish with the Englishmen at the entry of the lodgings, and in the mean time they armed and apparelled them, every man under his banner and under his captain's pennon. The night was far on, but the moon shone so bright as an it had been in a manner day. It was in the month of August and the weather fair and temperate.

Thus the Scots were drawn together and without any noise departed from their lodgings and went about a little mountain, which was greatly for their advantage. For all the day before they had well advised the place and said among themselves: "If the Englishmen come on us suddenly, then we will do thus and thus, for it is a jeopardous thing in the night if men of war enter into our lodgings. If they do, then we will draw to such a place, and thereby other we shall win or lose." When the Englishmen entered into the field, at the first they soon overcame the varlets, and as they entered further in, always they found new men to busy them and to scrimmish with them. Then suddenly came the Scots from about the mountain and set on the Englishmen or they were ware, and cried their cries; whereof the Englishmen were sore astonied. Then they cried "Percy!" and the other party cried "Douglas!"

There began a cruel battle and at the first encounter many were overthrown of both parties; and because the Englishmen were a great number and greatly desired to vanquish their enemies, and rested at their pace and greatly did put aback the Scots, so that the Scots were near discomfited. Then the earl James Douglas, who was young and strong and of great desire to get praise and grace, and

was willing to deserve to have it, and cared for no pain nor travail, came forth with his banner, and cried, "Douglas, Douglas!" and Sir Henry Percy and Sir Ralph his brother, who had great indignation against the Earl Douglas because he had won the pennon of their arms at the barriers before Newcastle, came to that part and cried, "Percy!" Their two banners met and their men: there was a sore fight: the Englishmen were so strong and fought so valiantly that they reculed the Scots back. There were two valiant knights of Scots under the banner of the Earl Douglas, called Sir Patrick of Hepbourn and Sir Patrick his son. They acquitted themselves that day valiantly: the earl's banner had been won, an they had not been: they defended it so valiantly and in the rescuing thereof did such feats of arms, that it was greatly to their recommendation and to their heirs' for ever after.

It was shewed me by such as had been at the same battle, as well by knights and squires of England as of Scotland, at the house of the Earl of Foix,—for anon after this battle was done I met at Orthez two squires of England called John of Châteauneuf and John of Cantiron; also when I returned to Avignon I found also there a knight and a squire of Scotland; I knew them and they knew me by such tokens as I shewed them of their country, for I, author of this book, in my youth had ridden nigh over all the realm of Scotland, and I was as then a fifteen days in the house of Earl William Douglas, father to the same Earl James, of whom I spake of now, in a castle a five leagues from Edinburgh in the country of Dalkeith; the same time I saw there this Earl James, a fair young child, and a sister of his called the Lady Blanche,—and I was informed by both these parties how this battle was as sore a battle fought as lightly hath been heard of before of such a number; and I believe it well, for Englishmen on the one party and Scots on the other party are good men of war, for when they meet there is a hard fight without sparing, there is no ho between them as long as spears, swords, axes or daggers will endure, but lay on each upon other, and when they be well beaten and that the one party hath

obtained the victory, they then glorify so in their deeds of arms and are so joyful, that such as be taken they shall be ransomed or they go out of the field, so that shortly each of them is so content with other that at their departing courteously they will say, " God thank you " : but in fighting one with another there is no play nor sparing, and this is true, and that shall well appear by this said rencounter, for it was as valiantly foughten as could be devised, as ye shall hear.

Knights and squires were of good courage on both parties to fight valiantly : cowards there had no place, but hardiness reigned with goodly feats of arms, for knights and squires were so joined together at hand strokes, that archers had no place of nother party. There the Scots shewed great hardiness and fought merrily with great desire of honour : the Englishmen were three to one : howbeit, I say not but Englishmen did nobly acquit themselves, for ever the Englishmen had rather been slain or taken in the place than to fly. Thus, as I have said, the banners of Douglas and Percy and their men were met each against other, envious who should win the honour of that journey. At the beginning the Englishmen were so strong that they reculed back their enemies : then the Earl Douglas, who was of great heart and high of enterprise, seeing his men recule back, then to recover the place and to shew knightly valour he took his axe in both his hands, and entered so into the press that he made himself way in such wise, that none durst approach near him, and he was so well armed that he bare well off such strokes as he received. Thus he went ever forward like a hardy Hector, willing alone to conquer the field and to discomfit his enemies : but at last he was encountered with three spears all at once, the one strake him on the shoulder, the other on the breast and the stroke glinted down to his belly, and the third strake him in the thigh, and sore hurt with all three strokes, so that he was borne perforce to the earth and after that he could not be again relieved. Some of his knights and squires followed him, but not all, for it was night, and no light but by the shining of the moon. The Englishmen knew well they had borne one down to the earth, but

they wist not who it was ; for if they had known that it had been the Earl Douglas, they had been thereof so joyful and so proud that the victory had been theirs. Nor also the Scots knew not of that adventure till the end of the battle ; for if they had known it, they should have been so sore despaired and discouraged that they would have fled away. Thus as the Earl Douglas was felled to the earth, he was stricken into the head with an axe, and another stroke through the thigh : the Englishmen passed forth and took no heed of him : they thought none otherwise but that they had slain a man of arms. On the other part the Earl George de la March and of Dunbar fought right valiantly and gave the Englishmen much ado, and cried, " Follow Douglas," and set on the sons of Percy : also Earl John of Moray with his banner and men fought valiantly and set fiercely on the Englishmen, and gave them so much to do that they wist not to whom to attend.

Of all the battles and encounterings that I have made mention of herebefore in all this history, great or small, this battle that I treat of now was one of the sorest and best foughten without cowardice or faint hearts. For there was nother knight nor squire but that did his devoir and fought hand to hand : this battle was like the battle of Becherel, the which was valiantly fought and endured. The Earl of Northumberland's sons, Sir Henry and Sir Ralph Percy, who were chief sovereign captains, acquitted themselves nobly, and Sir Ralph Percy entered in so far among his enemies that he was closed in and hurt, and so sore handled that his breath was so short, that he was taken prisoner by a knight of the Earl of Moray's called Sir John Maxwell. In the taking the Scottish knight demanded what he was, for it was in the night, so that he knew him not, and Sir Ralph was so sore overcome and bled fast, that at last he said : " I am Ralph Percy." Then the Scot said : " Sir Ralph, rescue or no rescue I take you for my prisoner : I am Maxwell." " Well," quoth Sir Ralph, " I am content : but then take heed to me, for I am sore hurt, my hosen and my greaves are full of blood." Then the knight saw by him the Earl Moray and said : " Sir, here I deliver

to you Sir Ralph Percy as prisoner ; but, sir, let good heed be taken to him, for he is sore hurt." The earl was joyful of these words and said : " Maxwell, thou hast well won thy spurs." Then he delivered Sir Ralph Percy to certain of his men, and they stopped and wrapped his wounds : and still the battle endured, not knowing who had as then the better, for there were many taken and rescued again that came to no knowledge.

Now let us speak of the young James, Earl of Douglas, who did marvels in arms or he was beaten down. When he was overthrown, the press was great about him, so that he could not relieve, for with an axe he had his death's wound. His men followed him as near as they could, and there came to him Sir James Lindsay his cousin and Sir John and Sir Walter Sinclair and other knights and squires. And by him was a gentle knight of his, who followed him all the day, and a chaplain of his, not like a priest but like a valiant man of arms, for all that night he followed the earl with a good axe in his hands and still scrimmished about the earl thereas he lay, and reculed back some of the Englishmen with great strokes that he gave. Thus he was found fighting near to his master, whereby he had great praise, and thereby the same year he was made archdeacon of Aberdeen. This priest was called Sir William of North Berwick : he was a tall man and a hardy and was sore hurt. When these knights came to the earl, they found him in an evil case and a knight of his lying by him called Sir Robert Hart : he had a fifteen wounds in one place and other. Then Sir John Sinclair demanded of the earl how he did. " Right evil, cousin," quoth the earl, " but thanked be God there hath been but a few of mine ancestors that hath died in their beds : but, cousin, I require you think to revenge me, for I reckon myself but dead, for my heart fainteth oftentimes. My cousin Walter and you, I pray you raise up again my banner which lieth on the ground, and my squire Davie Collemine slain : but, sirs, show nother to friend nor foe in what case ye see me in ; for if mine enemies knew it, they would rejoice, and our friends discomforted." The two brethren of Sinclair and

Sir James Lindsay did as the earl had desired them and raised up again his banner and cried "Douglas!" Such as were behind and heard that cry drew together and set on their enemies valiantly and reculed back the Englishmen and many overthrown, and so drave the Englishmen back beyond the place whereas the earl lay, who was by that time dead, and so came to the earl's banner, the which Sir John Sinclair held in his hands, and many good knights and squires of Scotland about him, and still company drew to the cry of "Douglas." Thither came the Earl Moray with his banner well accompanied, and also the Earl de la March and of Dunbar, and when they saw the Englishmen recule and their company assembled together, they renewed again the battle and gave many hard and sad strokes.

Translation of Froissart.

SIR THOMAS ELYOT

(1490?-1546)

PARENTS AND EDUCATION

THE second occasion wherefore gentlemen's children seldom have sufficient learning is avarice. For where their parents will not adventure to send them far out of their proper countries, partly for fear of death, which perchance dare not approach them at home with their father; partly for expense of money, which they suppose would be less in their own houses or in a village, with some of their tenants or friends; having seldom any regard to the teacher, whether he be well learned or ignorant. For if they hire a schoolmaster to teach in their houses, they chiefly enquire with how small a salary he will be contented, and never do ensearch how much good learning he hath, and how among well-learned men he is therein esteemed, using therein less diligence than in taking servants, whose service is of much less importance, and to a good schoolmaster is not in profit to be compared. A gentle man, ere he take a cook into his service, he will first diligently examine

him, how many sorts of meats, potages, and sauces he can perfectly make, and how well he can season them, that they may be both pleasant and nourishing ; yea and if it be but a falconer, he will scrupulously enquire what skill he hath in feeding, called diet, and keeping of his hawk from all sickness, also how he can reclaim her and prepare her to flight. And to such a cook or falconer, whom he findeth expert, he spareth not to give much wages with other bounteous rewards. But of a schoolmaster, to whom he will commit his child, to be fed with learning and instructed in virtue, whose life shall be the principal monument of his name and honour, he never maketh further enquiry, but where he may have a schoolmaster ; and with how little charge ; and if one be perchance founden, well learned, but he will not take pains to teach without he may have a great salary, he then speaketh nothing more, or else saith, What shall so much wages be given to a schoolmaster which would keep me two servants ? To whom may be said these words, that by his son being well-learned he shall receive more commodity and also worship than by the service of a hundred cooks and falconers.

The third cause of this hindrance is negligence of parents, which I do specially note in this point ; there have been divers, as well gentle men as of the nobility, that delighting to have their sons excellent in learning have provided for them cunning masters, who substantially have taught them grammar, and very well instructed them to speak Latin elegantly, whereof the parents have taken much delectation ; but when they have had of grammar sufficient and be come to the age of fourteen years, and do approach or draw toward the estate of man, which age is called mature or ripe (wherein not only the said learning, continued by much experience, shall be perfectly digested and confirmed in perpetual remembrance, but also more serious learning contained in other liberal sciences, and also philosophy, would then be learned), the parents, that thing nothing regarding, but being sufficed that their children can only speak Latin properly, or make verses without matter or sentence, they from thenceforth to suffer them

to live in idleness, or else, putting them to service, do, as it were, banish them from all virtuous study or exercise of that which they before learned ; so that we may behold divers young gentle men who, in their infancy and childhood were wondered at for their aptness to learning and prompt speaking of elegant Latin, which now, being men, not only have forgotten their congruity (as is the common word), and uneath can speak one whole sentence in true Latin, but, that worse is, hath all learning in derision, and in scorn thereof will, of wantonness, speak the most barbarously that they can imagine.

The Governour.

SIR THOMAS MORE

(1478-1535)

THE DEATH OF HASTINGS

WHEREUPON soon after many Lords assembled in the Tower, and there sat in council, devising the honorable solemnity of the king's coronation, of which the time appointed then so near approached, that the pageants and subtleties were in making day and night at Westminster, and much vitaille killed therefore, that afterwards was cast away. These lords so sitting together communing of this matter, the protector came in among them, first about nine of the clock, saluting them courteously, and excusing himself that he had been from them so long, saying merely that he had been asleep that day. And after a little talking with them, he said unto the Bishop of Ely : My lord you have very good strawberries at your garden in Holborn, I require you let us have a mess of them. Gladly my lord, quoth he, would God I had some better thing as ready to your pleasure as that. And therewith in all the haste he sent his servant for a mess of strawberries. The protector set the lords fast in communing, and thereupon praying them to spare him for a little while departed thence. And soon, after one hour, between ten and eleven he returned into the chamber

among them, all changed, with a wonderful sour angry countenance, knitting the brows, frowning and froting and gnawing on his lips, and so sat him down in his place; all the lords much dismayed and sore marvelling of this manner of sudden change, and what thing should him ail. Then when he had sitten still a while, thus he began: What were they worthy to have, that compass and imagine the destruction of me, being so near of blood unto the king and protector of his royal person and his realm? At this question, all the lords sat sore astonished, musing much by whom this question should be meant, of which every man wist himself clear. Then the lord chamberlain, as he that for the love between them thought he might be boldest with him, answered and said, that they were worthy to be punished as heinous traitors, whatsoever they were. And all the other affirmed the same. That is (quoth he) yonder sorceress my brother's wife and other with her, meaning the queen. At these words many of the other lords were greatly abashed that favoured her. But the Lord Hastings was in his mind better content, that it was moved by her, than by any other whom he loved better. Albeit his heart somewhat grudged, that he was not afore made of counsel in this matter, as he was of the taking of her kindred, and of their putting to death, which were by his assent before devised to be beheaded at Pomfret this self same day, in which he was not ware that it was by other devised, that himself should the same day be beheaded at London. Then said the protector: Ye shall all see in what wise that sorceress and that other witch of her counsel, Shore's wife, with their affinity, have by their sorcery and witchcraft wasted my body. And therewith he plucked up his doublet sleeve to his elbow upon his left arm, where he showed a werish withered arm and small, as it was never other. And thereupon every man's mind sore misgave them, well perceiving that this matter was but a quarrel. For well they wist, that the queen was too wise to go about any such folly. And also, if she would, yet would she of all folk least make Shore's wife of counsel, whom of all women she most hated, as that concubine whom the king her

husband had most loved. And also no man was there present, but well knew that his harm was ever such since his birth. Natheless the lord chamberlain answered and said: Certainly, my lord, if they have so heinously done, they be worthy heinous punishment. What, quoth the protector, thou servest me, I ween, with *ifs* and with *ans*, I tell thee they have so done, and that I will make good on thy body, traitor. And therewith, as in a great anger, he clapped his fist upon the board a great rap. At which token given, one cried treason without the chamber. Therewith a door clapped, and in come there rushing men in harness as many as the chamber might hold. And anon the protector said to the Lord Hastings: I arrest thee, traitor. What, me, my lord? quoth he. Yea thee, traitor, quoth the protector. And another let fly at the Lord Stanley which shrunk at the stroke and fell under the table, or else his head had been cleft to the teeth: for as shortly as he shrank, yet ran the blood about his ears. Then were they all quickly bestowed in diverse chambers, except the lord chamberlain, whom the protector bade speed and shrive him apace, for by Saint Paul (quoth he) I will not to dinner till I see thy head off. It booted him not to ask why, but heavily he took a priest at adventure, and made a short shrift, for a longer would not be suffered, the protector made so much haste to dinner; which he might not go to till this were done for saving of his oath. So was he brought forth into the green beside the chapel within the Tower, and his head laid down upon a long log of timber, and there stricken off, and afterwards his body with the head interred at Windsor beside the body of King Edward, whose both souls our Lord pardon.

History of King Richard III.

COMMUNISM IN UTOPIA

HOWBEIT doubtless Master More (to speak truly as my mind giveth me) where possessions be private, where money beareth all the stroke, it is hard and almost impossible that there the weal public may justly be governed,

and prosperously flourish. Unless you think thus: that Justice is there executed, where all things come into the hands of evil men, or that prosperity there flourisheth, where all is divided among a few: which few nevertheless do not lead their lives very wealthily, and the residue live miserably, wretchedly, and beggarly. Wherefore when I consider with myself and weigh in my mind the wise, and godly ordinances of the Utopians, among whom with very few laws all things be so well and wealthily ordered, that virtue is had in price and estimation, and yet all things being there common, every man hath abundance of everything. Again on the other part, when I compare with them so many nations ever making new laws, yet none of them all well and sufficiently, furnished with laws: where every man calleth that he hath gotten, his own proper and private goods, where so many new laws daily made be not sufficient for every man to enjoy, defend, and know from another man's that which he calleth his own: which thing the infinite controversies in the law, daily rising, never to be ended, plainly declare to be true. These things (I say), when I consider with myself, I hold well with Plato, and do nothing marvel, that he would make no laws for them, that refused those laws, whereby all men should have and enjoy equal portions of wealth and commodities. For the wise man did easily foresee, this to be the one and only way to the wealth of a communalty, if equality of all things should be brought in and stablished. Which I think is not possible to be observed, where every man's goods be proper and peculiar to himself. For where every man under certain titles and pretences draweth and plucketh to himself as much as he can, so that a few divide among themselves all the whole riches, be there never so much abundance and store, there to the residue is left lack and poverty. And for the most part it chanceth, that this latter sort is more worthy to enjoy that state of wealth, than the other be: because the rich men be covetous, crafty, and unprofitable. On the other part the poor be lowly, simple, and by their daily labour more profitable to the common wealth then to themselves. Thus I do fully persuade

myself, that no equal and just distribution of things can be made, nor that perfect wealth shall ever be among men, unless this propriety be exiled and banished. But so long as it shall continue, so long shall remain among the most and best part of men the heavy, and inevitable burden of poverty and wretchedness. Which, as I grant that it may be somewhat eased, so I utterly deny that it can wholly be taken away. For if there were a statute made, that no man should possess above a certain measure of ground, and that no man should have in his stock above a prescript and appointed sum of money : if it were by certain laws decreed, that neither the king should be of too great power, neither the people too haughty and wealthy, and that offices should not be obtained by inordinate suit, or by bribes and gifts : that they should neither be bought nor sold, nor that it should be needful for the officers, to be at any cost or charge in their offices : for so occasion is given to them by fraud and ravin to gather up their money again, and by reason of gifts and bribes the offices be given to rich men, which should rather have been executed of wise men : by such laws I say, like as sick bodies that be desperate and past cure, be wont with continual good cherishing to be kept and botched up for a time : so these evils also might be lightened and mitigated. But that they may be perfectly cured, and brought to a good and upright state, it is not to be hoped for, whiles every man is master of his own to himself. Yea and whiles you go about to do your cure of one part, you shall make bigger the sore of another part, so the help of one causeth another's harm : forasmuch as nothing can be given to any one, unless it be taken from another.

But I am of a contrary opinion (quoth I) for me thinketh that men shall never there live wealthily, where all things be common. For how can there be abundance of goods, or of anything, where every man withdraweth his hand from labour ? Whom the regard of his own gain driveth not to work, but the hope that he hath in other men's travails maketh him slothful. Then when they be pricked with poverty, and yet no man can by any law or right

defend that for his own, which he hath gotten with the labour of his own hands, shall not there of necessity be continual sedition and bloodshed? Specially the authority and reverence of magistrates being taken away, which, what place it may have with such men among whom is no difference, I cannot devise.

I marvel not (quoth he) that you be of this opinion. For you conceive in your mind either none at all, or else a very false image and similitude of this thing. But if you had been with me in Utopia, and had presently seen there fashions and laws, as I did, which lived there five years, and more, and would never have comen thence, but only to make that new land knowen here: then doubtless you would grant, that you never saw people well ordered, but only there.

Surely (quoth Master Peter) it shall be hard for you to make me believe, that there is better order in that new land, then is here in these countries, that we know. For good wits be as well here as there: and I think our commonwealths be ancients than theirs: wherein long use and experience hath found out many things commodious for man's life, besides that many things here among us have been found by chance, which no wit could ever have devised.

MILITARY DISCIPLINE IN UTOPIA

THEY detest war as a very brutal thing; and which, to the reproach of human nature, is more practised by men than by any sort of beasts. They, in opposition to the sentiments of almost all other nations, think that there is nothing more inglorious than glory that is gained by wars. And therefore though they accustom themselves daily to military exercises and the discipline of war, in which not only their men but their women likewise are trained up, that in cases of necessity they may not be quite useless; yet they do not rashly engage in war, unless it be either

to defend themselves, or their friends, from any unjust aggressors ; or out of good nature or in compassion assist an oppressed nation in shaking off the yoke of tyranny. They indeed help their friends, not only in defensive, but also in offensive wars ; but they never do that unless they have been consulted before the breach was made, and being satisfied with the grounds on which they went, they had found that all demands of reparation were rejected, so that a war was unavoidable. This they think to be not only just, when one neighbour makes an inroad on another, by public order, and carry away the spoils ; but when the merchants of one country are oppressed in another, either under pretence of some unjust laws or by the perverse wresting of good ones. This they count a juster cause of war than the other, because those injuries are done under some colour of laws.

Utopia.

THE COVERDALE BIBLE

(1539)

ISAIAH XXXV

BUT the desert and wilderness shall rejoyce, the waste ground shall be glad, and flourish as the lily. She shall flourish pleasantly, and be joyful, and ever be giving of thanks more and more. For the glory of Libanus, the beauty of Charmel and Saron shall be given her. These shall know the honour of the Lord, and the majesty of our God. And therefore strength the weak honds and comfort the feeble knees, Say unto them that are of a fearful heart : be of good cheer and fear not. Behold, your God cometh, to take vengeance and to reward, God cometh his own self, and will deliver you. Then shall the eyes of the blind be lightened and the ears of the deaf opened. Then shall the lame man leap as an hart, and the dumb man's tongue shall give thanks.

In the wilderness also there shall wells spring, and floods

of water in the desert. The dry ground shall turn to rivers, and the thirsty to springs of water. Where as dragons dwelt afore, there shall grow sweet flowers and green rushes. There shall be footpaths and common streets, this shall be called the holy way. No unclean person shall go thorow it, for the Lord himself shall go with them that say, and the ignorant shall not err. There shall be no lion, and no ravishing beast shall come therein nor be there, but men shall go there free and safe. And the redeemed of the Lord shall convert, and come to Sion with thanksgiving. Everlasting joy shall they have, pleasure and gladness shall be among them. And as for all sorrow and heaviness, it shall vanish away.

ISAIAH

CHAPTER LX. VERSE 10

STRANGERS shall build up thy walls, and their kings shall do thee service. For when I am angry I smite thee : and when it pleaseth me, I pardon thee. Thy gates shall stond open still both day and night, and never be shut : that the host of the Gentiles may come, and that their kings may be brought unto thee. For every people and kingdom that serveth not thee, shall perish, and be destroyed with the sword. The glory of Libanus shall come unto thee : the fir trees, boxes, and cedars together, to garnish the place of my sanctuary, for I will glorify the place of my feet. Moreover those shall come kneeling unto thee, that have vexed thee, and all they that despised thee, shall fall down at thy foot. Thou shalt be called the city of the Lord, the holy Sion of Israel. Because thou hast been forsaken and hated, so that no man went thorow thee : I will make thee glorious for ever and ever, and joyful thorow out all posterities. Thou shalt suck the milk of the Gentiles, and kings' breasts shall feed thee. And thou shalt know that I the Lord am thy Saviour and defender, the mighty one of Jacob. For brass will I give thee gold, and for iron silver, for wood brass, and for stones iron. I will make

peace thy ruler, and righteousness thine officer. Violence and robbery shall never be heard of in thy lond, neither harm and destruction within thy borders. Thy walls shall be called health, and thy gates the praise of God. The Sun shall never be thy day light, and the light of the Moon shall never shine unto thee : but the Lord himself shall be thy everlasting light, and thy God shall be thy glory.

Thy Sun shall never go down, and thy Moon shall not be taken away, for the Lord himself shall be thy everlasting light, and thy sorrowful days shall be rewarded thee. Thy people shall be all godly, and possess the lond for ever : the flower of my planting, the work of my honds, wherof I will rejoice. The youngest and least shall grow into a thousand, and the simplest into a strong people. I the Lord shall shortly bring this thing to pass in his time.

II. SAMUEL

CHAPTER XVIII. VERSE 24

As for David, he sat between the two gates. And the watchman went up to the top of the porte upon the wall, and lift up his eyes and saw a man renning alone, and cried and told the king. The king said : If he be alone, then is there good tidings in his mouth. And as the same went and came forth, the watchman saw another man renning, and cried in the porte and said : Behold, there renneth a man alone. The king said : The same is a good messenger also. The watchman said : I see the renning of the first as it were the renning of Ahimaas the son of Sadoc. And the king said : He is a good man, and bringeth good tidings. Ahimaas cried and said unto the king : Peace, and worshipped before the king upon his face to the ground, and said : Praised be the Lord thy God, which hath given over the men that lift up their hands against my lord the king.

The king said : Goeth it well with the young man

porte = gate.

Absalom? Ahimaas said: I saw a great uproar, when Joab the king's servant sent me thy servant, and I wot not what it was. The king said: Go about, and stand here. And he went about and stood there. Behold, then came Chusi and said: I bring good tidings, my lord the king: the Lord hath executed right for thee this day, from the hand of all them that rose up against thee. But the king said unto Chusi: Goeth it well with the young man Absalom? Chusi said: Even so go it with all the enemies of my lord the king, and with all them that rise up against thee to do evil, as it goeth with the young man. Then was the king sorrowful, and went up into the perler upon the gate, and wept, and as he went he said thus: O my son Absalom, my son, my son Absalom, would God that I should die for thee. O Absalom my son, my son.

PSALM XC

LORD thou art our refuge from one generation to another. Before the mountains were brought forth, or ever the earth and the world were made, thou art God from everlasting and world without end. Thou turnest man to destruction, Again, thou sayest: come again ye children of men. For a thousand years in thy sight are but as yesterday that is past, and like as it were a night watch.

As soon as thou scatterest them, they are even as a sleep, and fade away suddenly like the grass. In the morning it is green and groweth up, but in the evening it is cut down and withered. For we consume away in thy displeasure, and are afraid at thy wrathful indignation. Thou settest our misdeeds before thee, and our secret sins in the light of thy countenance. For when thou art angry, all our days are gone, we bring our years to an end, as it were a tale that is told. The days of our age are three-score years and ten: and though men be so strong that they come to fourscore years, yet is their strength then

perler = parlour, chamber.

but labour and sorrow : so soon passeth it away, and we are gone. But who regardeth the power of thy wrath, thy fearful and terrible displeasure ? O teach us to number our days, that we may apply our hearts unto wisdom.

Turn thee again, O Lord, at the last, and be gracious unto thy servants. O satisfy us with thy mercy, and that soon : so shall we rejoice and be glad all the days of our life. Comfort us again, now after the time that thou has plagued us, and for the years wherein we have suffered adversity.

Shew thy servants thy work, and their children thy glory. And the glorious majesty of the Lord our God be upon us : O prosper thou the work of our hands upon us, O prosper thou our handy work.

PSALM CXXVI

WHEN the Lord turneth again the captivity of Sion, then shall we be like unto them that dream. Then shall our mouth be filled with laughter, and our tongue with joy. Then shall it be said among the Heathen : the Lord hath done great things for them. Yea, the Lord hath done great things for us already, whereof we rejoice. Turn our captivity, O Lord, as the rivers in the south. They that sow in tears shall reap in joy. He that now goeth his way weeping, and beareth forth good seed, shall come again with joy, and bring his sheaves with him.

PSALM CXXVII

EXCEPT the Lord build the house, their labour is but lost that build it. Except the Lord keep the city, the watchman waketh but in vain. It is but lost labour that ye rise up early, and take no rest, but eat the bread of carefulness : for look to whom it pleaseth him, he giveth it in sleep. Lo, children and the fruit of the womb are an heritage and

gift, that cometh of the Lord. Like as the arrows in the hond of the giant, even so are the young children.

Happy is the man, that hath his quiver full of them : they shall not be ashamed, when they speak with their enemies in the gate.

SIR THOMAS WYATT

(1503-42)

FORGET NOT YET

*The Lover Beseecheth his Mistress not to Forget his
Steadfast Faith and True Intent*

FORGET not yet the tried intent
Of such a truth as I have meant ;
My great travail so gladly spent,
Forget not yet !

Forget not yet when first began
The weary life ye know, since whan
The suit, the service, none tell can ;
Forget not yet !

Forget not yet the great assays,
The cruel wrong, the scornful ways,
The painful patience in delays,
Forget not yet !

Forget not ! O, forget not this !—
How long ago hath been, and is,
The mind that never meant amiss—
Forget not yet !

Forget not then thine own approved,
The which so long hath thee so loved,
Whose steadfast faith yet never moved :
Forget not this !

HY. HOWARD, EARL OF SURREY

(1517 4-47)

THE MEANS TO ATTAIN HAPPY LIFE

MARTIAL, the things that do attain
 The happy life be these, I find :
 The riches left, not got with pain ;
 The fruitful ground, the quiet mind ;

The equal friend ; no grudge, no strife ;
 No charge of rule, nor governance ;
 Without disease, the healthful life ;
 The household of continuance ;

The mean diet, no delicate fare ;
 True wisdom join'd with simpleness ;
 The night dischargèd of all care,
 Where wine the wit may not oppress.

The faithful wife, without debate ;
 Such sleeps as may beguile the night :
 Contented with thine own estate
 Ne wish for death, ne fear his might.

VIRGIL, ÆNEID II¹

AND first the walls and dark entry I sought
 Of the same gate whereat I issued out :
 Holding backward the steps where we had come
 In the dark night looking all round about.
 In every place the ugly sights I saw :
 The silence self of night aghast my sprite.
 From hence again I pass'd unto our house,

¹ The earliest blank verse in English.

If she by chance had been returnèd home.
 The Greeks were there and had it all beset :
 The wasting fire blown up by drift of wind,
 Above the roof the blazing flame sprang up,
 The sound whereof with fury pierc'd the skies.
 To Priam's palace, and the castle then
 I made ; and there at Juno's Sanctuary
 In the void porches, Phœnix, Ulysses eke,
 Stern guardians stood, y-watching of the spoil.
 The riches here were set, rest from the brent
 Temples of Troy : the table of the Gods,
 The vessels eke that were of massy gold :
 And vestures spoil'd were gathered all in heap :
 The children orderly and mothers pale for fright
 Long rangèd on a row stood round about.
 So bold was I to show my voice that night
 With clepes and cries, to fill the street throughout
 With Creüse name in sorrow, with vain tears :
 And often sithes the same for to repeat.

The town restless with fury as I sought
 Th' unlucky figure of Creüsa's ghost
 Of stature more then wont, stood 'fore mine eyen.
 Abashèd then I woxe : therewith my hair
 Can start right up : my voice stack in my throat :
 When with such words she gan my heart remove.
 " What helps, to yield unto such furious rage,
 Sweet spouse ? " quoth she, " Without will of the Gods
 This chancèd not : ne lawful was for thee
 To lead away Creüsa hence with thee.
 The king of the high heaven suff'reth it not.
 A long exile thou art assign'd to bear,
 Long to furrow large space of stormy seas :
 So shall thou reach at last Hesperian land
 Where Lidian Tiber with his gentle stream
 Mildly doth flow along the fruitful fields.
 There mirthful wealth ; there kingdom is for thee ;
 There a king's child, prepar'd to be thy make.
 For thy beloved Creüsa stint thy tears :
 For now shall I not see the proud abodes

Of Myrmidons, nor yet of Dolopes :
Ne I, a Trojan lady, and the wife
Unto the son of Venus, the Goddess,
Shall go a slave to serve the Greekish dames.
Me here the God's great mother holds—
And now farewell ; and keep in father's breast
The tender love of thy young son and mine."

This having said she left me all in tears,
And minding much to speak ; but she was gone,
And subtly fled into the weightless air.
Thrice raught I with mine arms t' accoll her neck
Thrice did my hands' vain hold th' image escape
Like nimble winds, and like the flying dream.
So night spent out, return I to my feres.

JOHN FOXE

(1516-87)

THE BURNING OF CRANMER

BUT when he came to the place where the holy bishops and martyrs of God, Hugh Latimer and Nicholas Ridley, were burnt before him for the confession of the truth, kneeling down, he prayed to God ; and not long tarrying in his prayers, putting off his garments to his shirt, he prepared himself to death. His shirt was made long, down to his feet. His feet were bare ; likewise his head, when both his caps were off, was so bare, that one hair could not be seen upon it. His beard was long and thick, covering his face with marvellous gravity. Such a countenance of gravity moved the hearts both of his friends and of his enemies.

Then the Spanish friars, John and Richard, of whom mention was made before, began to exhort him, and play their parts with him afresh, but with vain and lost labour. Cranmer, with steadfast purpose abiding in the profession of his doctrine, gave his hand to certain old men, and others that stood by, bidding them farewell.

And when he had thought to have done so likewise to Ely, the said Ely drew back his hand, and refused, saying it was not lawful to salute heretics, and specially such a one as falsely returned unto the opinions that he had forsworn. And if he had known before, that he would have done so, he would never have used his company so familiarly : and chid those sergeants and citizens which had not refused to give him their hands. This Ely was priest lately made, and student in divinity, being then one of the fellows of Brasenose.

Then was an iron chain tied about Cranmer, whom when they perceived to be more steadfast than that he could be moved from his sentence, they commanded the fire to be set unto him.

And when the wood was kindled, and the fire began to burn near him, stretching out his arm, he put his right hand into the flame, which he held so steadfast and immovable (saving that once with the same hand he wiped his face), that all men might see his hand burned before his body was touched. His body did so abide the burning of the flame with such constancy and steadfastness, that standing always in one place without moving his body, he seemed to move no more than the stake to which he was bound ; his eyes were lifted up into heaven, and oftentimes he repeated " his unworthy right hand," so long as his voice would suffer him ; and using often the words of Stephen " Lord Jesus, receive my spirit," in the greatness of the flame he gave up the ghost.

Acts and Monuments.

WM. CECIL, LORD BURLEIGH

(1520-98)

TEN PRECEPTS

SON ROBERT—The virtuous inclinations of thy matchless mother, by whose tender and godly care thy infancy was governed, together with thy education under so zealous and excellent a tutor, puts me in rather assurance than hope, that thou art not ignorant of that *summum bonum* which is only able to make thee happy as well in thy death as life ; I mean the true knowledge and worship of thy Creator and Redeemer ; without which all other things are vain and miserable : so that thy youth being guided by so sufficient a teacher, I make no doubt but he will furnish thy life with divine and moral documents ; yet that I may not cast off the care befitting a parent towards his child ; or that you should have cause to derive thy whole felicity and welfare rather from others than from whence thou receivedst thy breath and being ; I think it fit and agreeable to the affection I bear thee, to help thee with such rules and advertisements for the squaring of thy life, as are rather gained by experience, than much reading ; to the end that entering into this exorbitant age, thou mayest be the better prepared to shun those scandalous courses whereunto the world and the lack of experience may easily draw thee. And because I will not confound thy memory, I have reduced them into ten precepts ; and next unto Moses' tables, if thou imprint them in thy mind, thou shalt reap the benefit, and I the content ; and they are these following :

I

When it shall please God to bring thee to man's estate, use great providence and circumspection in choosing thy wife ; for from thence will spring all thy future good or

evil ; and it is an action of life, like unto a stratagem of war, wherein a man can err but once. If thy estate be good, match near home and at leisure ; if weak, far off and quickly. Enquire diligently of her disposition, and how her parents have been inclined in their youth ; let her not be poor, how generous soever ; for a man can buy nothing in the market with gentility ; nor choose a base and uncomely creature altogether for wealth ; for it will cause contempt in others and loathing in thee ; neither make choice of a dwarf, or a fool ; for by the one you shall beget a race of pigmies, the other will be thy continual disgrace, and it will yirke thee to hear her talk ; for thou shalt find it, to thy great grief, that there is nothing more fulsome than a she-fool.

And touching the guiding of thy house, let thy hospitality be moderate, and according to the means of thy estates rather plentiful than sparing, but not costly ; for I never knew any man grow poor by keeping an orderly table ; but some consume themselves through secret vices, and their hospitality bears the blame ; but banish swinish drunkards out of thine house, which is a vice impairing health, consuming much, and makes no show. I never heard praise ascribed to the drunkard, but for the well bearing of his drink, which is better commendation for a brewer's horse or a dray man, than for either a gentleman, or a serving man. Beware thou spend not above three or four parts of thy revenues ; nor above a third part of that in thy house ; for the other two parts will do no more than defray thy extraordinaries, which always surmount the ordinary by much : otherwise thou shalt live like a rich beggar, in continual want : and the needy man can never live happily or contentedly ; for every disaster makes him ready to mortgage or sell ; and that gentleman who sells an acre of land, sells an ounce of credit, for gentility is nothing else but ancient riches ; so that if the foundation shall at any time sink, the building must need follow. So much for the first precept.

II

Bring thy children up in learning and obedience, yet without outward austerity. Praise them openly, reprehend them secretly. Give them good countenance and convenient maintenance according to thy ability, otherwise thy life will seem their bondage, and what portion thou shalt leave them at thy death, they will thank death for it, and not thee. And I am persuaded that the foolish cockering of some parents, and the overstern carriage of others, causeth more men and women to take ill courses, than their own vicious inclinations. Marry thy daughters in time, lest they marry themselves. And suffer not thy sons to pass the Alps, for they shall learn nothing there but pride, blasphemy, and atheism. And if by travel they get a few broken languages, that shall profit them nothing more than to have one meat served in divers dishes. Neither, by my consent, shalt thou train them up in wars ; for he that sets up his rest to live by that profession, can hardly be an honest man or a good Christian ; besides it is a science no longer in request than use ; for soldiers in peace, are like chimneys in summer.

III

Live not in the country without corn and cattle about thee ; for he that putteth his hand to the purse for every expense of household, is like him that putteth water in a sieve. And what provision thou shalt want, learn to buy it at the best hand ; for there is one penny saved in four, betwixt buying in thy need, and when the markets and seasons serve fittest for it. Be not served with kinsmen, or friends, or men intreated to stay ; for they expect much and do little ; nor with such as are amorous, for their heads are intoxicated. And keep rather two too few, than one too many. Feed them well, and pay them with the most ; and then thou mayest boldly require service at their hands.

IV

Let thy kindred and allies be welcome to thy house and table ; grave them with thy countenance, and farther them in all honest actions ; for by this means, thou shalt so double the bond of nature, as thou shalt find them so many advocates to plead an apology for thee behind thy back ; but shake off those glowworms, I mean parasites and sycophants, who will feed and fawn upon thee in the summer of prosperity, but in adverse storm, they will shelter thee no more than an harbour in winter.

V

Beware of suretyship for thy best friends ; he that payeth another man's debts, seeketh his own decay ; but if thou canst not otherwise choose, rather lend thy money thyself upon good bonds, although thou borrow it ; so shalt thou secure thyself, and pleasure thy friend ; neither borrow money of a neighbour or a friend, but of a stranger, where paying it, thou shalt hear no more of it, otherwise thou shalt eclipse thy credit, lose thy freedom, and yet pay as dear as to another. But in borrowing of money be precious of thy word, for he that hath care of keeping days of payment. is lord of another man's purse.

VI

Undertake no suit against a poor man without receiving much wrong ; for besides that thou makest him thy compeer, it is a base conquest to triumph where there is small resistance ; neither attempt law against any man before thou be fully resolved that thou hast right on thy side ; and then spare not for either money or pains ; for a cause or two so followed and obtained, will free thee from suits a greater part of thy life.

VII

Be sure to keep some great man thy friend, but trouble him not with trifles ; compliment him often with many, yet small gifts, and of little charge ; and if thou hast cause to bestow any great gratuity, let it be something which

may be daily in sight ; otherwise in this ambitious age, thou shalt remain like a hop without a pole ; live in obscurity, and be made a football for every insulting companion to spurn at.

VIII

Towards thy superiors be humble, yet generous ; with thine equals familiar, yet respective ; towards thine inferiors show much humanity, and some familiarity ; as to bow the body, stretch forth the hand, and to uncover the head, with such like popular compliments. The first prepares thy way to advancement, the second makes thee known for a man well bred, the third gains a good report, which once got is easily kept ; for right humanity takes such deep root in the minds of the multitude, as they are easilier gained by unprofitable courtesies, than by churlish benefits ; yet I advise thee not to affect or neglect popularity too much ; seek not to be Essex ; shun to be Raleigh.

IX

Trust not any man with thy life, credit, or estate ; for it is mere folly for a man to enthrall himself to his friend, as though, occasion being offered, he should not dare to become his enemy.

X

Be not scurrilous in conversation nor satirical in thy jests ; the one will make thee unwelcome to all company, the other pull on quarrels, and get thee hatred of thy best friends ; for suspicious jests, when any of them savour of truth, leave a bitterness in the minds of those which are touched ; and, albeit I have already pointed at this inclusively, yet I think it necessary to leave it to thee as a special caution ; because I have seen many so prone to quip and gird, as they would rather leese their friend than their jest ; and if, perchance, their boiling brain yield a quaint scoff, they will travail to be delivered of it as a woman with child, These nimble fancies are but the froth of wit,

JOHN KNOX

(1505-72)

HIS DEFENCE TO THE QUEEN

WHETHER it was by counsel of others, or the queen's own desire, we know not ; but the queen spake with John Knox, and had long reasoning with him, none being present, except the Lord James—two gentlewomen stood in the other end of the house. The sum of their reasoning was this. The queen accused him, that he had raised a part of her subjects against her mother, and against herself ; that he had written a book against her just authority—she meant the *Treatise against the Regimen of Women*—which she had, and should cause the most learned in Europe to write against it ; that he was the cause of great sedition, and great slaughter in England ; and that it was said to her, that all that he did was by necromancy, etc.

To the which the said John answered, “ Madam, it may please your majesty, patiently to hear my simple answers. And, first,” said he, “ if to teach the truth of God in sincerity, if to rebuke idolatry, and to will a people to worship God according to his word, be to raise subjects against their princes, then cannot I be excused ; for it has pleased God of His mercy to make me one, among many, to disclose unto this realm the vanity of the papistical religion, and the deceit, pride, and tyranny of that Roman antichrist. But, madam, if the true knowledge of God, and His right worshipping be the chief causes, that most move men from their heart to obey their just princes—as it is most certain that they are—wherein can I be reprehended ? I think, and am surely persuaded, that your grace have had, and presently have as unfeigned obedience, of such as profess Christ Jesus within this realm, as ever your father, or other progenitors had of those that were called Bishops. And touching that book, which seemeth so highly to offend your majesty, it is most certain that I wrote it, and am content that all the learned of the world judge of it. I hear that an Englishman hath written against

it, but I have not read him ; if he hath sufficiently improved my reasons, and established his contrary propositions, with as evident testimonies, as I have done mine, I shall not be obstinate, but shall confess my error and ignorance ; but to this hour I have thought, and yet think myself alone to be more able to sustain the things affirmed in that my work, than any ten in Europe shall be able to confute it."

"You think then," quoth she, "that I have no just authority?" "Please your majesty," said he, "that learned men in all ages have had their judgments free, and most commonly disagreeing from the common judgment of the world ; such also have they published, both with pen and tongue, and yet notwithstanding they themselves have lived in the common society with others, and have borne patiently with the errors and imperfections which they could not amend. Plato, the philosopher, wrote his books of the Commonwealth, in the which he damnth many things that then were maintained in the world, and required many things to have been reformed ; and yet notwithstanding he lived even under such policies, as then were universally received, without farther troubling of any estate. Even so, madam, am I content to do, in uprightness of heart, and with a testimony of a good conscience. I have communicated my judgment to the world ; if the realm finds no inconvenience from the regimen of a woman, that which they approve shall I not farther disallow than within my own breast, but shall be as well content to live under your grace, as Paul was to live under Nero. And my hope is, that so long as that ye defile not your hands with the blood of the saints of God, that neither I nor that book shall either hurt you or your authority ; for in very deed, madam, that book was written most especially against that wicked Jezebel of England."

"But," said she, "ye speak of women in general." "Most true it is, madam," said the other ; "and yet it appeareth to me, that wisdom should persuade your grace, never to raise trouble for that, which to this day hath not troubled your majesty, neither in person nor in authority, for of late years many things, which before were holden stable,

have been called in doubt ; yea, they have been plainly impugned. But yet, madam," said he, " I am assured, that neither protestant nor papist shall be able to prove, that any such question was at any time moved in public or in secret. Now, madam," said he, " if I had intended to have troubled your estate, because ye are a woman, I might have chosen a time more convenient for that purpose, than I can do now, when your own presence is within the realm.

" But now, madam, shortly to answer to the other two accusations. I heartily praise my God through Jesus Christ, that Satan the enemy of mankind, and the wicked of the world, have no other crimes to lay to my charge, than such as the very world itself knoweth to be most false and vain. For in England I was resident only the space of five years. The places were Berwick, where I abode two years, so long in the New-Castle, and a year in London. Now, madam, if in any of these places, during the time that I was there, any man shall be able to prove, that there was either battle, sedition, or mutiny, I shall confess that I myself was the malefactor, and the shedder of the blood. I shame not, madam, farther to affirm, that God so blessed my weak labours, that in Berwick—where commonly before there used to be slaughter, by reason of quarrels that used to arise among soldiers—there was as great quietness, all the time that I remained there, as there is this day in Edinburgh. "

" And where they slander me of magic, necromancy, or of any other art forbidden of God, I have witnesses—besides my own conscience—all congregations that ever heard me, what I spake both against such arts, and against those that use such impiety. But seeing the wicked of the world said, ' That my master the Lord Jesus, was possessed with Beelzebub,' I must patiently bear, albeit that I, wretched sinner, be unjustly accused of those, that never delighted in the verity."

" But yet," said she, " ye have taught the people to receive another religion than their princes can allow ; and how can that doctrine be of God, seeing that God commands subjects to obey their princes ? "

“Madam,” said he, “as right religion took neither original strength nor authority from worldly princes, but from the Eternal God alone, so are not subjects bound to frame their religion according to the appetites of their princes ; for oft it is, that princes are the most ignorant of all others in God’s true religion, as we may read as well in the histories before the death of Christ Jesus as after. If all the seed of Abraham should have been of the religion of Pharaoh, to whom they were long subjects, I pray you, madam, what religion should there have been in the world ? Or if all men, in the days of the apostles, should have been of the religion of the Roman emperors, what religion should there have been upon the face of the earth ? Daniel and his fellows were subjects to Nebuchadnezzar, and unto Darius, and yet, madam, they would not be of their religion, neither of the one or of the other ; for the three children said : ‘ We make it known unto thee, O king, that we will not worship thy gods.’ And Daniel did pray publicly unto his God, against the express commandment of the king. And so, madam, ye may perceive, that subjects are not bound to the religion of their princes, albeit they are commanded to give them obedience.”

History of the Reformation of Religion in Scotland.

RAPHAEL HOLINSHED

(1580 ?)

THE JUDGMENT OF KING RICHARD II

Now after the dissolving of the parliament at Shrewsbury, there was a day appointed about six weeks after, for the king to come unto Windsor, to hear and to take some order betwixt the two dukes, which had thus appealed each other. There was a great scaffold erected within the castle of Windsor for the king to sit with the lords and prelates of his realm : and so at the day appointed, he with the said

lords and prelates being come thither and set in their places, the Duke of Hereford appellant, and the Duke of Norfolk defendant, were sent for to come and appear before the king, sitting there in his seat of justice. And then began Sir John Bushy to speak for the king, declaring to the lords how they should understand, that where the Duke of Hereford had presented a supplication to the king, who was there set to minister justice to all men that would demand the same, as appertained to his royal majesty, he therefore would now hear what the parties could say one against another, and withal the king commanded the dukes of Aumerle and Surrey, the one being constable, and the other marshal, to go unto the two dukes, appellant and defendant, requiring them on his behalf, to grow to some agreement : and for his part, he would be ready to pardon all that had been said or done amiss betwixt them, touching any harm or dishonour to him or his realm : but they answered both assuredly, that it was not possible to have any peace or agreement made betwixt them.

When he heard what they had answered, he commanded that they should be brought forthwith before his presence, to hear what they would say. Herewith an herald in the king's name with loud voice commanded the dukes to come before the king, either of them to show his reason, or else to make peace together without more delay. When they were come before the king and lords, the king spake himself to them, willing them to agree, and make peace together : " for it is " (said he) " the best way ye can take." The Duke of Norfolk with due reverence hereunto answered it could not be so brought to pass, his honour saved. Then the king asked the Duke of Hereford, what it was that he demanded of the Duke of Norfolk, " and what is the matter that ye can not make peace together, and become friends ? "

Then stood forth a knight ; who asking and obtaining license to speak for the Duke of Hereford, said : " Right dear and sovereign lord, here is Henry of Lancaster Duke of Hereford and Earl of Derby, who saith, and I for him likewise say, that Thomas Mowbray Duke of Norfolk is a

false and disloyal traitor to you and your royal majesty, and to your whole realm : and likewise the Duke of Hereford saith, and I for him, that Thomas Mowbray Duke of Norfolk hath received eight thousand nobles to pay the soldiers that keep your town of Calais, which he hath not done as he ought : and furthermore the said Duke of Norfolk hath been the occasion of all the treason that hath been contrived in your realm for the space of these eighteen years, and by his false suggestions and malicious counsel, he hath caused to die and to be murdered your right dear uncle, the Duke of Gloucester, son to King Edward. Moreover, the Duke of Hereford saith, and I for him, that he will prove this with his body against the body of the said Duke of Norfolk within lists." The king herewith waxed angry, and asked the Duke of Hereford, if these were his words, who answered : " Right dear lord, they are my words, and hereof I require right, and the battle against him."

There was a knight also that asked licence to speak for the Duke of Norfolk, and obtaining it, began to answer thus : " Right dear sovereign lord, here is Thomas Mowbray Duke of Norfolk ; who answereth and saith, and I for him, that all which Henry of Lancaster hath said and declared (saving the reverence due to the king and his council) is a lie ; and the said Henry of Lancaster hath falsely and wickedly lied as a false and disloyal knight, and both hath been, and is a traitor against you, your crown, royal majesty, and realm. This will I prove and defend as becometh a loyal knight to do with my body against his : right dear lord, I beseech you therefore, and your council, that it may please you in your royal discretion, to consider and mark, what Henry of Lancaster Duke of Hereford, such a one as he is, hath said."

The king then demanded of the Duke of Norfolk, if these were his words, and whether he had any more to say. The Duke of Norfolk then answered for himself : " Right dear sir, true it is, that I have received so much gold to pay your people of the town of Calais ; which I have done, and I do avouch that your town of Calais is as well kept

at your commandment as ever it was at any time before, and that there never hath been by any of Calais any complaint made unto you of me. Right dear and my sovereign lord, for the voyage that I made into France, about your marriage, I never received either gold or silver of you, nor yet for the voyage that the Duke of Aumerle and I made into Almane, where we spent great treasure. Marry true it is, that once I laid an ambush to have slain the Duke of Lancaster, that there sitteth: but nevertheless he hath pardoned me thereof, and there was good peace made betwixt us, for the which I yield him hearty thanks. This is that which I have to answer, and I am ready to defend myself against mine adversary; I beseech you therefore of right, and to have the battle against him in upright judgment."

After this, when the king had communed with his council a little, he commanded the two dukes to stand forth, that their answers might be heard. The king then caused them once again to be asked, if they would agree and make peace together, but they both flatly answered that they would not: and withal the Duke of Hereford cast down his gage, and the Duke of Norfolk took it up. The king perceiving this demeanour betwixt them, sware by Saint John Baptist, that he would never seek to make peace betwixt them again. And therefore Sir John Bushy in name of the king and his council declared, that the king and his council had commanded and ordained, that they should have a day of battle appointed them at Coventry.

Here writers disagree about the day that was appointed: for some say, it was upon a Monday in August; others upon Saint Lambert's Day, being the seventeenth of September, other on the eleventh of September: but true it is, that the king assigned them not only the day, but also appointed them lists and place for the combat, and thereupon great preparation was made, as to such a matter appertained.

* * * * *

At the time appointed the king came to Coventry, where

the two dukes were ready, according to the order prescribed therein, coming thither in great array, accompanied with the lords and gentlemen of their lineages. The king caused a sumptuous scaffold or theatre, and royal lists there to be erected and prepared. The Sunday before they should fight, after dinner the Duke of Hereford came to the king (being lodged about a quarter of a mile without the town in a tower that belonged to Sir William Bagot) to take his leave of him. The morrow after, being the day appointed for the combat, about the spring of the day came the Duke of Norfolk to the court to take leave likewise of the king. The Duke of Hereford armed him in his tent, that was set up near to the lists, and the Duke of Norfolk put on his armour, betwixt the gate and the barrier of the town, in a beautiful house, having a fair perclois of wood towards the gate, that none might see what was done within the house.

The Duke of Aumerle that day, being High Constable of England, and the Duke of Surrey marshall, placed themselves betwixt them, well armed and appointed; and when they saw their time, they first entered into the lists with a great company of men apparelled in silk sendall, embroidered with silver, both richly and curiously, every man having a tipped staff to keep the field in order. About the hour of prime came to the barriers of the lists, the Duke of Hereford, mounted on a white courser, barded with green and blue velvet embroidered sumptuously with swans and antelopes of goldsmith's work, armed at all points. The constable and marshall came to the barriers, demanding of him what he was, he answered: "I am Henry of Lancaster Duke of Hereford, which am come hither to do mine endeavour against Thomas Mowbray Duke of Norfolk, as a traitor untrue to God, the king, his realm, and me." Then incontinently he sware upon the holy evangelists, that his quarrel was true and just, and upon that point he required to enter the lists. Then he put up his sword, which before he held naked in his hand, and putting down his visor, made a cross on his horse, and with spear in hand, entered into the lists, and descended from

his horse, and set him down in a chair of green velvet, at the one end of the lists, and there reposed himself, abiding the coming of his adversary.

Soon after him, entered into the field with great triumph, King Richard accompanied with all the peers of the realm, and in his company was the Earl of Saint Paul, which was come out of France in post to see this challenge performed. The king had there above ten thousand men in armour, least some fray or tumult might rise amongst his nobles, by quarrelling or partaking. When the king was set in his seat, which was richly hanged and adorned : a king at arms made open proclamation, prohibiting all men in the name of the king, and of the high constable, and marshall, to enterprise or attempt, to approach or touch any part of the lists upon pain of death, except such as were appointed to order or marshal the field. The proclamation ended, another herald cried ; “ Behold here Henry of Lancaster Duke of Hereford appellant, which is entered into the lists royal to do his devoir against Thomas Mowbray Duke of Norfolk defendant, upon pain to be found false and recreant.”

The Duke of Norfolk hovered on horseback at the entry of the lists, his horse being barded with crimson velvet, embroidered richly with lions of silver and mulberry trees ; and when he had made his oath before the constable and marshall that his quarrel was just and true, he entered the field manfully, saying aloud : “ God aid him that hath the right,” and then he departed from his horse, and sat him down in his chair which was of crimson velvet, curtained about with white and red damask. The lord marshall viewed their spears, to see that they were of equal length, and delivered the one spear himself to the Duke of Hereford, and sent the other unto the Duke of Norfolk by a knight. Then the herald proclaimed that the traverses and chairs of the champions should be removed, commanding them on the king’s behalf to mount on horseback, and address themselves to the battle and combat.

The Duke of Hereford was quickly horsed, and closed his bavie, and cast his spear into the rest, and when the

trumpet sounded set forward courageously towards his enemy six or seven passes. The Duke of Norfolk was not fully set forward, when the king cast down his warder, and the heralds cried, Ho, ho. Then the king caused their spears to be taken from them and commanded them to repair again to their chairs, where they remained two long hours, while the king and his council deliberately consulted what order was best to be had in so weighty a cause. Finally, after they had devised, and fully determined what should be done therein, the heralds cried silence, and Sir John Bushy the king's secretary read the sentence and determination of the king and his council, in a long roll, the effect whereof was, that Henry Duke of Hereford should within fifteen days depart out of the realm, and not to return before the term of ten years were expired, except by the king he should be repealed again, and this upon pain of death ; and that Thomas Mowbray Duke of Norfolk, because he had sown sedition in the realm by his words, should likewise avoid the realm, and never to return again into England, nor approach the borders or confines thereof upon pain of death ; and that the king would stay the profits of his lands, till he had levied thereof such sums of money as the duke had taken up of the king's treasurer for the wages of the garrison of Calais, which were still unpaid.

When these judgments were once read, the king called before him both the parties, and made them to swear that the one should never come in place where the other was, willingly ; nor keep any company together in any foreign region ; which oath they both received humbly, and so went their ways. The Duke of Norfolk departed sorrowfully out of the realm into Almaine, and at the last came to Venice, where he for thought and melancholy deceased : for he was in hope (as writers record) that he should have been borne out in the matter by the king, which when it fell out otherwise, it grieved him not a little. The Duke of Hereford took his leave of the king at Eltham, who there released four years of his banishment : so he took his journey over into Calais, and from thence went into France, where he remained.

SIR THOMAS NORTH

(1535?—1601?)

THE END OF ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA

Now he had a man of his called Eros, whom he loved and trusted much, and whom he had long before caused to sweare unto him, that he should kill him when he did commaunde him: and then he willed him to keepe his promise. His man drawing his sworde, lift it up as though he had ment to have striken his maister: but turning his head at one side, he thrust his sword into him selfe, and fell downe dead at his maisters foote. Then said Antonius, O noble Eros, I thanke thee for this, and it is valiantly done of thee, to shew me what I should doe to my selfe, which thou couldest not doe for me. Therewithall he tooke his sword, and thrust it into his bellie, and so fell downe upon a little bed. The wounde he had killed him not presently, for the blood stinted a little when he was layed: and when he came somewhat to him selfe againe, he praied them that were about him to dispatch him. But they all fled out of the chamber, and left him crying out and tormenting him selfe: untill at last there came a secretarie unto him called Diomedes, who was commaunded to bring him into the tombe or monument where Cleopatra was. When he heard that she was alive, he verie earnestlie prayed his men to carie his bodie thither, and so he was caried in his mens armes into the entry of the monument. Notwithstanding, Cleopatra would not open the gates, but came to the high windowes, and cast out certaine chaines and ropes, in the which Antonius was trussed: and Cleopatra her owne selfe, with two women only, which she had suffered to come with her into these monuments, trised Antonius up. They that were present to behold it, said they never saw so pitiefull a sight. For, they plucked up poore Antonius all bloody as he was, and drawing on with pangs of death, who holding up his hands

to Cleopatra, raised up him selfe as well as he could. It was a hard thing for these women to do, to lift him up : but Cleopatra stowping downe with her head, putting to all her strength to her uttermost power, did lift him up with much a doe, and never let goe her hold, with the helpe of the women beneath that bad her be of good corage, and were as sorie to see her labor so, as she her selfe. So when she had gotten him in after that sorte, and layed him on a bed : she rent her garments upon him, clapping her brest, and scratching her face and stomake. Then she dried up his blood that had berayed his face, and called him her Lord, her husband, and Emperour, forgetting her owne miserie and calamity, for the pitie and compassion she tooke of him. Antonius made her cease her lamenting, and called for wine, either bicause he was a thirst, or else for that he thought therby to hasten his death. When he had dronke, he earnestly prayed her, and perswaded her, that she would seeke to save her life, if she could possible, without reproache and dishonour : and that chiefly she should trust Proculeius above any man else about Cæsar. And as for him selfe, that she should not lament nor sorowe for the miserable chaunge of his fortune at the end of his dayes : but rather that she should thinke him the more fortunate, for the former triumphes and honors he had received, considering that while he lived he was the noblest and greatest Prince of the world, and that now he was overcome, not cowardly, but valiantly, a Romane by an other Romane. . . .

For those whom Cæsar sent unto her ran thither in all hast possible, and found the souldiers standing at the gate, mistrusting nothing, nor understanding of her death. But when they had opened the dores, they founde Cleopatra starke dead, layed upon a bed of gold, attired and araied in her royall robes, and one of her two women, which was called Iras, dead at her feete : and her other woman called Charmion halfe dead, and trembling, trimming the diademe which Cleopatra ware upon her head. One of the souldiers seeing her, angrily sayd unto her : Is that well done Charmion ? Verie well sayd she againe, and meete for a Princes

discended from the race of so many noble kings. She sayd no more, but fell downe dead hard by the bed. Some report that this aspicke was brought unto her in the basket with figges, and that she had commaunded them to hide it under the figge leaves, that when she shoulde thinke to take out the figges, the aspicke shoulde bite her before she should see her : howbeit, that when she would have taken away the leaves for the figges, she perceived it, and said, Art thou here then ? And so, her arme being naked, she put it to the aspicke to be bitten. Other say againe, she kept it in a boxe, and that she did pricke and thrust it with a spindell of golde, so that the aspicke being angered withall, leapt out with great furie, and bitte her in the arme.

*Plutarch's Lives of the Noble Grecians and
Romans : "Life of Marcus Antonius."*

JOHN LYLly

(1554?–1606?)

OF THE EDUCATION OF YOUTH

YOUNG and tender age is easely framed to manners, and hardly are those things mollyfied which are hard. For as the steele is imprinted in the soft waxe, so learning is engraven in the minde of an young impe. *Plato* that divine philosopher admonished all nurses and weaners of youth, that they should not be too busie to tell them fonde fables or filthy tales, least at theyr entraunce into the worlde they shoulde bee contaminated with unseemely behaviour, unto the which *Phocilides* the poet doth pithely allude, saying : Whilest that the child is young, let him be instructed in vertue and lytterature.

Moreover they are to be trayned up in the language of their country, to pronounce aptly and distinctly without stammering every word and sillable of their native speach, and to be kept from barbarous talke, as the ship from rockes : least being affected with their barbarisme, they be infected also with their uncleane conversation.

It is an olde proverbe that if one dwell the next doore to a cre(e)ple he will learne to halt, if one bee conversant with an hipocrit, he wil soone endeavour to dissemble. When this young infant shall grow in yeares and be of that ripenesse that he can conceive learning, insomuch that he is to be committed to the tuityon of some tutour, all dillygence is to be had to search such a one as shall neither be unlearned, neither ill lyved, neither a lyght person. . . .

A good and discreete schoolemaster should be such an one as *Phœnix* was the instructor of *Achilles*, whom *Peleus* (as *Homer* reporteth) appoynted to that ende that he should be unto *Achilles* not onely a teacher of learning, but an ensample of good lyving. But that is most principally to be looked for, and most diligently to be foreseene, that such tutors be sought out for the education of a young childe, whose lyfe hath never bene stayned with dishonestie, whose good name hath never bene called unto question, whose manners hath ben irreprehensible before the world. As husbandmen hedge in their trees, so should good schoolemasters with good manners hedge in the wit and disposition of the scholler, whereby the blossomes of learning may the sooner encrease to a budde. . . .

For the exercise of the body it is necessary also somewhat be added, that is, that the child should be at such times, permitted to recreate himselfe, when his minde is overcome with studye, least dullyng himselfe with overmuch industrie he become unfitte afterwarde to conceive redily, besides this, it wil cause an apt composition and that natural strength that it before retained. A good composition of the body, layeth a good foundation of olde age, for as in the fayr summer wee prepare all thinges necessarye for the colde winter, so good manners in youth and lawful exercises be as it were victualls and nourishments for age, yet are their labours and pastimes so to be tempered, that they weaken not their bodyes more by play, then otherwise they should have done by studie, and so to be used that they addict not themselves more to the exercise of the limmes then the following of learninge: the greatest

enimyees to discipline, as *Plato* recompteth, are labours and sleepe. . . .

As there is watchinge, so is there sleepe : as there is warre, so is there peace : as there is winter, so is there summer : as there be many working dayes, so is there also many holy-dayes : and if I may speak al in one worde, ease is the sauce of labour, which is plainly to be seene, not onely in lyving thinges, but also in thinges without life. Wee unbend the bowe that wee maye the better bend him, we unloose the harpe, that we may the sooner tune him, the body is kept in health as well with fasting as eating, the minde healed with ease, as wel as with labour : those parents are in mind to be misliked which commit the whole care of theyr child to the custodye of a hyrelinge, neither askinge neither knowing howe their children profite in learning. For if the father were desirous to examine his sonne in that which he hath learned, the master would be more carefull what he did teach. But seeing the father carelesse what they learne, he is also secure what he teacheth : that notable saying of the horse-keeper may here bee applyed, which said, nothing did so fatte the horse as the eye of the king. Moreover I would have the memorye of children continually to be exercysed, which is the greatest furtheraunce to learninge that can be.

Euphues, The Anatomy of Wit.

APELLES' SONG

CUPID and my Campaspe played
 At cards for kisses—Cupid paid.
 He stakes his quiver, bows and arrows,
 His mother's doves and team of sparrows :
 Loses them too ; then down he throws
 The coral of his lip, the rose
 Growing on's cheek (but none knows how) ;
 With these the crystal of his brow,

And then the dimple of his chin—
All these did my Campaspe win.
At last he set her both his eyes.—
She won, and Cupid blind did rise.
O Love, has she done this to thee ?
What shall, alas ! become of me ?

PAN'S SONG

PAN's Syrinx was a girl indeed,
Though now she's turned into a reed.
From that dear reed Pan's pipe doth come,
A pipe that strikes Apollo dumb ;
Nor flute, nor lute, nor gittern can
So chant it, as the pipe of Pan.
Cross-gartered swains, and dairy girls,
With faces smug and round as pearls,
When Pan's shrill pipe begins to play,
With dancing wear out night and day ;
The bag-pipe drone his hum lays by
When Pan sounds up his minstrelsy.
His minstrelsy ! O base ! This quill
Which at my mouth with wind I fill
Puts me in mind though her I miss
That still my Syrinx' lips I kiss.

SIR FRANCIS DRAKE

(1545-96)

July 21, 1588.

To the Right Honourable the Lord Henry Seymour,
Admiral of her Majesty's Navy in the Narrow Seas ;
or in absence, to Sir William Wynter, Knight, give
these with speed. Haste, post, haste.

RIGHT HONOURABLE AND MY VERY GOOD LORD :—I am
commanded by my very good Lord, the Lord Admiral, to
send you the caravel in haste with this letter, giving your
Lordship to understand that the army of Spain arrived
upon our coast the 20th of this present. The 21st we had
them in chase, and so coming up unto them, there hath
passed some cannon shot between some of our fleet and
some of them, and as far as we perceive they are determined
to sell their lives with blows. Whereupon his Lordship
hath commanded me to write unto your Lordship and Sir
William Wynter, that those ships serving under your charge
should be put into the best and strongest manner you may,
and ready to assist his Lordship for the better encountering
of them in those parts where you now are. In the mean-
time, what his Lordship and the rest here following him
may do shall be surely performed.

His Lordship hath commanded me to write his hearty
commendations to your Lordship and Sir William Wynter.
I do salute your Lordship, Sir William Wynter, Sir Henry
Palmer, and all the rest of those honourable gentlemen
serving under you with the like ; beseeching God of his
mercy to give her Majesty, our gracious sovereign, always
victory against her enemies. Written aboard her Majesty's
good ship the *Revenge*, off of Start, the 21st, late in the
evening, 1588.

Your good Lordship's poor friend
ready to be commanded,

FRA. DRAKE.

This letter, my honourable good Lord, is sent in haste.

The fleet of Spaniards is somewhat above a hundred sails, many great ships ; but truly, I think not half of them men-of-war. Haste.

Your Lordship's assured,

FRA. DRAKE.

To Walsyngham :

July 31, 1588.

MOST HONOURABLE :—I am commanded to send these prisoners ashore by my Lord Admiral, which had ere this been long done, but that I thought their being here might have done something which is not thought meet now.

Let me beseech your Honour that they may be presented unto her Majesty, either by your Honour, or by my honourable good Lord, my Lord Chancellor, or both of ye. The one Don Pedro is a man of greatest estimation with the King of Spain, and thought next in his army to the Duke of Sidonia. If they should be given from me unto any other, it would be some grief to my friends. If her Majesty will have them, God defend but I should think it happy.

We have the army of Spain before us and mind, with the grace of God, to wrestle a pull with him. There was never anything pleased me better than the seeing the enemy flying with a southerly wind to the northwards. God grant you have a good eye to the Duke of Parma ; for with the grace of God, if we live, I doubt it not but ere it be long so to handle the matter with the Duke of Sidonia as he shall wish himself at St. Mary Port among his orange trees.

God give us grace to depend upon him ; so shall we not doubt victory, for our cause is good. Humbly taking my leave, this last of July, 1588,

Your Honour's faithfully to be commanded ever,

FRA. DRAKE.

I crave pardon of your Honour for my haste, for that I had to watch this last night upon the enemy.

Yours ever,

FRA. DRAKE.

ROBERT GREENE

(1560-92)

JAMES IV

All. Long live fair Dorithea, our true Queene.

King of Eng. Long shine the sun of Scotland in her pride,

Her father's comfort, and faire Scotland's bride.

But, Dorithea, since I must depart,

And leave thee from thy tender mother's charge,

Let me advise my lovely daughter first

What best befits her in a forraine land.

Live, Doll, for many eyes shall look on thee ;

Have care of honour and the present state ;

For she that steps to height of majesty

Is even the mark whereat the enemy aims.

Thy virtues shall be construèd to vice,

Thine affable discourse to abject mind :

If coy, detracting tongues will call thee proud.

Be therefore wary in this slippery state :

Honour thy husband, love him as thy life :

Make choice of friends, as eagles of their young,

Who sooth no vice, who flatter not for gain :

But love such friends as do the truth maintain.

Think on these lessons when thou art alone,

And thou shalt live in health when I am gone.

Dor. I will engrave these precepts in my heart,

And as the wind with calmness woos you hence,

Even so I wish the heavens in all mishaps

May bless my father with continual grace.

King of Eng. Then, son, farewell :

The favouring winds invites us to depart.

Long circumstance in taking princely leaves

Is more officious than convenient.

Brother of Scotland, love me in my child :

You greet me well, if so you will her good.

King of Sc. Then lovely Doll, and all that favour me,

Attend to see our English friends at sea :

Let all their charge depend upon my purse :
They are our neighbours, by whose kind accord
We dare attempt the proudest potentate.
Only fair Countess, and your daughter, stay,
With you I have some other thing to say.

[*Exeunt all, in all royalty, save the
King, the Countess, Ida, Ateukin.*]

A LAST WARNING

To those gentlemen, his quondam acquaintance, that spend their wits in making plays, R. G. wisheth a better exercise, and wisdom to prevent his extremities.

If woeful experience may move you, gentlemen, to beware, or unheard-of wretchedness entreat you to take heed, I doubt not but you will look back with sorrow on your time past, and endeavour with repentance to spend that which is to come. Wonder not (for with thee will I first begin), thou famous gracer of tragedians, that Greene, who hath said with thee, like the fool in his heart, There is no God, should now give glory unto His greatness : for penetrating is His power, His hand lies heavy upon me, He hath spoken unto me with a voice of thunder, and I have felt He is a God that can punish enemies. Why should thy excellent wit, His gift, be so blinded, that thou shouldst give no glory to the Giver ? Is it pestilent Machiavellian policy that thou hast studied ? O peevish folly ! What are his rules but mere confused mockeries, able to extirpate in small time the generation of mankind ! For if *Sic volo, sic jubeo*, hold in those that are able to command, and if it be lawful *fas et nefas* to do anything that is beneficial ; only tyrants should possess the earth, and they, striving to exceed in tyranny, should each to other be a slaughterman ; till the mightiest outliving all, one stroke were left for Death, that in one age man's life should end. The brother of this diabolical atheism is dead, and in his life had never the felicity he aimed at ; but as he began in

craft, lived in fear, and ended in despair. *Quam inscrutabilia sunt Dei judicia!* This murderer of many brethren had his conscience seared like Cain; this betrayer of him that gave his life for him, inherited the portion of Judas; this Apostata perished as ill as Julian: and wilt thou, my friend, be his disciple? Look unto me, by him persuaded to that liberty, and thou shalt find it an infernal bondage. I know the least of my demerits merit this miserable death, but wilful striving against known truth, exceedeth all the terrors of my soul. Defer not (with me) till this last point of extremity; for little knowest thou how in the end thou shalt be visited.

With thee I join young Juvenal, that biting satirist, that lastly with me together writ a comedy. Sweet boy, might I advise thee, be advised, and get not many enemies by bitter words: inveigh against vain men, for thou canst do it, no man better, no man so well; thou hast a liberty to reprove all, and none more; for one being spoken to, all are offended; none being blamed, no man is injured. Stop shallow water still running, it will rage; tread on a worm, and it will turn: then blame not scholars vexed with sharp lines, if they reprove thy too much liberty of reproof.

And thou, no less deserving than the other two, in some things rarer, in nothing inferior; driven (as myself) to extreme shifts, a little have I to say to thee; and were it not an idolatrous oath, I would swear by sweet St. George, thou art unworthy better hap, sith thou dependest on so mean a stay. Base-minded men all three of you, if by my misery ye be not warned; for unto none of you (like me) sought those burs to cleave,—those antics garnished in our colours. Is it not strange that I, to whom they all have been beholden,—is it not like that you, to whom they all have been beholden,—shall (were ye in that case that I am now) be both at once of them forsaken? Yes, trust them not: for there is an upstart crow, beautified with our feathers, that with his *tiger's heart wrapt in a player's hide*, supposes he is as well able to bombast out a blank-verse as the best of you: and being an absolute *Johannes factotum*,

is in his own conceit the only *Shakescene* in a country. Oh, that I might entreat your rare wits to be employed in more profitable courses, and let those apes imitate your past excellence, and never more acquaint them with your admired inventions ! I know the best husband of you all will never prove an usurer, and the kindest of them all will never prove a kind nurse : yet, whilst you may, seek you better masters ; for it is pity men of such rare wits should be subject to the pleasures of such rude grooms.

In this I might insert two more, that both have writ against these buckram gentlemen ; but let their own works serve to witness against their own wickedness, if they persevere to maintain any more such peasants. For other new-comers, I leave them to the mercy of these painted monsters, who (I doubt not) will drive the best minded to despise them ; for the rest, it skills not though they make a jest at them.

But now return I again to you three, knowing my misery is to you no news ; and let me heartily entreat you to be warned by my harms. Delight not (as I have done) in irreligious oaths ; for from the blasphemer's house a curse shall not depart.

Despise drunkenness, which wasteth the wit, and maketh men all equal unto beasts. Fly lust, as the deathsman of the soul, and defile not the temple of the Holy Ghost. Abhor those epicures whose loose life hath made religion loathsome to your ears : and when they soothe you with terms of mastership, remember *Robert Greene*, whom they have so often flattered, perishes now for want of comfort. Remember, gentlemen, your lives are like so many lighted tapers, that are with care delivered to all of you to maintain : these with wind-puffed wrath may be extinguished, which drunkenness put out, which negligence let fall ; for man's time of itself is not so short, but it is more shortened by sin. The fire of my light is now at the last snuff, and, for want of wherewith to sustain it, there is no substance left for life to feed on. Trust not, then (I beseech ye) to such weak stays ; for they are as changeable in mind as in many attires. Well, my hand is tired, and I am forced to leave

where I would begin ; for a whole book cannot contain these wrongs, which I am forced to knit up in some few lines of words.

*Desirous that you should live, though
himself be dying,*

Robert Greene.

(A Groat's-worth of Wit.)

GEORGE PEELE

(1558?–97?)

A FAREWELL TO ARMS

TO QUEEN ELIZABETH

His golden locks Time hath to silver turn'd ;
O Time too swift, O swiftness never ceasing !
His youth 'gainst time and age hath ever spurn'd,
But spurn'd in vain ; youth waneth by increasing :
Beauty, strength, youth, are flowers but fading seen ;
Duty, faith, love, are roots, and ever green.

His helmet now shall make a hive for bees ;
And, lovers' sonnets turn'd to holy psalms,
A man-at-arms must now serve on his knees,
And feed on prayers, which are Age his alms :
But though from court to cottage he depart,
His Saint is sure of his unspotted heart.

And when he saddest sits in homely cell,
He'll teach his swains this carol for a song :
“ Blest be the hearts that wish my sovereign well,
Curst be the souls that think her any wrong.”
Goddess, allow this aged man his right
To be your beadsman now that was your knight.

EDMUND SPENSER

(1552?–99)

THE FAERY QUEEN

BOOK I. CANTO I

THEN mounted he upon his steed again,
And with the lady backward sought to wend :
That path he kept which beaten was most plain,
Ne ever would to any by-way bend ;
But still did follow one unto the end,
The which at last out of the wood them brought :
So forward on his way (with God to friend)
He passèd forth, and new adventure sought :
Long way he travellèd before he heard of ought.

At length they chanced to meet upon the way
An aged sire, in long black weeds yclad,
His feet all bare, his beard all hoary gray,
And by his belt his book he hanging had ;
Sober he seemed, and very sagely sad,
And to the ground his eyes were lowly bent,
Simple in show, and void of malice bad ;
And all the way he prayèd as he went,
And often knocked his breast, as one that did repent.

He fair the knight saluted, louting low,
Who fair him quited, as that courteous was ;
And after askèd him, if he did know
Of strange adventures which abroad did pass ?
“ Ah ! my dear son,” quoth he, “ how should, alas !
Silly old man, that lives in hidden cell,
Bidding his beads all day for his trespass,
Tidings of war and worldly trouble tell ?
With holy father fits not with such things to mell.

But if of danger, which hereby doth dwell,
And home-bred evil, ye desire to hear,
Of a strange man I can you tidings tell,
That wasteth all this country far and near.”
“Of such,” said he, “I chiefly do inquire;
And shall thee well reward to show the place
In which that wicked wight his days doth wear;
For to all knighthood it is foul disgrace
That such a cursèd creature live so long a space.”

“Far hence,” quoth he, “in wasteful wilderness
His dwelling is, by which no living wight
May ever pass, but thorough great distress.”
“Now,” said the lady, “draweth toward night;
And well I wote, that of your later fight
Ye all forwearied be: for what so strong,
But wanting rest will also want of might;
The sun, that measures heaven all day long,
At night doth bait his steeds the ocean waves among.

“Then with the sun take, Sir, your timely rest,
And with new day new work at once begin:
Untroubled night, they say, gives counsel best.”
“Right well, Sir Knight, ye have advised been,”
Quoth than that aged man; “the way to win
Is wisely to advise. Now day is spent,
Therefore with me ye may take up your inn
For this same night.” The Knight was well content;
So with that godly father to his home they went.

A little lowly hermitage it was,
Down in a dale, hard by a forest’s side,
Far from resort of people that did pass
In travel to and fro: a little wide
There was an holy chapel edified,
Wherein the hermit duly wont to say
His holy things each morn and eventide;
Thereby a crystal stream did gently play,
Which from a sacred fountain welled forth alway.

Arrivèd there, the little house they fill,
Ne look for entertainment where none was ;
Rest is their feast, and all things at their will :
The noblest mind the best contentment has.
With fair discourse, the evening so they pass ;
For that old man of pleasing words had store,
And well could file his tongue, as smooth as glass :
He told of saints and popes, and evermore
He strowed an Ave-Mary after and before.

The drooping night thus creepeth on them fast,
And the sad humour loading their eye-lids,
As messenger of Morpheus on them cast
Sweet slumb'ring dew, the which to sleep them bids :
Unto their lodgings then his guests he rids ;
Where when all drown'd in deadly sleep he finds,
He to his study goes, and there, amidst
His magic books, and arts of sundry kinds,
He seeks out mighty charms to trouble sleepy minds.

Then choosing out few words most horrible,
(Let none them read) thereof did verses frame,
With which, and other spells like terrible,
He bad awake black Pluto's grisly dame ;
And cursèd Heaven, and spake reproachful shame
Of highest God, the Lord of life and light.
A bold bad man, that dar'd to call by name
Great Gorgon, prince of darkness and dead night,
At which Cocytus quakes, and Styx is put to flight.

And forth he called, out of deep darkness dread,
Legions of sprites, the which, like little flies,
Flutt'ring about his ever-damnèd head,
Await, whereto their service he applies,
To aid his friends, or fray his enemies :
Of those he chose out two, the falsest two,
And fittest for to forge true-seeming lies ;
The one of them he gave a message to,
The other by himself stayed other work to do.

EPITHALAMION

YE learnèd sisters, which have oftentimes
 Beene to me aiding, others to adorn,
 Whom ye thought worthy of your graceful rhymes,
 That even the greatest did not greatly scorn
 To hear their names sung in your simple lays,
 But joyèd in their praise ;
 And when ye list your own mishap to mourn,
 Which death, or love, or fortunes wreck did raise,
 Your string could soon to sadder tenour turn,
 And teach the woods and waters to lament
 Your doleful dreariment :
 Now lay those sorrowful complaints aside ;
 And, having all your heads with garlands crowned,
 Help me mine own love's praises to resound ;
 Ne let the same of any be envied :
 So Orpheus did for his own bride !
 So I unto myself alone will sing ;
 The woods shall to me answer, and my echo ring.

Early, before the world's light-giving lamp
 His golden beam upon the hills doth spread,
 Having dispersed the night's uncheerful damp,
 Do ye awake ; and, with fresh lusty-hed,
 Go to the bowre of my belovèd love,
 My truest turtle dove ;
 Bid her awake ; for Hymen is awake,
 And long since ready forth his mask to move,
 With his bright tead that flames with many a flake,
 And many a bachelor to wait on him,
 In their fresh garments trim.
 Bid her awake therefore, and soon her dight,
 For lo ! the wishèd day is come at last,
 That shall, for all the paynes and sorrowes past,
 Pay to her usury of long delight :
 And, whilst she doth her dight,

tead = torch.

Do ye to her of joy and solace sing,
That all the woods may answer, and your echo ring.

Bring with you all the Nymphs that you can hear
Both of the rivers and the forests green,
And of the sea that neighbours to her near :
All with gay garlands goodly well beseen.
And let them also with them bring in hand
Another gay garland
For my fair love, of lilies and of roses,
Bound true-love wise, with a blue silk riband.
And let them make great store of bridal poses,
And let them eek bring store of other flowers,
To deck the bridal bowers.
And let the ground wheras her foot shall tread,
For fear the stones her tender foot should wrong,
Be strewed with fragrant flowers all along,
And diapered like the discoloured mead.
Which done, do at her chamber door await,
For she will waken straight ;
The whiles do ye this song unto her sing,
The woods shall to you answer, and your echo ring.

Ye Nymphs of Mulla, which with careful heed
The silver scaly trouts do tend full well,
And greedy pikes which use therin to feed ;
(Those trouts and pikes all others do excell ;)
And ye likewise, which keep the rushy lake,
Where none do fishes take ;
Bind up the locks the which hang scattered light,
And in his waters, which your mirror make,
Behold your faces as the crystal bright,
That when you come whereas my love doth lie,
No blemish she may spy.
And eke, ye lightfoot maids, which keep the deer,
That on the hoary mountain used to tower ;
And the wild wolves, which seek them to devour,
With your steel darts do chase from coming near ;
Be also present here,

To help to deck her, and to help to sing,
That all the woods may answer, and your echo ring.

Wake now, my love, awake ! for it is time ;
The Rosy Morne long since left Tithones bed,
All ready to her silver couch to climb ;
And Phœbus gins to shew his glorious head.
Hark ! how the cheerful birds to chant their lays
And carol of Love's praise.

The merry lark her mattins sings aloft,
The thrush replies, the mavis descant plays ;
The ouzel shrills, the ruddock warbles soft ;
So goodly all agree, with sweet consent,
To this day's merriment.

Ah ! my dear love, why do ye sleep thus long ?
When meeter were that ye should now awake,

- T' await the coming of your joyous make,
And hearken to the birds' love-learnèd song,
The dewy leaves among !
Nor they of joy and pleasance to you sing,
That all the woods them answer, and their echo ring.

My love is now awake out of her dreams,
And her fair eyes, like stars that dimmèd were
With darksome cloud, now shew their goodly beams
More bright then Hesperus his head doth rear.
Come now, ye damzels, daughters of delight,
Help quickly her to dight :

But first come ye fair hours, which were begot
In Jove's sweet paradise of day and night ;
Which do the seasons of the year allot,
And all, that ever in this world is fair,
Do make and still repair :

And ye three handmaids of the Cyprian Queen,
The which do still adorn her beauty's pride,
Help to adorn my beautifulest bride :
And, as ye her array, still throw between
Some graces to be seen ;

ruddock = redbreast.

And, as ye use to Venus, to her sing,
The whiles the woods shall answer, and your echo ring.

Now is my love all ready forth to come :
Let all the virgins therefore well await ;
And ye fresh boys, that tend upon her groom,
Prepare yourselves ; for he is coming straight.
Set all your things in seemly good array,
Fit for so joyful day :

The joyfult day that ever sun did see.
Fair Sun ! shew forth thy favourable ray,
And let thy lifull heat not fervent be,
For fear of burning her sunshiny face,
Her beauty to disgrace.

O fairest Phœbus ! father of the Muse !
If ever I did honour thee aright,
Or sing the thing that mote thy mind delight,
Do not thy servant's simple boon refuse ;
But let this day, let this one day, be mine ;
Let all the rest be thine.
Then I thy sovereign praises loud will sing,
That all the woods shall answer, and their echo ring.

Hark ! how the minstrels gin to shrill aloud
Their merry music that resounds from far,
The pipe, the tabor, and the trembling croud,
That well agree withouten breach or jar,
But, most of all, the damsels do delight
When they their timbrels smite,
And thereunto do dance and carol sweet,
That all the senses they do ravish quite ;
The whiles the boys run up and down the street,
Crying aloud with strong confusèd noise,
As if it were one voice,
Hymen, iö Hymen, Hymen, they do shout ;
That even to the heavens their shouting shrill
Doth reach, and all the firmament doth fill :
To which the people standing all about,

croud = violin.

As in approvance, do thereto applaud,
And loud advance her laud ;
And evermore they Hymen, Hymen sing,
That all the woods them answer, and their echo ring.

Lo ! where she comes along with portly pace,
Like Phœbe, from her chamber of the East,
Arising forth to run her mighty race,
Clad all in white, that seems a virgin best.
So well it her beseems, that ye would ween
Some angel she had been.

Her long loose yellow locks like golden wire,
Sprinkled with pearl, and pearling flowers atweene,
Do like a golden mantle her attire ;
And, being crownèd with a garland green,
Seem like some maiden queen.

Her modest eyes, abashèd to behold
So many gazers as on her do stare,
Upon the lowly ground affixèd are ;
Ne dare lift up her countenance too bold,
But blush to hear her praises sung so loud,
So far from being proud.
Nathless do ye still loud her praises sing,
That all the woods may answer, and your echo ring.

Tell me, ye merchants' daughters, did ye see
So fair a creature in your town before ;
So sweet, so lovely, and so mild as she,
Adorned with beauty's grace and vertue's store ?
Her goodly eyes like sapphires shining bright,
Her forehead ivory white,
Her cheeks like apples which the sun hath rudded,
Her lips like cherries charming men to bite,
Her breast like to a bowl of cream uncruddled,
Her paps like lilies budded,
Her snowy neck like to a marble tower ;
And all her body like a palace fair,
Ascending up, with many a stately stair,
To honour's seat and chastity's sweet bower.
Why stand ye still ye virgins in amaze,

Upon her so to gaze,
Whiles ye forget your former lay to sing,
To which the woods did answer, and your echo ring ?

But if he saw that which no eyes can see,
The inward beauty of her lively spright,
Garnished with heavenly gifts of high degree,
Much more then would ye wonder at that sight,
And stand astonished like to those which red
Medusa's mazeful head.
There dwells sweet love, and constant chastity,
Unspotted faith, and comely womanhood,
Regard of honour, and mild modesty ;
There virtue reigns as queen in royal throne,
And giveth laws alone,
The which the base affections do obey,
And yield their services unto her will ;
Ne thought of thing uncomely ever may
Therto approach to tempt her mind to ill.
Had ye once seen these her celestial treasures,
And unrevealèd pleasures,
Then would ye wonder, and her praises sing,
That all the woods should answer, and your echo ring.

Open the temple gates unto my love,
Open them wide that she may enter in,
And all the posts adorn as doth behove,
And all the pillars deck with garlands trim,
For to receive this Saint with honour due,
That cometh in to you.
With trembling steps, and humble reverence,
She cometh in, before th' Almighty's view ;
Of her ye virgins learn obedience,
When so ye come into those holy places,
To humble your proud faces :
Bring her up to th' high altar, that she may
The sacred ceremonies there partake,
The which do endless matrimony make ;
And let the roaring organs loudly play

The praises of the Lord in lively notes ;
The whiles, with hollow throats,
The choristers the joyous anthem sing,
That all the woods may answer, and their echo ring.

Behold, whiles she before the altar stands,
Hearing the holy priest that to her speaks,
And blesseth her with his two happy hands,
How the red roses flush up in her cheeks,
And the pure snow, with goodly vermeil stain
Like crimson dyed in grain :
That even th' angels, which continually
About the sacred altar do remain,
Forget their service and about her fly,
Oft peeping in her face, that seems more fair,
The more they on it stare.
But her sad eyes, still fastened on the ground,
And governèd with goodly modesty,
That suffers not one look to glance awry,
Which may let in a little thought unsound.
Why blush ye, love, to give to me your hand,
The pledge of all our band !
Sing, ye sweet angels, Alleluya sing,
That all the woods may answer, and your echo ring.

Now all is done : bring home the bride again ;
Bring home the triumph of our victory :
Bring home with you the glory of her gain ;
With joyance bring her and with jollity.
Never had man more joyful day then this,
Whom heaven would heap with bliss,
Make feast therefore now all this live-long day ;
This day for ever to me holy is.
Pour out the wine without restraint or stay,
Pour not by cups, but by the belly full,
Pour out to all that wull,
And sprinkle all the posts and walls with wine,
That they may sweat, and drunken be withall.
Crown ye God Bacchus with a coronall,

And Hymen also crown with wreathes of vine ;
And let the Graces dance unto the rest,
For they can do it best :
The whiles the maidens do their carol sing,
To which the woods shall answer, and their echo ring.

Ring ye the bells, ye young men of the town,
And leave your wonted labours for this day :
This day is holy ; do ye write it down,
That ye for ever it remember may.
This day the sun is in his chiefest height,
With Barnaby the bright,
From whence declining daily by degrees,
He somewhat loseth of his heat and light,
When once the Crab behind his back he sees.
But for this time it ill ordained was,
To chose the longest day in all the year,
And shortest night, when longest fitter were :
Yet never day so long, but late would pass.
Ring ye the bells, to make it wear away,
And bonfires make all day ;
And dance about them, and about them sing,
That all the woods may answer, and your echo ring.

Ah ! when will this long weary day have end,
And lend me leave to come unto my love ?
How slowly do the hours their numbers spend ?
How slowly does sad Time his feathers move ?
Haste thee, O fairest planet, to thy home,
Within the western foam :
Thy tired steeds long since have need of rest.
Long though it be, at last I see it gloom,
And the bright evening-star with golden crest
Appear out of the east.
Fair child of beauty ! glorious lamp of love !
That all the host of heaven in ranks dost lead,
And guidest lovers through the night's sad dread,
How cheerfully thou lookest from above,
And seemst to laugh atween thy twinkling light,

As joying in the sight
Of these glad many, which for joy do sing,
That all the woods them answer, and their echo ring !

Now cease, ye damsels, your delights fore-past ;
Enough it is that all the day was yours :
Now day is done, and night is nighing fast,
Now bring the bride into the bridal bowers.
The night is come, now soon her disarray,
And in the bed her lay ;
Lay her in lilies and in violets,
And silken curtains over her display,
And odoured sheets, and Arras coverlets.
Behold how goodly my fair love does lie,
In proud humility !
Like unto Maia, when as Jove her took
In Tempe, lying on the flowry grass,
'Twixt sleep and wake, after she weary was,
With bathing in the Acidalian brook.
Now it is night, ye damsels may be gone,
And leave my love alone,
And leave likewise your former lay to sing :
The woods no more shall answer, nor your echo ring.

Now welcome, night ! thou night so long expected,
That long day's labour dost at last defray,
And all my cares, which cruel Love collected,
Hast summed in one, and cancellèd for aye :
Spread thy broad wing over my love and me,
That no man may us see ;
And in thy sable mantle us enwrap,
From fear of peril and foul horror free.
Let no false treason seek us to entrap,
Nor any dread disquiet once annoy
The safety of our joy ;
But let the night be calm, and quiet some,
Without tempestuous storms or sad affray :
Like as when Jove with fair Alcmena lay,
When he begot the great Tirynthian groom :

Or like as when he with thyself did lie
And begot Majesty.
And let the maids and young men cease to sing ;
Ne let the woods them answer nor their echo ring.

Let no lamenting cries, nor doleful tears,
Be heard all night within, nor yet without :
Ne let false whispers, breeding hidden fears,
Break gentle sleep with misconceivèd doubt.
Let no deluding dreams, nor dreadful sights,
Make sudden sad affrights ;
Ne let house-fires, nor lightnings helpless harms,
Ne let the Pouke, nor other evil sprites,
Ne let mischievous witches with their charms,
Ne let hob goblins, names whose sense we see not,
Fray us with things that be not :
Let not the screech owl nor the stork be heard,
Nor the night raven, that still deadly yells ;
Nor damnèd ghosts, called up with mighty spells,
Nor grisly vultures, make us once affeared :
Ne let th' unpleasant quire of frogs still croking
Make us to wish their choking.
Let none of these their dreary accents sing ;
Ne let the woods them answer, nor their echo ring.

But let still silence true night-watches keep,
That sacred peace may in assurance rain,
And timely sleep, when it is time to sleep,
May pour his limbs forth on your pleasant playne ;
The whiles an hundred little wingèd loves,
Like divers-feathered doves,
Shall fly and flutter round about her bed,
And in the secret dark, that none reproves,
Their pretty stealths shall work, and snares shall spread
To filch away sweet snatches of delight,
Concealed through covert night.
Ye sons of Venus, play your sports at will !
For greedy pleasure, careless of your toys,
Thinks more upon her paradise of joyes,

Then what ye do, albe it good or ill.
All night therefore attend your merry play,
For it will soon be day :
Now none doth hinder you, that say or sing ;
Ne will the woods now answer, nor your echo ring.

Who is the same, which at my window peeps ?
Or whose is that fair face that shines so bright ?
Is it not Cynthia, she that never sleeps,
But walks about high heaven all the night ?
O ! fairest goddess, do thou not envy
My love with me to spy :
For thou likewise didst love, though now unthought,
And for a fleece of wool, which privily
The Latmian shepherd once unto thee brought,
His pleasure with thee wrought.
Therefore to us be favourable now ;
And sith of women's labours thou hast charge,
And generation goodly dost enlarge,
Encline thy will t' effect our wishful vow,
And the chaste womb inform with timely seed,
That may our comfort breed :
Till which we cease our hopeful hap to sing ;
Ne let the woods us answer, nor our echo ring.

And thou, great Juno ! which with awful might
The laws of wedlock still dost patronize ;
And the religion of the faith first plight
With sacred rites hast taught to solemnize ;
And eek for comfort often called art
Of women in their smart ;
Eternally bind thou this lovely band,
And all thy blessings unto us impart.
And thou, glad genius ! in whose gentle hand
The bridal bower and genial bed remain,
Without blemish or stain ;
And the sweet pleasures of their loves delight
With secret aid dost succour and supply,
Till they bring forth the fruitful progeny ;
Send us the timely fruit of this same night.

And thou, fair Hebe ! and thou, Hymen free !
Grant that it may so be.
Till which we cease your further praise to sing ;
Ne any woods shall answer, nor your echo ring.

And ye high heavens, the temple of the gods,
In which a thousand torches flaming bright
Do burn, that to us wretched earthly clods
In dreadful darkness lend desired light ;
And all ye powers which in the same remain,
More than we men can fain !
Pour out your blessing on us plentifully,
And happy influence upon us rain,
That we may raise a large posterity,
Which from the earth, which they may long possess
With lasting happiness,
Up to your haughty palaces may mount ;
And, for the guerdon of their glorious merit,
May heavenly tabernacles there inherit,
Of blessed saints for to increase the count.
So let us rest, sweet love, in hope of this,
And cease till then our timely joys to sing :
The woods no more us answer, nor our echo ring !

*Song ! made in lieu of many ornaments,
With which my love should duly have been decked,
Which cutting off through hasty accidents,
Ye would not stay your due time to expect,
But promised both to recompense ;
Be unto her a goodly ornament,
And for short time an endless monument.*

EASTER

Most glorious Lord of Life ! that, on this day,
Didst make Thy triumph over death and sin ;
And, having harrowed hell, didst bring away
Captivity thence captive, us to win :

This joyous day, dear Lord, with joy begin ;
 And grant that we, for whom thou diddest die,
 Being with Thy dear blood clean washt from sin,
 May live for ever in felicity !
 And that Thy love we weighing worthily,
 May likewise love Thee for the same again ;
 And for Thy sake, that all like dear didst buy,
 With love may one another entertain !
 So let us love, dear Love, like as we ought,
 —Love is the lesson which the Lord us taught.

THOMAS LODGE

(1556-1625?)

ROSALIND'S MADRIGAL

LOVE in my bosom like a bee
 Doth suck his sweet :
 Now with his wings he plays with me,
 Now with his feet.
 Within mine eyes he makes his nest,
 His bed amidst my tender breast ;
 My kisses are his daily feast,
 And yet he robs me of my rest :
 Ah ! wanton, will ye ?

And if I sleep, then percheth he
 With pretty flight,
 And makes his pillow of my knee
 The livelong night.
 Strike I my lute, he tunes the string ;
 He music plays if so I sing ;
 He lends me every lovely thing,
 Yet cruel he my heart doth sting :
 Whist, wanton, still ye !

Else I with roses every day
Will whip you hence,
And bind you, when you long to play,
For your offence.
I'll shut mine eyes to keep you in ;
I'll make you fast it for your sin ;
I'll count your power not worth a pin.
—Alas ! what hereby shall I win
If he gainsay me ?

What if I beat the wanton boy
With many a rod ?
He will repay me with annoy,
Because a god.
Then sit thou safely on my knee ;
Then let thy bower my bosom be ;
Lurk in mine eyes, I like of thee ;
O Cupid, so thou pity me,
Spare not, but play thee !

THE WRESTLING MATCH

THE blush that gloried LUNA when she kist the shepherd on the hills of *Latmos* was not tainted with such a pleasant dye, as the Vermilion flourisht on the silver hue of ROSALYNDS countenance ; her eyes were like those lampes that make the wealthie covert of the Heavens more gorgeous, sparkling favour and disdaine ; courteous and yet coye, as if in them VENUS had placed all her amoretts, and DIANA all her chastitie. The tramells of her hayre, foulded in a call of golde, so farre surpast the burnisht glister of the mettall, as the Sunne dooth the meanest Starre in brightness : the tresses that foldes in the browes of APOLLO were not halfe so rich to the sight ; for in her haire it seemed love had laide her selfe in ambush, to intrappe the proudest eye that durst gaze uppon their excellence : what should I neede to decipher her particular beauties, when

by the censure of all she was the paragon of all earthly perfection. This ROSALYND sat I say with ALINDA as a beholder of these sportes, and made the CAVALIERS crack their lances with more courage : many deeds of Knight-hood that day were performed, and many prizes were given according to their severall deserts : at last when the tournament ceased, the wrastling began ; and the NORMAN presented himselfe as a challenger against all commers ; but he looked like HERCULES when he advaunst himselfe against ACHELOUS ; so that the furie of his countenance amased all that durst attempt to incounter with him in any deede of activitie : till at last a lustie FRANCKLIN of the Countrie came with two tall men that were his Sonnes of good lyniaments and comely personage : the eldest of these dooing his obeysance to the King entered the lyst, and presented himselfe to the NORMAN, who straight coapt with him, and as a man that would triumph in the glorie of his strength, roused himselfe with such furie, that not onely hee gave him the fall, but killed him with the weight of his corpulent personage : which the younger brother seeing, lept presently into the place, and thirstie after the revenge, assayled the NORMAN with such valour, that at the first incounter hee brought him to his knees : which repulst so the NORMAN, that recovering himselfe, feare of disgrace doubling his strength, hee stept so stearnely to the young FRANCKLIN, that taking him up in his armes he threw him against the ground so violently, that he broake his neck, and so ended his dayes with his brother. At this unlookt for massacre, the people murmured, and were all in a deepe passion of pittie ; but the FRANCKLIN, Father unto these, never changed his countenance ; but as a man of a couragious resolution, tooke up the bodies of his Sonnes without any shew of outward discontent. All this while stooode ROSADER and sawe this tragedie : who noting the undoubted vertue of the FRANCKLINS minde, alighted of from his horse, and presentlie sat downe on the grasse, and commaunded his boy to pull off his bootes, making him readie to trie the strength of this Champion ; being furnished as he would, hee clapt the FRANCKLIN on the

shoulder and said thus. Bolde yeoman whose sonnes have ended the tearme of their yeares with honour, for that I see thou scornest fortune with patience, and thwartest the iniurie of fate with content, in brooking the death of thy Sonnes: stand a while and either see mee make a third in their tragedie, or else revenge their fall with an honourable triumph; the FRANCKLIN seeing so goodlie a Gentleman to give him such courteous comfort, gave him hartie thanks, with promise to pray for his happie successe. With that ROSADER vailed bonnet to the King, and lightlie lept within the lists, where noting more the companie than the combatant, hee cast his eye upon the troupe of Ladies that glistered there like the starres of heaven, but at last Love willing to make him as amorous as he was valiant, presented him with the sight of ROSALYND, whose admirable beautie so inveagled the eye of ROSADER, that forgetting himselfe, he stoode and fed his lookes on the favour of ROSALYNDs face which she perceiving, blusht: which was such a doubling of her beauteous excellence, that the bashfull red of AURORA at the sight of unacquainted PHAETON was not halfe so glorious: The NORMAN seeing this young Gentleman fettered in the lookes of the Ladies, drave him out of his *memento* with a shake by the shoulder; ROSADER looking back with an angrie frowne, as if he had been wakened from some pleasant dreame, discovered to all by the furie of his countenance that he was a man of some high thoughts: but when they all noted his youth, and the sweetnesse of his visage, with a generall applause of favours, they grieved that so goodly a young man should venture in so base an action: but seeing it were to his dishonour to hinder him from his enterprise, they wisht him to be graced with the palme of victorie. After ROSADER was thus called out of his *memento* by the NORMAN, hee roughlie clapt to him with so fierce an incounter, that they both fell to the ground, and with the violence of the fall were forced to breathe: in which space the NORMAN called to minde by all tokens, that this was hee whom SALADYNE had appoynted him to kil; which coniecture made him stretch everie limb, and

trie everie sinew, that working his death he might recover the golde, which so bountifully was promised him. On the contrarie part, ROSADER while he breathed was not idle, but still cast his eye uppon ROSALYND, who to incourage him with a favour, lent him such an amorous looke, as might have made the most coward desperate: which glance of ROSALYND so fiered the passionate desires of ROSADER, that turning to the NORMAN hee ran upon him and braved him with a strong encounter; the NORMAN received him as valiantly, that there was a sore combat, hard to judge on whose side fortune would be prodigall. At last ROSADER calling to minde the beautie of his new Mistresse, the fame of his Fathers honours, and the disgrace that should fall to his house by his misfortune, roused himselfe and threw the NORMAN against the ground, falling upon his chest with so willing a waight, that the NORMAN yeelded nature her due, and ROSADER the victorie.

Rosalynde. Euphues' Golden Legacie.

SIR PHILIP SIDNEY

(1554-86)

ASTROPHEL AND STELLA

I

LOVING in truth, and fain in verse my love to show,
That she, dear she, might take some pleasure of my pain,—
Pleasure might cause her read, reading might make her know,
Knowledge might pity win, and pity grace obtain,—
I sought fit words to paint the blackest face of woe;
Studying inventions fine, her wits to entertain,
Oft turning others' leaves, to see if thence would flow
Some fresh and fruitful showers upon my sun-burn'd brain.
But words came halting forth, wanting Invention's stay;
Invention, Nature's child, fled step-dame Study's blows;
And others' feet still seem'd but strangers in my way.

Thus, great with child to speak, and helpless in my throes,
Biting my truant pen, beating myself for spite ;
Fool, said my Muse to me, look in thy heart, and write.

II

It is most true that eyes are form'd to serve
The inward light, and that the heavenly part
Ought to be king, from whose rules who do swerve,
Rebels to nature, strive for their own smart.
It is most true, what we call Cupid's dart
An image is, which for ourselves we carve,
And, fools, adore in temple of our heart,
Till that good god make church and churchmen starve :
True, that true beauty virtue is indeed,
Whereof this beauty can be but a shade,
Which, elements with mortal mixture breed :
True, that on earth we are but pilgrims made,
And should in soul up to our country move :
True, and yet true—that I must Stella love.

XXXI

With how sad steps, O moon, thou climb'st the skies !
How silently, and with how wan a face !
What, may it be that even in heavenly place
That busy archer his sharp arrows tries !
Sure, if that long-with-love-acquainted eyes
Can judge of love, thou feel'st a lover's case,
I read it in thy looks ; thy languisht grace,
To me, that feel the like, thy state describes.
Then, even of fellowship, O moon, tell me,
Is constant love deem'd there but want of wit ?
Are beauties there as proud as here they be ?
Do they above love to be lov'd, and yet
Those lovers scorn whom that love doth possess ?
Do they call virtue there ungratefulness ?

LXIV

No more, my dear, no more these counsels try ;
 O give my passions leave to run their race ;
 Let Fortune lay on me her worst disgrace ;
 Let folk o'erchanged with brain against me cry ;
 Let clouds bedim my face, break in mine eye ;
 Let me no steps but of lost labour trace ;
 Let all the earth with scorn recount my case,—
 But do not will me from my love to fly.
 I do not envy Aristotle's wit.
 Nor do aspire to Cæsar's bleeding fame,
 Nor aught do care though some above me sit ;
 Nor hope nor wish another course to frame,
 But that which once may win thy cruel heart :
 Thou art my wit, and thou my virtue art.

A DIRGE

RING out your bells, let mourning shews be spread ,
 For Love is dead :

All Love is dead, infected
 With plague of deep disdain :
 Worth, as nought worth, rejected,
 And Faith fair scorn doth gain.
 From so ungrateful fancy,
 From such a female frenzy,
 From them that use men thus,
 Good Lord, deliver us !

Weep, neighbours, weep ; do you not hear it said
 That Love is dead ?

His death-bed, peacock's folly ;
 His winding-sheet is shame ;
 His will, false-seeming wholly ;
 His sole executor, blame.
 From so ungrateful fancy,
 From such a female frenzy,
 From them that use men thus,
 Good Lord, deliver us !

Let dirge be sung, and trentals rightly read,
For Love is dead ;
Sir Wrong his tomb ordaineth
My mistress' marble heart ;
Which epitaph containeth,
“ Her eyes were once his dart.”
From so ungrateful fancy,
From such a female frenzy,
From them that use men thus,
Good Lord, deliver us !

Alas, I lie : rage hath this error bred ;
Love is not dead ;
Love is not dead, but sleepeth
In her unmatched mind,
Where she his counsel keepeth,
Till due deserts she find.
Therefore from so vile fancy,
To call such wit a frenzy,
Who Love can temper thus,
Good Lord, deliver us !

DEFENCE OF POESIE

BUT truly now having named him (the Psalmist), I fear I seem to profane that holy name, applying it to Poetry, which is among us thrown down to so ridiculous an estimation. But they that with quiet judgments will look a little deeper into it, shall find the end and working of it such, as being rightly applied, deserveth not to be scourged out of the Church of God. But now, let us see how the Greeks have named it, and how they deemed of it. The Greeks named him ποιητήν, which name, hath as the most excellent, gone through other languages, it cometh of this word ποιέιν which is to make : wherein I know not whether by luck or wisdom, we Englishmen have met with the Greeks

in calling him a Maker. Which name, how high and incomparable a title it is, I had rather were known by marking the scope of other sciences, then by any partial allegation. There is no Art delivered unto mankind that hath not the works of nature for his principal object, without which they could not consist, and on which they so depend, as they become Actors and Players, as it were of what nature will have set forth. So doth the Astronomer look upon the stars, and by that he seeth set down what order nature hath taken therein. So doth the Geometrician and Arithmetician, in their divers sorts of quantities. So doth the Musician in times tell you, which by nature agree, which not. The natural Philosopher thereon hath his name, and the moral Philosopher standeth upon the natural virtues, vices, or passions of man: and follow nature, saith he therein, and thou shalt not err. The Lawyer saith, what men have determined. The Historian, what men have done. The Grammarian speaketh only of the rules of speech, and the Rhetorician and Logician, considering what in nature will soonest prove and persuade thereon, give artificial rules, which still are compassed within the circle of a question, according to the proposed matter. The Physician weigheth the nature of a man's body, and the nature of things helpful, or hurtful unto it. And the Metaphysic, though it be in the second and abstract Notions, and therefore be counted supernatural, yet doth he indeed build upon the depth of nature. Only the Poet disdaining to be tied to any such subjection, lifted up with the vigour of his own invention, doth grow in effect into an other nature: in making things either better than nature bringeth forth, or quite a new, forms such as never were in nature: as the Heroes, Demigods, Cyclops, Chimeras, Furies, and such like; so as he goeth hand in hand with nature, not enclosed within the narrow warrant of her gifts, but freely ranging within the Zodiac of his own wit. Nature never set forth the earth in so rich Tapestry as diverse Poets have done, neither with so pleasant rivers, fruitful trees, sweet smelling flowers, nor whatsoever else may make the too much loved earth more lovely: her world is brazen,

the Poets only deliver a golden. But let those things alone and go to man, for whom as the other things are, so it seemeth in him her uttermost cunning is employed : and know whether she have brought forth so true a lover as Theagenes, so constant a friend as Pylades, so valiant a man as Orlando, so right a Prince as Xenophon's Cyrus, so excellent a man every way as Virgil's Æneas. Neither let this be jestingly conceived, because the works of the one be essential, the other in imitation or fiction : for every understanding knoweth the skill of each artificer standeth in that Idea, or fore conceit of the work, and not in the work it self. And that the Poet hath that Idea, is manifest, by delivering them forth in such excellency as he had imagined them : which delivering forth, also is not wholly imaginative, as we are wont to say by them that build castles in the air : but so far substantially it worketh, not only to make a Cyrus, which had been but a particular excellency as nature might have done, but to bestow a Cyrus upon the world to make many Cyruses, if they will learn aright, why and how that maker made him. Neither let it be deemed too saucy a comparison, to balance the highest point of man's wit with the efficacy of nature : but rather give right honour to the heavenly maker of that maker, who having made man to his own likeness, set him beyond and over all the works of that second nature, which in nothing he sheweth so much as in Poetry ; when with the force of a divine breath, he bringeth things forth surpassing her doings : with no small arguments to the incredulous of that first accursed fall of Adam, since our erected wit maketh us know what perfection is, and yet our infected will keepeth us from reaching unto it. But these arguments will by few be understood, and by fewer granted. . . .

Is it the lyric that most displeaseth, who with his tuned lyre, and well accorded voice, giveth praise, the reward of virtue, to virtuous acts ? who giveth moral precepts and natural problems, who sometime raiseth up his voice to the height of the heavens, in singing the lauds of the immortal God ? Certainly I must confess mine own

barbarousness, I never heard the old song of Percy and Douglas, that I found not my heart moved more than with a trumpet; and yet it is sung but by some blind Crowder, with no rougher voice, than rude style: which being so evil apparelled in the dust and cobwebs of that uncivil age, what would it work, trimmed in the gorgeous eloquence of Pindar? In Hungary I have seen it the manner at all Feasts, and other such like meetings, to have songs of their ancestors' valour, which that right soldier-like nation think one of the chiefest kindlers of brave courage. The incomparable Lacedemonians, did not only carry that kind of Music ever with them to the field, but even at home, as such songs were made, so were they all content to be singers of them: when the lusty men were to tell what they did, the old men what they had done, and the young what they would do. And where a man may say that Pindar many times praiseth highly victories of small moment, rather matters of sport than virtue, as it may be answered, it was the fault of the poet, and not of the poetry; so indeed the chief fault was, in the time and custom of the Greeks, who set those toys at so high a price, that Philip of Macedon reckoned a horse-race won at Olympus, among his three fearful felicities. But as the unimitable Pindar often did, so is that kind most capable and most fit, to awake the thoughts from the sleep of idleness, to embrace honourable enterprises. There rests the Heroical, whose very name I think should daunt all backbiters. For by what conceit can a tongue be direct to speak evil of that which draweth with him no less champions than Achilles, Cyrus, Æneas, Turnus, Tydeus, Rinaldo, who doth not only teach and move to a truth, but teacheth and moveth to the most high and excellent truth: who maketh magnanimity and justice, shine through all misty fearfulness and foggy desires. Who if the saying of Plato and Tully be true, that who could see virtue, would be wonderfully ravished with the love of her beauty. This man setteth her out to make her more lovely in her holiday apparel, to the eye of any that will deign, not to disdain until they understand. But if anything be already said in the defence

of sweet poetry, all concurreth to the maintaining the heroical, which is not only a kind, but the best and most accomplished kind of poetry. For as the image of each action stirreth and instructeth the mind, so the lofty image of such worthies, most enflameth the mind with desire to be worthy : and informs with counsel how to be worthy. Only let Æneas be worn in the tablet of your memory, how he governeth himself in the ruin of his country, in the preserving his old father, and carrying away his religious ceremonies, in obeying God's commandment, to leave Dido, though not only all passionate kindness, but even the humane consideration of virtuous gratefulness, would have craved other of him : how in storms, how in sports, how in war, how in peace, how a fugitive, how victorious, how besieged, how besieging, how to strangers, how to allies, how to enemies, how to his own. Lastly, how in his inward self, and how in his outward government, and I think in a mind most prejudiced with a prejudicating humour, he will be found in excellency fruitful. Yea as Horace saith, *Melius Chrisippo et Crantore* : but truly I imagine it falleth out with these poet-whippers, as with some good women, who often are sick, but in faith they cannot tell where. So the name of poetry is odious to them, but neither his cause nor effects, neither the sum that contains him, nor the particularities descending from him, give any fast handle to their carping dispraise. . . .

But that which giveth greatest scope to their scorning humour, is rhyming and versing. It is already said (and as I think truly said) it is not rhyming and versing that maketh poesy : one may be a poet without versing, and a versifier without poetry. But yet presuppose it were inseparable, as indeed it seemeth Scaliger judgeth truly, it were an inseparable commendation. For if *Oratio*, next to *Ratio*, Speech next to Reason, be the greatest gift bestowed upon Mortality, that cannot be praiseless, which doth most polish that blessing of speech ; which considereth each word, not only as a man may say by his forcible quality, but by his best measured quantity : carrying even in themselves a harmony, without perchance

number, measure, order, proportion, be in our time grown odious. But lay aside the just praise it hath, by being the only fit speech for music (music I say the most divine striker of the senses). Thus much is undoubtedly true, that if reading be foolish without remembering, memory being the only treasure of knowledge, those words which are fittest for memory, are likewise most convenient for knowledge. Now that verse far exceedeth prose in the knitting up of the memory, the reason is manifest, the words (besides their delight, which hath a great affinity to memory) being so set as one cannot be lost, but the whole work fails : which accusing it self, calleth the remembrance back to it self, and so most strongly confirmeth it. Besides one word, so as it were begetting an other, as be it in rhyme or measured verse, by the former a man shall have a near guess to the follower. Lastly even they that have taught that art of memory, have shewed nothing so apt for it, as a certain room divided into many places, well and thoroughly known : now that hath the verse in effect perfectly, every word having his natural seat, which seat must needs make the word remembered. But what needs more in a thing so known to all men ?

THOMAS CAMPION

(1567?-1619)

LAURA

ROSE-CHEEK'D *Laura*, come ;
 Sing thou smoothly with thy beauty's
 Silent music, either other
 Sweetly gracing.

Lovely forms do flow
 From concent divinely framèd :
 Heaven is music, and thy beauty's
 Birth is heavenly.

These dull note we sing
Discords need for helps to grace them ;
Only beauty purely loving
Knows no discord ;

But still moves delight,
Like clear springs renew'd by flowing,
Ever perfect, ever in them-
selves eternal.

DEVOTION

FOLLOW your saint, follow with accents sweet !
Haste you, sad notes, fall at her flying feet !
There, wrapt in cloud of sorrow, pity move,
And tell the ravisher of my soul I perish for her love :
But if she scorns my never-ceasing pain,
Then burst with sighing in her sight, and ne'er return again !

All that I sung still to her praise did tend ;
Still she was first, still she my songs did end ;
Yet she my love and music both doth fly,
The music that her echo is and beauty's sympathy :
Then let my notes pursue her scornful flight !
It shall suffice that they were breathed and died for her delight.

VOBISCUM EST IOPE

WHEN thou must home to shades of underground,
And there arrived, a new admirèd guest,
The beauteous spirits do engirt thee round,
White Iope, blithe Helen, and the rest,
To hear the stories of thy finish'd love
From that smooth tongue whose music hell can move ;

Then wilt thou speak of banqueting delights,
 Of masques and revels which sweet youth did make,
 Of tourneys and great challenges of knights,
 And all these triumphs for thy beauty's sake :
 When thou hast told these honours done to thee,
 Then tell, O tell, how thou didst murder me !

O COME QUICKLY !

NEVER weather-beaten sail more willing bent to shore,
 Never tired pilgrim's limbs affected slumber more,
 Than my wearied sprite now longs to fly out of my troubled breast
 O come quickly, sweetest Lord, and take my soul to rest !

Ever blooming are the joys of heaven's high Paradise,
 Cold age deafs not there our ears nor vapour dims our eyes :
 Glory there the sun outshines ; whose beams the Blessed only see
 O come quickly, glorious Lord, and raise my sprite to Thee !

SIR WALTER RALEIGH

(1552?-1618)

THE LAST FIGHT OF THE "REVENGE"

THE Spanish fleet having shrouded their approach by reason of the island, were now so soon at hand, as our ships had scarce time to weigh their anchors, but some of them were driven to let slip their cables and set sail. Sir Richard Grenville was the last weighed, to recover the men that were upon the island, which otherwise had been lost. The Lord Thomas with the rest very hardly recovered the wind, which Sir Richard Grenville not being able to do, was persuaded by the master and others to cut his main sail and cast about, and to trust to the sailing of the ship, for the squadron of Seville were on his weather bow. But Sir Richard utterly refused to turn from the enemy, alleging

that he would rather choose to die, than to dishonour himself, his country, and Her Majesty's ship, persuading his company that he would pass through the two squadrons in despite of them, and enforce those of Seville to give him way. Which he performed upon divers of the foremost, who, as the mariners term it, sprang their luff, and fell under the lee of the *Revenge*. But the other course had been the better, and might right well have been answered in so great an impossibility of prevailing. Notwithstanding out of the greatness of his mind, he could not be persuaded. In the meanwhile as he attended those which were nearest him, the great *San Philip* being in the wind of him, and coming towards him, becalmed his sails in such sort, as the ship could neither weigh nor feel the helm, so huge and high charged was the Spanish ship, being of a thousand and five hundred tons. Who after laid the *Revenge* aboard. When he was thus bereft of his sails, the ships that were under his lee luffing up, also laid him aboard, of which the next was the Admiral of the *Biscaines*, a very mighty and puissant ship commanded by Brittan Dona. The said *Philip* carried three tier of ordinance on a side, and eleven pieces in every tier. She shot eight forthright out of her chase, besides those of her stern ports.

After the *Revenge* was entangled with this *Philip*, four others boarded her ; two on her larboard and two on her starboard. The fight thus beginning at three of the clock in the afternoon, continued very terrible all that evening. But the great *San Philip* having received the lower tier of the *Revenge*, discharged with cross-bar shot, shifted herself with all diligence from her sides, utterly misliking her first entertainment. Some say that the ship foundered, but we cannot report it for truth, unless we were assured. The Spanish ships were filled with companies of soldiers, in some two hundred, besides the mariners ; in some five, in others eight hundred. In ours there were none at all, besides the mariners, but the servants of the commanders and some few voluntary gentlemen only. After many interchanged volleys of great ordnance and small shot, the Spaniards deliberated to enter the *Revenge*, and made

divers attempts, hoping to force her by the multitudes of their armed soldiers and musketeers, but were still repulsed again and again, and at all times beaten back into their own ships, or into the seas. In the beginning of the fight the *George Noble*, of London, having received some shot through her by the armadas, fell under the lee of the *Revenge*, and asked Sir Richard what he would command him, being but one of the victuallers and of small force ; Sir Richard bid him save himself, and leave him to his fortune. After the fight had thus, without intermission, continued while the day lasted and some hours of the night, many of our men were slain and hurt, and one of the great galleons of the Armada and the Admiral of the Hulks both sunk, and in many other of the Spanish ships great slaughter was made. Some write that Sir Richard was very dangerously hurt almost in the beginning of the fight, and lay speechless for a time ere he recovered. But two of the *Revenge's* own company, brought home in a ship of Lime from the Island, examined by some of the Lords and others, affirmed that he was never so wounded as that he forsook the upper deck till an hour before midnight, and then being shot into the body with a musket as he was dressing, was again shot into the head, and withal his surgeon wounded to death. This agrees also with an examination taken by Sir Francis Godolphin, of four other mariners of the same ship being returned, which examination the said Sir Francis sent unto Master William Killigrew, of Her Majesty's Privy Chamber.

But to return to the fight, the Spanish ships which attempted to board the *Revenge*, as they were wounded and beaten off, so always others came in their places, she having never less than two mighty galleons by her sides and aboard her. So that ere the morning from three of the clock the day before, there had fifteen several armadas assailed her, and all so ill approved their entertainment, as they were by the break of day, far more willing to hearken to a composition, than hastily to make any more assaults or entries. But as the day increased so our men decreased ; and as the light grew more and more, by so much more

grew our discomforts. For none appeared in sight but enemies, saving one small ship called the *Pilgrim*, commanded by Jacob Whiddon, who hovered all night to see the success : but in the morning bearing with the *Revenge*, was hunted like a hare amongst many ravenous hounds, but escaped.

All the powder of the *Revenge* to the last barrel was now spent, all her pikes broken, forty of her best men slain, and the most part of the rest hurt. In the beginning of the fight she had but one hundred free from sickness, and fourscore and ten sick, laid in hold upon the ballast. A small troop to man such a ship, and a weak garrison to resist so mighty an army. By those hundred all was sustained, the volleys, boardings, and enterings of fifteen ships of war, besides those which beat her at large. On the contrary, the Spanish were always supplied with soldiers brought from every squadron : all manner of arms and powder at will. Unto ours there remained no comfort at all, no hope, no supply either of ships, men, or weapons ; the masts all beaten overboard, all her tackle cut asunder, her upper work altogether razed, and in effect evened she was with the water, but the very foundation or bottom of a ship, nothing being left overhead either for flight or defence. Sir Richard finding himself in this distress, and unable any longer to make resistance, having endured in this fifteen hours' fight, the assault of fifteen several armadas, all by turns aboard him, and by estimation eight hundred shot of great artillery, besides many assaults and entries. And that himself and the ship must needs be possessed by the enemy, who were now all cast in a ring round about him ; the *Revenge* not able to move one way or other, but as she was moved with the waves and billow of the sea : commanded the master Gunner, whom he knew to be a most resolute man, to split and sink the ship ; that thereby nothing might remain of glory or victory to the Spaniards : seeing in so many hours' fight, and with so great a Navy they were not able to take her, having had fifteen hours' time, fifteen thousand men, and fifty and three sail of men-of-war to perform it withal. And persuaded the

company, or as many as he could induce, to yield themselves unto God, and to the mercy of none else ; but as they had like valiant resolute men, repulsed so many enemies, they should not now shorten the honour of their nation, by prolonging their own lives for a few hours, or a few days. The master Gunner readily condescended and divers others ; but the Captain and the Master were of an other opinion, and besought Sir Richard to have care of them, alleging that the Spaniard would be as ready to entertain a composition, as they were willing to offer the same : and that there being divers sufficient and valiant men yet living, and whose wounds were not mortal, they might do their country and prince acceptable service hereafter. And (that where Sir Richard had alleged that the Spaniards should never glory to have taken one ship of Her Majesty's, seeing that they had so long and so notably defended themselves) they answered, that the ship had six foot water in hold, three shot under water which were so weakly stopped, as with the first working of the sea, she must needs sink, and was besides so crushed and bruised, as she could never be removed out of the place.

And as the matter was thus in dispute, and Sir Richard refusing to hearken to any of those reasons : the master of the *Revenge* (while the Captain won unto him the greater party) was convoyed aboard the General Don Alfonso Bassan. Who, finding none over-hasty to enter the *Revenge* again, doubting lest Sir Richard would have blown them up and himself, and perceiving by the report of the master of the *Revenge* his dangerous disposition : yielded that all their lives should be saved, the company sent for England, and the better sort to pay such reasonable ransom as their estate would bear, and in the mean season to be free from galley or imprisonment. To this he so much the rather condescended as well, as I have said, for fear of further loss and mischief to themselves, as also for the desire he had to recover Sir Richard Grenville ; whom for his notable valour he seemed greatly to honour and admire.

When this answer was returned, and that safety of life was promised, the common sort being now at the end of

their peril, the most drew back from Sir Richard and the master Gunner, being no hard matter to dissuade men from death to life. The master Gunner finding himself and Sir Richard thus prevented and mastered by the greater number, would have slain himself with a sword, had he not been by force withheld and locked into his cabin. Then the General sent many boats aboard the *Revenge*, and divers of our men, fearing Sir Richard's disposition, stole away aboard the General and other ships. Sir Richard thus overmatched, was sent unto by Alfonso Bassan to remove out of the *Revenge*, the ship being marvellous unsavoury, filled with blood and bodies of dead and wounded men like a slaughter-house. Sir Richard answered that he might do with his body what he list, for he esteemed it not, and as he was carried out of the ship he swooned, and reviving again desired the company to pray for him. The General used Sir Richard with all humanity, and left nothing unattempted that tended to his recovery, highly commending his valour and worthiness, and greatly bewailed the danger wherein he was, being unto them a rare spectacle, and a resolution seldom approved, to see one ship turn toward so many enemies, to endure the charge and boarding of so many huge armadas, and to resist and repel the assaults and entries of so many soldiers. All which and more, is confirmed by a Spanish captain of the same armada, and a present actor in the fight, who being severed from the rest in a storm, was by the *Lyon* of London a small ship, taken and is now prisoner in London.

The general commander of the Armada, was Don Alfonso Bassan, brother to the Marquesse of Santa Cruce. The Admiral of the *Biscaine* squadron was Britan Dona. Of the squadron of *Seville*, Marques of Arumburch. The Hulks and Flyboats were commanded by Luis Cutino. There were slain and drowned in this fight, well near two thousand of the enemies, and two especial commanders Don Luis de St. John, and Don George de Prunaria de Malaga, as the Spanish Captain confesseth, besides divers others of special account, whereof as yet report is not made.

The Admiral of the Hulks and the *Ascension* of *Seville*, were both sunk by the side of the *Revenge* ; one other recovered the road of Saint Michael's, and sunk also there, a fourth ran herself with the shore to save her men. Sir Richard died as it is said, the second or third day aboard the *General*, and was by them greatly bewailed. What became of his body, whether it were buried in the sea or on the land we know not : the comfort that remaineth to his friends is, that he hath ended his life honourably in respect of the reputation won to his nation and country, and of the fame to his posterity, and that being dead, he hath not outlived his own honour.

THE CONCLUSION

EVEN such is Time, that takes in trust
 Our youth, our joys, our all we have,
 And pays us but with earth and dust ;
 Who in the dark and silent grave,
 When we have wander'd all our ways,
 Shuts up the story of our days ;
 But from this earth, this grave, this dust.
 My God shall raise me up, I trust.

HIS PILGRIMAGE

GIVE me my scallop-shell of quiet,
 My staff of faith to walk upon,
 My scrip of joy, immortal diet,
 My bottle of salvation,
 My gown of glory, hope's true gage ;
 And thus I'll take my pilgrimage.

Blood must be my body's balmer ;
 No other balm will there be given ;
 Whilst my soul, like quiet palmer,
 Travelleth towards the land of heaven ;

Over the silver mountains,
Where spring the nectar fountains :
 There will I kiss
 The bowl of bliss ;
And drink mine everlasting fill
Upon every milken hill.
My soul will be a-dry before ;
But, after, it will thirst no more.

SAMUEL DANIEL

(1562-1619)

DELIA

VI

FAIR is my love, and cruel as she's fair :
 Her brow shades frowns, although her eyes are sunny ;
 Her smiles are lightening, though her pride despair ;
 And her disdains are gall, her favours honey.
A modest maid, decked with a blush of honour,
 Whose feet do tread green paths of youth and love ;
 The wonder of all eyes that look upon her :
 Sacred on earth, designed a saint above,
Chastity and Beauty, which were deadly foes,
 Live reconcilèd friends within her brow :
 And had she Pity, to conjoin with those ;
 Then who had heard the complaints I utter now ?
O had she not been fair, and thus unkind ;
My Muse had slept, and none had known my mind !

XXXVI

When men shall find thy flower, thy glory pass
And thou, with careful brow, sitting alone,
Receivèd hast this message, from thy glass ;
That tells the truth, and says that " All is gone ! "

Fresh shalt thou see in me, the wounds thou madest ;
 Though spent thy flame, in me the heat remaining.
 I that have loved thee thus before thou fadest,
 My faith shall wax, when thou art in thy waning !
 The world shall find this miracle in me,
 That fire can burn, when all the matter's spent.
 Then what my faith hath been, thyself shalt see !
 And that thou wast unkind, thou may'st repent !
 Thou may'st repent, that thou hast scorned my tears,
 When Winter snows upon thy golden hairs.

XLIX

Care-charmer Sleep ! Son of the sable Night !
 Brother to Death ! In silent darkness, born !
 Relieve my anguish, and restore the light !
 With dark forgetting of my cares, return !
 And let the day be time enough to mourn
 The shipwreck of my ill adventured youth !
 Let waking eyes suffice to wail their scorn,
 Without the torment of the night's untruth !
 Cease, Dreams ! th' imag'ry of our day desires,
 To model forth the passions of the morrow !
 Never let rising sun approve you liars !
 To add more grief to aggravate my sorrow.
 Still let me sleep ! embracing clouds in vain ;
 And never wake to feel the day's disdain.

L

Let others sing of Knights and Paladins,
 In agèd accents, and untimely words !
 Paint shadows, in imaginary lines !
 Which well the reach of their high wits records :
 But I must sing of Thee ! and those fair eyes
 Authentic shall my verse, in time to come,
 When yet the unborn shall say, " Lo, where she lies !
 Whose beauty made him speak, that else was dumb !"
 These are the arks, the trophies I erect,

That fortify thy name against old age ;
And these, thy sacred virtues must protect
Against the dark, and Time's consuming rage.
Though th' error of my youth, they shall discover ;
Suffice they shew I lived, and was thy lover !

CHRISTOPHER MARLOWE

(1564-93)

EDWARD II

"The reluctant pangs of abdicating royalty in Edward, furnished hints which Shakespeare scarce improved in his *Richard II.*"—C. LAMB.

Edw. Here, take my crown ; the life of Edward too ;
[*Taking off the crown.*

Two kings in England cannot reign at once.
But stay awhile, let me be king till night,
That I may gaze upon the glittering crown ;
So shall my eyes receive their last content,
My head, the latest honour due to it,
And jointly both yield up their wishèd right.
Continue ever, thou celestial sun ;
Let never silent night possess this clime :
Stand still, you watches of the element ;
All times and seasons, rest you at a stay,
That Edward may be still fair England's king ;
But day's bright beam doth vanish fast away,
And needs I must resign my wishèd crown.
Inhuman creatures ! nursed with tiger's milk !
Why gape you for your sovereign's overthrow ?
My diadem I mean, and guiltless life.
See, monsters, see, I'll wear my crown again ;

[*He puts on the crown.*

What, fear you not the fury of your king ?
But, hapless Edward, thou art fondly led,

They pass not for thy frowns as late they did,
 But seek to make a new-elected king ;
 Which fills my mind with strange despairing thoughts,
 Which thoughts are martyrèd with endless torments,
 And in this torment comfort find I none,
 But that I feel the crown upon my head,
 And therefore let me wear it yet awhile.

Trus. My lord, the parliament must have present news,
 And therefore say will you resign or no ? [*The King rageth.*]

Edw. I'll not resign ! but whilst I live be king !

Traitors, be gone ! and join you with Mortimer !

Elect, conspire, install, do what you will :

Their blood and yours shall seal these treacheries !

Winch. This answer we'll return, and so farewell.

Leices. Call them again, my lord, and speak them fair ;

For if they go, the prince shall lose his right.

Edw. Call thou them back, I have no power to speak.

Leices. My lord, the king is willing to resign.

Winch. If he be not, let him choose.

Edw. O would I might ! but heavens and earth conspire

To make me miserable ! Here receive my crown ;

Receive it ? no, these innocent hands of mine

Shall not be guilty of so foul a crime.

He of you all that most desires my blood,

And will be call'd the murtherer of a king,

Take it. What, are you moved ? pity you me ?

Then send for unrelenting Mortimer,

And Isabel, whose eyes, being turn'd to steel,

Will sooner sparkle fire than shed a tear.

Yet stay, for rather than I'll look on them,

Here, here ! Now, sweet God of heaven,

[*He gives them the crown.*]

Make me despise this transitory pomp,

And sit for ever enthronised in heaven !

Come death, and with thy fingers close my eyes,

Or if I live, let me forget myself.

Winch. My lord.

Edw. Call me not lord ; away—out of my sight !

Ah, pardon me ! grief makes me lunatic.

HERO AND LEANDER

ON Hellespont, guilty of true love's blood,
In view and opposite two cities stood,
Sea-borderers, disjoin'd by Neptune's might ;
The one Abydos, the other Sestos hight.
At Sestos Hero dwelt ; Hero the fair
Whom young Apollo courted for her hair,
And offer'd as a dower his burning throne,
Where she should sit, for men to gaze upon.
The outside of her garments were of lawn,
The lining purple silk, with gilt stars drawn ;
Her wide sleeves green, and border'd with a grove,
Where Venus in her naked glory strove
To please the careless and disdainful eyes
Of proud Adonis, that before her lies ;
Her kirtle blue, whereon was many a stain,
Made with the blood of wretched lovers slain.
Upon her head she ware a myrtle wreath,
From whence her veil reach'd to the ground beneath :
Her veil was artificial flowers and leaves,
Whose workmanship both man and beast deceives :
Many would praise the sweet smell as she past,
When 'twas the odour which her breath forth cast ;
And there for honey bees have sought in vain,
And, beat from thence, have lighted there again.
About her neck hung chains of pebble-stone,
Which, lighten'd by her neck, like diamonds shone.
She ware no gloves ; for neither sun nor wind
Would burn or parch her hands, but, to her mind,
Or warm or cool them, for they took delight
To play upon those hands, they were so white.
Buskins of shells, all silver'd, usèd she,
And branch'd with blushing coral to the knee ;
Where sparrows perch'd, of hollow pearl and gold,
Such as the world would wonder to behold :
Those with sweet water oft her handmaid fills,

Which as she went, would cherup through their bills,
 Some say, for her the fairest Cupid pin'd,
 And, looking in her face, was strooken blind.
 But this is true ; so like was one the other,
 As he imagin'd Hero was his mother ;
 And oftentimes into her bosom flew,
 About her naked neck his bare arms threw,
 And laid his childish head upon her breast,
 And, with still panting rockt, there took his rest.

* * * * *

On this feast-day,—O cursèd day and hour !—
 Went Hero thorough Sestos, from her tower
 To Venus' temple, where unhappily,
 As after chanc'd, they did each other spy.
 So fair a church as this had Venus none :
 The walls were of discolour'd jasper-stone,
 Wherein was Proteus carv'd ; and over-head
 A lively vine of green sea-agate spread,
 Where by one hand light-headed Bacchus hung,
 And with the other wine from grapes out-wrung.
 Of crystal shining fair the pavement was ;
 The town of Sestos call'd it Venus' glass :

* * * * *

And in the midst a silver altar stood :
 There Hero, sacrificing turtle's blood,
 Vail'd to the ground, veiling her eyelids close ;
 And modestly they open'd as she rose :
 Thence flew Love's arrow with the golden head ;
 And thus Leander was enamourèd.
 Stone-still he stood, and evermore he gaz'd,
 Till with the fire, that from his countenance blaz'd,
 Relenting Hero's gentle heart was strook :
 Such force and virtue hath an amorous look.
 It lies not in our power to love or hate,
 For will in us is over-rul'd by fate.
 When two are stript long ere the course begin,
 We wish that one should lose, the other win ;

And one especially do we affect
Of two gold ingots, like in each respect :
The reason no man knows ; let it suffice,
What we behold is censur'd by our eyes.
Where both deliberate, the love is slight :
Who ever lov'd, that lov'd not at first sight ?

RICHARD HOOKER

(1554-1600)

ECCLESIASTICAL POLITY

HE that goeth about to persuade a multitude, that they are not so well governed as they ought to be, shall never want attentive and favourable hearers ; because they know the manifold defects whereunto every kind of regiment is subject ; but the secret lets and difficulties, which in public proceedings are innumerable and inevitable, they have not ordinarily the judgment to consider. And because such as openly reprove supposed disorders of State, are taken for principal friends to the common benefit of all, and for men that carry singular freedom of mind ; under this fair and plausible colour, whatsoever they utter, passeth for good and current. That which wanteth in the weight of their speech, is supplied by the aptness of men's minds to accept and believe it. Whereas on the other side, if we maintain things that are established, we have not only to strive with a number of heavy prejudices, deeply rooted in the hearts of men, who think that herein we serve the time, and speak in favour of the present State, because thereby we either hold or seek preferment ; but also to bear such exceptions as minds, so averted beforehand, usually take against that which they are loath should be poured into them. Albeit therefore much of that we are to speak in this present cause may seem to a number

perhaps tedious, perhaps obscure, dark, and intricate (for many talk of the truth, which never sounded the depth from whence it springeth ; and therefore when they are led thereunto, they are soon weary, as men drawn from those beaten paths wherewith they have been inured) ; yet this may not so far prevail, as to cut off that which the matter itself requireth, howsoever the nice humour of some be therewith pleased or no. They unto whom we shall seem tedious, are in no wise injured by us, because it is in their own hands to spare that labour which they are not willing to endure. And if any complain of obscurity, they must consider, that in these matters it cometh no otherwise to pass, than in sundry the works both of art and also of nature, where that which hath greatest force in the very things we see, is notwithstanding itself oftentimes not seen. The stateliness of houses, the goodliness of trees, when we behold them, delighteth the eye ; but that foundation which beareth up the one, that root which ministereth unto the other nourishment and life, is in the bosom of the earth concealed ; and if there be at any time occasion to search into it, such labour is then more necessary than pleasant, both to them which undertake it, and for the lookers-on. In like manner, the use and benefit of good Laws, all that live under them may enjoy with delight and comfort, albeit the grounds and first original causes from whence they have sprung be unknown, as to the greatest part of men they are. But when they who withdraw their obedience, pretend, that the Laws which they should obey are corrupt and vicious ; for better examination of their quality, it behoveth the very foundation and root, the highest well-spring and fountain of them to be discovered. Which because we are not oftentimes accustomed to do, when we do it, the pains we take are more needful a great deal than acceptable, and the matters which we handle seem, by reason of newness (till the mind grow better acquainted with them), dark, intricate, and unfamiliar.

* * * * *

The Soul of Man being therefore at the first as a book,

wherein nothing is, and yet all things may be imprinted ; we are to search by what steps and degrees it riseth unto perfection of knowledge. Unto that which hath been already set down concerning Natural Agents, this we must add, that albeit therein we have comprised, as well creatures living, as void of life, if they be in degree of nature beneath men ; nevertheless, a difference we must observe between those natural agents that work altogether unwittingly, and those which have, though weak, yet some understanding what they do, as fishes, fowls, and beasts have. Beasts are in sensible capacity as ripe even as men themselves, perhaps more ripe. For as stones, though in dignity of nature inferior unto plants, yet exceed them in firmness of strength, or durability of being ; and plants, though beneath the excellency of creatures indued with sense, yet exceed them in the faculty of vegetation and of fertility ; so beasts, though otherwise behind men, may notwithstanding in actions of sense and fancy go beyond them ; because the endeavours of nature, when it hath an higher perfection to seek, are in lower the more remiss, not esteeming thereof so much as those things do, which have no better proposed unto them. The Soul of Man therefore, being capable of a more divine perfection, hath (besides the faculties of growing unto sensible knowledge, which is common unto us with beasts) a further ability, whereof in them there is no shew at all, the ability of reaching higher than unto sensible things. Till we grow to some ripeness of years, the Soul of Man doth only store itself with conceits of things of inferior and more open quality, which afterwards do serve as instruments unto that which is greater ; in the meanwhile, above the reach of meaner creatures it ascendeth not. When once it comprehendeth any thing above this, as the differences of time, affirmations, negations, and contradictions in speech, we then count it to have some use of natural reason. Whereunto, if afterwards there might be added the right helps of true art and learning (which helps, I must plainly confess, this age of the world, carrying the name of a learned age, doth neither much know, nor greatly regard), there would undoubtedly be almost as great

difference in maturity of judgment between men therewith inured, and that which now men are, as between men that are now, and innocents. Which speech, if any condemn, as being over hyperbolical, let them consider but this one thing; no art is at the first finding out so perfect as industry may after make it: yet the very first man that to any purpose knew the way we speak of, and followed it, hath alone thereby performed more, very near, in all parts of natural knowledge, than sithence in any one part thereof the whole world besides hath done.

* * * * *

The Romans having banished Tarquinius the Proud, and taken a solemn oath that they never would permit any man more to reign, could not herewith content themselves, or think that tyranny was thoroughly extinguished, till they had driven one of their Consuls to depart the city, against whom they found not in the world what to object, saving only that his name was Tarquin, and that the Commonwealth could not seem to have recovered perfect freedom as long as a man of so dangerous a name was left remaining. For the Church of England to have done the like, in casting out of Papal tyranny and superstition; to have shewed greater willingness of accepting the very ceremonies of the Turk, Christ's professed enemy, than of the most indifferent things which the Church of Rome approveth; to have left not so much as the names which the Church of Rome doth give unto things innocent; to have ejected whatsoever that Church doth make accompt of, be it never so harmless in itself, and of never so ancient continuance, without any other crime to charge it with, than only that it hath been the hap thereof to be used by the Church of Rome, and not to be commanded in the Word of God; this kind of proceeding might happily have pleased some few men who having begun such a course themselves, must needs be glad to see their example followed by us. But the Almighty which giveth wisdom, and inspireth with right understanding whomsoever it pleaseth him, he foreseeing that which man's wit had never been

able to reach unto, namely, what tragedies the attempt of so extreme alteration would raise in some parts of the Christian world, did for the endless good of his Church (as we cannot choose but interpret it) use the bridle of his provident restraining hand to stay those eager affections in some, and to settle their resolution upon a course more calm and moderate ; lest as in other most ample and heretofore most flourishing dominions it hath since fallen out, so likewise, if in ours it had come to pass, that the adverse part being enraged, and betaking itself to such practices as men are commonly wont to embrace when they behold things brought to desperate extremities, and no hope left to see any other end than only the utter oppression and clean extinguishment of one side ; by this mean Christendom flaming in all parts of greatest importance at once, they all had wanted that comfort and mutual relief, whereby they are now for the time sustained (and not the least by this our Church which they so much impeach), till mutual combustions, bloodsheds and wastes (because no other inducement will serve) may enforce them through very faintness, after the experience of so endless miseries, to enter on all sides at the length into some such consultation as may tend to the best re-establishment of the whole Church of Jesus Christ. To the singular good whereof it cannot but serve as a profitable direction, to teach men what is most likely to prove available, when they shall quietly consider the trial that hath been thus long had of both kinds of reformation : as well this moderate kind which the Church of England hath taken ; as that other more extreme and rigorous, which certain Churches elsewhere have better liked. In the meanwhile it may be, that suspense of judgment and exercise of charity were safer and seemlier for Christian men, than the hot pursuit of these controversies, wherein they that are more fervent to dispute be not always the most able to determine. But who are on his side, and who against him, our Lord in his good time shall reveal. And sith thus far we have proceeded in opening the things that have been done, let not the principal doers themselves be forgotten. When the ruins

of the House of God (that House which consisting of religious souls, is most immediately the precious Temple of the Holy Ghost) were become, not in his sight alone, but in the eyes of the whole world so exceeding great, that very Superstition began even to feel itself too far grown; the first that with us made way to repair the decays thereof, by beheading Superstition, was King Henry the Eighth; the son and successor of which famous King, as we know, was Edward the Saint; in whom (for so by the event we may gather) it pleased God righteous and just to let England see, what a blessing sin and iniquity would not suffer it to enjoy. Howbeit, that which the Wise man hath said concerning Enoch (whose days were, though many in respect of ours, yet scarce as three to nine in comparison of theirs with whom he lived), the same to that admirable child most worthily may be applied, "Though he departed this world soon, yet fulfilled he much time." But what ensued? that work which the one in such sort had begun, and the other so far proceeded in, was in short space so overthrown, as if almost it had never been: till such time as that God, whose property is to shew his mercies then greatest when they are nearest to be utterly despaired of, caused in the depth of discomfort and darkness a most glorious Star to arise, and on her head settled the crown, whom himself had kept as a lamb from the slaughter of those bloody times; that the experience of his goodness in her own deliverance might cause her merciful disposition to take so much the more delight in saving others whom the like necessity should press. What in this behalf hath been done towards nations abroad, the parts of Christendom most afflicted can best testify. That which especially concerneth ourselves in the present matter we treat of, is, the state of reformed Religion, a thing at her coming to the crown, even raised, as it were, by miracle from the dead; a thing which we so little hoped to see, that even they which beheld it done, scarcely believed their own senses at the first beholding. Yet being then brought to pass, thus many years it hath continued, standing by no other worldly mean but that one only hand which erected it:

that hand, which as no kind of imminent danger could cause at the first to withhold itself, so neither have the practices, so many, so bloody, following since, been ever able to make weary.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE (I)

(1564-1616)

ROMEO AND JULIET

ACT II. SCENE II. *Capulet's Garden*

Enter Romeo.

Rom. He jests at scars, that never felt a wound.

[Juliet appears above, at a window.]

But, soft ! what light through yonder window breaks ?

It is the east, and Juliet is the sun !—

Arise, fair Sun, and kill the envious Moon,

Who is already sick and pale with grief,

That thou her maid art far more fair than she.

Be not her maid, since she is envious ;

Her vestal livery is but pale and green,

And none but fools do wear it ; cast it off.

It is my lady ; oh ! it is my love.

Oh, that she knew she were !—

She speaks, yet she says nothing. What of that ?

Her eye discourses ; I will answer it.

I am too bold ; 'tis not to me she speaks :

Two of the fairest stars in all the heaven,

Having some business, do entreat her eyes

To twinkle in their spheres till they return.

What if her eyes were there, they in her head !

The brightness of her cheek would shame those stars,

As daylight doth a lamp ; her eyes in heaven

Would through the airy region stream so bright,

That birds would sing, and think it were not night.

See, how she leans her cheek upon her hand !
 Oh, that I were a glove upon that hand,
 That I might touch that cheek !

Jul.

Ah me !

Rom.

She speaks !

Oh, speak again, bright angel ! for thou art
 As glorious to this night, being o'er my head,
 As is a wingèd messenger of heaven
 Unto the white, upturnèd, wond'ring eyes
 Of mortals, that fall back to gaze on him,
 When he bestrides the lazy-pacing clouds,
 And sails upon the bosom of the air.

Jul. O Romeo, Romeo ! wherefore art thou Romeo ?
 Deny thy father, and refuse thy name ;
 Or, if thou wilt not, be but sworn my love,
 And I'll no longer be a Capulet.

Rom. Shall I hear more, or shall I speak at this ? [*Aside.*

Jul. 'Tis but thy name that is my enemy ;
 Thou art thyself though, not a Montague.
 What's Montague ? it is nor hand nor foot,
 Nor arm nor face, nor any other part
 Belonging to a man. Oh, be some other name !
 What's in a name ? that which we call a rose
 By any other name would smell as sweet ;
 So Romeo would, were he not Romeo call'd,
 Retain that dear perfection which he owes,
 Without that title.—Romeo, doff thy name ;
 And for thy name, which is no part of thee,
 Take all myself.

Rom.

I take thee at thy word.

Call me but Love, and I'll be new baptiz'd ;
 Henceforth I never will be Romeo.

Jul. What man art thou, that, thus bescreen'd in night,
 So stumblest on my counsel ?

Rom.

By a name

I know not how to tell thee who I am.
 My name, dear saint, is hateful to myself,
 Because it is an enemy to thee ;
 Had I it written, I would tear the word.

Jul. My ears have not yet drunk a hundred words
Of that tongue's utterance, yet I know the sound.
Art thou not Romeo, and a Montague ?

Rom. Neither, fair saint, if either thee dislike.

Jul. How cam'st thou hither, tell me ? and wherefore ?
The orchard-walls are high, and hard to climb ;
And the place death, considering who thou art,
If any of my kinsmen find thee here.

Rom. With Love's light wings did I o'erperch these walls ;
For stony limits cannot hold Love out :
And what Love can do, that dares Love attempt ;
Therefore thy kinsmen are no let to me.

Jul. If they do see thee, they will murder thee.

Rom. Alack ! there lies more peril in thine eye,
Than twenty of their swords ; look thou but sweet,
And I am proof against their enmity.

Jul. I would not for the world they saw thee here.

Rom. I have Night's cloak to hide me from their sight ;
And, but thou love me, let them find me here :
My life were better ended by their hate,
Than death proroguèd, wanting of thy love.

Jul. By whose direction found'st thou out this place ?

Rom. By Love's, who first did prompt me to inquire.
He lent me counsel, and I lent him eyes.
I am no pilot ; yet, wert thou as far
As that vast shore wash'd with the farthest sea,
I would adventure for such merchandise.

Jul. Thou know'st, the mask of Night is on my face ;
Else would a maiden-blush bepaint my cheek,
For that which thou hast heard me speak to-night.
Fain would I dwell on form, fain, fain deny
What I have spoke ; but farewell compliment !
Dost thou love me ? I know, thou wilt say, Ay ;
And I will take thy word : yet, if thou swear'st,
Thou may'st prove false ; at lovers' perjuries,
They say, Jove laughs. O gentle Romeo,
If thou dost love, pronounce it faithfully ;
Or if thou think'st I am too quickly won,
I'll frown, and be perverse, and say thee, Nay,

So thou wilt woo : but, else, not for the world.
 In truth, fair Montague, I am too fond ;
 And therefore thou may'st think my 'haviour light ;
 But trust me, gentleman, I'll prove more true
 Than those that have more cunning to be strange.
 I should have been more strange, I must confess,
 But that thou overheard'st, ere I was ware,
 My true love's passion : therefore pardon me ;
 And not impute this yielding to light love,
 Which the dark night hath so discovered.

Rom. Lady, by yonder blessed moon I swear,
 That tips with silver all these fruit-tree tops . . .

Jul. Oh ! swear not by the moon, the inconstant moon
 That monthly changes in her circled orb ;
 Lest that thy love prove likewise variable.

Rom. What shall I swear by ?

Jul. Do not swear at all ;
 Or, if thou wilt, swear by thy gracious self,
 Which is the god of my idolatry ;
 And I'll believe thee.

Rom. If my heart's dear love . . .

Jul. Well, do not swear. Although I joy in thee,
 I have no joy of this contract to-night :
 It is too rash, too unadvis'd, too sudden ;
 Too like the lightning, which doth cease to be,
 Ere one can say, *It lightens*. Sweet, good night !
 This bud of love, by summer's ripening breath,
 May prove a beauteous flower when next we meet.
 Good night, good night ! as sweet repose and rest
 Come to thy heart, as that within my breast !

Rom. Oh ! wilt thou leave me so unsatisfied ?

Jul. What satisfaction canst thou have to-night ?

Rom. The exchange of thy love's faithful vow for mine.

Jul. I gave thee mine before thou didst request it ;
 And yet I would it were to give again.

Rom. Would'st thou withdraw it ? for what purpose, love ?

Jul. But to be frank, and give it thee again.
 And yet I wish but for the thing I have ;
 My bounty is as boundless as the sea,

My love as deep ; the more I give to thee,
The more I have ; for both are infinite.

[Nurse calls within.

I hear some noise within. Dear love, adieu !—
Anon, good Nurse !—Sweet Montague, be true.

Stay but a little, I will come again.

[Exit.

Rom. O blessèd, blessèd night ! I am afeard,
Being in night, all this is but a dream,
Too flattering-sweet to be substantial.

Re-enter Juliet, above.

Jul. Three words, dear Romeo, and good night, indeed.
If that thy bent of love be honourable,
Thy purpose marriage, send me word to-morrow,
By one that I'll procure to come to thee,
Where, and what time, thou wilt perform the rite ;
And all my fortunes at thy foot I'll lay,
And follow thee my lord throughout the world.

Nurse. [Within.] Madam.

Jul. I come anon.—But if thou mean'st not well,
I do beseech thee—

Nurse. [Within.] Madam.

Jul. By and by ; I come.—
To cease thy suit, and leave me to my grief.
To-morrow will I send.

Rom. So thrive my soul . . .

Jul. A thousand times good night ! [Exit.

Rom. A thousand times the worse, to want thy light.—
Love goes toward love, as school-boys from their books ;
But Love from love, toward school with heavy looks.

[Retiring slowly.

Re-enter Juliet, above.

Jul. Hist ! Romeo, hist ! Oh, for a falconer's voice,
To lure this tassel-gentle back again !
Bondage is hoarse, and may not speak aloud ;
Else would I tear the cave where Echo lies,
And make her airy voice more hoarse than mine
With repetition of my Romeo's name.

Rom. It is my soul, that calls upon my name.

How silver-sweet sound lovers' tongues by night,
Like softest music to attending ears !

Jul. Romeo !

Rom. My dear !

Jul. At what o'clock to-morrow
Shall I send to thee ?

Rom. At the hour of nine.

Jul. I will not fail ; 'tis twenty years till then.
I have forgot why I did call thee back.

Rom. Let me stand here till thou remember it.

Jul. I shall forget, to have thee still stand there,
Rememb'ring how I love thy company.

Rom. And I'll still stay, to have thee still forget,
Forgetting any other home but this.

Jul. 'Tis almost morning : I would have thee gone,
And yet no further than a wanton's bird ;
Who lets it hop a little from her hand,
Like a poor prisoner in his twisted gyves,
And with a silk-thread plucks it back again,
So loving-jealous of his liberty.

Rom. I would I were thy bird.

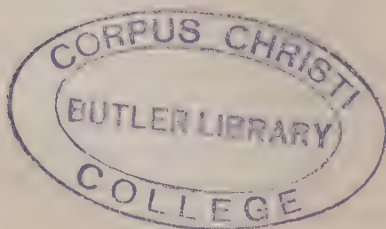
Jul. Sweet, so would I ;
Yet I should kill thee with much cherishing.

Good night, good night ! parting is such sweet sorrow,
That I shall say, Good night, till it be morrow. [Exit.

Rom. Sleep dwell upon thine eyes, peace in thy breast !
Would I were sleep and peace, so sweet to rest !

Hence will I to my ghostly father's cell,
His help to crave and my dear hap to tell.

[Exit.



RICHARD II

ACT II. SCENE I. *An Apartment*

Enter John of Gaunt sick, with the Duke of York, etc.

Gaunt. Will the king come, that I may breathe my last
In wholesome counsel to his unstaïd youth ?

York. Vex not yourself, nor strive not with your breath ;
For all in vain comes counsel to his ear.

Gaunt. O ! but they say the tongues of dying men
Enforce attention like deep harmony :
Where words are scarce, they are seldom spent in vain,
For they breathe truth that breathe their words in pain.
He that no more must say is listen'd more
Than they whom youth and ease have taught to glose ;
More are men's ends mark'd than their lives before :
The setting sun, and music at the close,
As the last taste of sweets, is sweetest last,
Writ in remembrance more than things long past :
Though Richard my life's counsel would not hear,
My death's sad tale may yet undeaf his ear.

York. No ; it is stopp'd with other flattering sounds,
As praises, of whose taste the wise are fond,
Lascivious metres, to whose venom sound
The open ear of youth doth always listen :
Report of fashions in proud Italy,
Whose manners still our tardy apish nation
Limps after in base imitation,
Where doth the world thrust forth a vanity—
So be it new, there's no respect how vile—
That is not quickly buzz'd into his ears ?
Then all too late comes counsel to be heard,
Where will doth mutiny with wit's regard.
Direct not him whose way himself will choose :
'Tis breath thou lack'st, and that breath wilt thou lose.

Gaunt. Methinks I am a prophet new inspired,
And thus expiring do foretell of him :
His rash fierce blaze of riot cannot last,

For violent fires soon burn out themselves ;
Small showers last long, but sudden storms are short ;
He tires betimes that spurs too fast betimes ;
With eager feeding food doth choke the feeder ;
Light vanity, insatiate cormorant,
Consuming means, soon preys upon itself.
This royal throne of kings, this scepter'd isle,
This earth of majesty, this seat of Mars,
This other Eden, demi-paradise,
This fortress built by Nature for herself
Against infection and the hand of war,
This happy breed of men, this little world,
This precious stone set in the silver sea,
Which serves it in the office of a wall,
Or as a moat defensive to a house,
Against the envy of less happier lands,
This blessed plot, this earth, this realm, this England,
This nurse, this teeming womb of royal kings,
Fear'd by their breed and famous by their birth,
Renowned for their deeds as far from home,—
For Christian service and true chivalry,—
As is the sepulchre in stubborn Jewry
Of the world's ransom, blessed Mary's Son :
This land of such dear souls, this dear, dear land,
Dear for her reputation through the world,
Is now leas'd out—I die pronouncing it—
Like to a tenement, or pelting farm :
England, bound in with the triumphant sea,
Whose rocky shore beats back the envious siege
Of watery Neptune, is now bound in with shame,
With inky blots, and rotten parchment bonds :
That England, that was wont to conquer others,
Hath made a shameful conquest of itself.
Ah ! would the scandal vanish with my life,
How happy then were my ensuing death !

SONNETS

XVIII

SHALL I compare thee to a summer's day ?
Thou art more lovely and more temperate :
Rough winds do shake the darling buds of May,
And summer's lease hath all too short a date :
Sometime too hot the eye of heaven shines,
And often is his gold complexion dimm'd ;
And every fair from fair sometime declines,
By chance, or nature's changing course, untrimm'd ;
But thy eternal summer shall not fade,
Nor lose possession of that fair thou owest ;
Nor shall Death brag thou wander'st in his shade,
When in eternal lines to time thou growest ;
 So long as men can breathe, or eyes can see,
 So long lives this, and this gives life to thee.

XXIX

WHEN in disgrace with fortune and men's eyes,
I all alone beweepe my outcast state,
And trouble deaf Heaven with my bootless cries,
And look upon myself, and curse my fate,
Wishing me like to one more rich in hope,
Featur'd like him, like him with friends possess'd,
Desiring this man's art, and that man's scope,
With what I most enjoy contented least ;
Yet in these thoughts myself almost despising,
Haply I think on thee,—and then my state
(Like to the lark at break of day arising
From sullen earth) sings hymns at heaven's gate ;
 For thy sweet love remember'd such wealth brings,
 That then I scorn to change my state with kings.

XXX

WHEN to the sessions of sweet silent thought
I summon up remembrance of things past,

I sigh the lack of many a thing I sought,
 And with old woes new wail my dear times' waste :
 Then can I drown an eye, unus'd to flow,
 For precious friends hid in death's dateless night,
 And weep afresh love's long-since cancell'd woe,
 And moan the expense of many a vanish'd sight.
 Then can I grieve at grievances foregone,
 And heavily from woe to woe tell o'er
 The sad account of fore-bemoaned moan,
 Which I new pay as if not paid before.
 But if the while I think on thee, dear friend,
 All losses are restor'd, and sorrows end.

LIII

WHAT is your substance, whereof are you made,
 That millions of strange shadows on you tend ?
 Since every one hath, every one, one shade,
 And you, but one, can every shadow lend.
 Describe Adonis, and the counterfeit
 Is poorly imitated after you ;
 On Helen's cheek all art of beauty set,
 And you in Grecian tires are painted new :
 Speak of the spring, and foison of the year ;
 The one doth shadow of your beauty show,
 The other as your bounty doth appear,
 And you in every blessèd shape we know.
 In all external grace you have some part,
 But you like none, none you, for constant heart.

LXXIII

THAT time of year thou mayst in me behold
 When yellow leaves, or none, or few, do hang
 Upon those boughs which shake against the cold,
 Bare ruin'd choirs, where late the sweet birds sang.
 In me thou seest the twilight of such day
 As after sunset fadeth in the west,

Which by and by black night doth take away,
Death's second self, that seals up all in rest.
In me thou seest the glowing of such fire,
That on the ashes of his youth doth lie,
As the death-bed whereon it must expire,
Consum'd with that which it was nourish'd by.

This thou perceiv'st, which makes thy love more strong,
To love that well which thou must leave ere long.

XCVIII

FROM you have I been absent in the spring,
When proud-pied April, dress'd in all his trim,
Hath put a spirit of youth in everything,
That heavy Saturn laugh'd and leap'd with him.
Yet not the lays of birds, nor the sweet smell
Of different flowers in odour and in hue,
Could make me any summer's story tell,
Or from their proud lap pluck them where they grew :
Nor did I wonder at the lilies white,
Nor praise the deep vermilion in the rose ;
They are but sweet, but figures of delight,
Drawn after you, you pattern of all those.

Yet seem'd it winter still, and, you away,
As with your shadow I with these did play.

CIV

To me, fair friend, you never can be old,
For as you were when first your eye I eyed,
Such seems your beauty still. Three winters cold
Have from the forests shook three summers' pride ;
Three beauteous springs to yellow autumn turn'd
In process of the seasons have I seen ;
Three April perfumes in three hot Junes burn'd,
Since first I saw you fresh, which yet are green.
Ah ! yet doth beauty, like a dial hand,
Steal from his figure, and no pace perceiv'd ;

So your sweet hue, which methinks still doth stand,
Hath motion, and mine eye may be deceiv'd.

For fear of which, hear this, thou age unbred,
Ere you were born, was beauty's summer dead.

CVI

WHEN in the chronicle of wasted time
I see descriptions of the fairest wights,
And beauty making beautiful old rhyme,
In praise of ladies dead and lovely knights,
Then in the blazon of sweet beauty's best,
Of hand, of foot, of lip, of eye, of brow,
I see their antique pen would have express'd
Even such a beauty as you master now.

So all their praises are but prophecies
Of this our time, all you prefiguring ;
And, for they look'd but with divining eyes,
They had not skill enough your worth to sing :

For we, which now behold these present days,
Have eyes to wonder, but lack tongues to praise.

CIX

O, never say that I was false of heart,
Though absence seem'd my flame to qualify !
As easy might I from myself depart,
As from my soul, which in thy breast doth lie :
That is my home of love : if I have rang'd,
Like him that travels, I return again ;
Just to the time, not with the time exchang'd,—
So that myself bring water for my stain.
Never believe, though in my nature reign'd
All frailties that besiege all kinds of blood,
That it could so preposterously be stain'd,
To leave for nothing all thy sum of good ;
For nothing this wide universe I call,
Save thou, my rose ; in it thou art my all.

CXVI

LET me not to the marriage of true minds
Admit impediments. Love is not love
Which alters when it alteration finds,
Or bends with the remover to remove :
O no ; it is an ever-fixed mark,
That looks on tempests, and is never shaken ;
It is the star to every wandering bark,
Whose worth's unknown, although his height be taken.
Love's not Time's fool, though rosy lips and cheeks
Within his bending sickle's compass come ;
Love alters not with his brief hours and weeks,
But bears it out even to the edge of doom.
If this be error, and upon me prov'd,
I never writ, nor no man ever lov'd.

CXXIX

THE expense of spirit in a waste of shame
Is lust in action ; and till action, lust
Is perjur'd, murderous, bloody, full of blame,
Savage, extreme, rude, cruel, not to trust ;
Enjoy'd no sooner, but despis'd straight ;
Past reason hunted ; and no sooner had,
Past reason hated, as a swallow'd bait,
On purpose laid to make the taker mad :
Mad in pursuit, and in possession so ;
Had, having, and in quest to have, extreme ;
A bliss in proof,—and prov'd, a very woe ;
Before, a joy propos'd ; behind, a dream :
All this the world well knows ; yet none knows well
To shun the heaven that leads men to this hell.

CXLVI

POOR soul, the centre of my sinful earth,
My sinful earth that rebel powers array,
Why dost thou pine within, and suffer dearth,
Painting thy outward walls so costly gay ?

Why so large cost, having so short a lease,
 Dost thou upon thy fading mansion spend ?
 Shall worms, inheritors of this excess,
 Eat up thy charge ? Is this thy body's end ?
 Then, soul, live thou upon thy servant's loss,
 And let that pine to aggravate thy store ;
 Buy terms divine in selling hours of dross ;
 Within be fed, without be rich no more :
 So shalt thou feed on Death, that feeds on men,
 And, Death once dead, there's no more dying then.

MICHAEL DRAYTON

(1563-1631)

THE PARTING

SINCE there's no help, come let us kiss and part—
 Nay, I have done, you get no more of me ;
 And I am glad, yea, glad with all my heart,
 That thus so cleanly I myself can free.
 Shake hands for ever, cancel all our vows,
 And when we meet at any time again,
 Be it not seen in either of our brows
 That we one jot of former love retain.
 Now at the last gasp of Love's latest breath,
 When, his pulse failing, Passion speechless lies,
 When Faith is kneeling by his bed of death,
 And Innocence is closing up his eyes,—
 Now, if thou wouldst, when all have given him over,
 From death to life thou might'st him yet recover.

AGINCOURT

FAIR stood the wind for France
 When we our sails advance,
 Nor now to prove our chance
 Longer will tarry ;

But putting to the main,
At Caux, the mouth of Seine,
With all his martial train
Landed King Harry.

And taking many a fort,
Furnish'd in warlike sort,
Marcheth tow'rds Agincourt
In happy hour ;
Skirmishing day by day
With those that stopp'd his way,
Where the French gen'ral lay
With all his power.

Which, in his height of pride,
King Henry to deride,
His ransom to provide
Unto him sending ;
Which he neglects the while
As from a nation vile,
Yet with an angry smile
Their fall portending.

And turning to his men,
Quoth our brave Henry then,
“ Though they to one be ten
Be not amazèd :
Yet have we well begun ;
Battles so bravely won
Have ever to the sun
By fame been raisèd.

“ And for myself (quoth he)
This my full rest shall be :
England ne'er mourn for me
Nor more esteem me :
Victor I will remain
Or on this earth lie slain,
Never shall she sustain
Loss to redeem me.

Poitiers and Cressy tell,
When most their pride did swell,
Under our swords they fell :

No less our skill is
Than when our grandsire great,
Claiming the regal seat,
By many a warlike feat
Lopp'd the French lilies."

The Duke of York so dread
The eager vaward led ;
With the main Henry sped
Among his henchmen.
Excester had the rear,
A braver man not there ;
O Lord, how hot they were
On the false Frenchmen !

They now to fight are gone,
Armour on armour shone,
Drum now to drum did groan,
To hear was wonder ;
That with the cries they make
The very earth did shake :
Trumpet to trumpet spake,
Thunder to thunder.

Well it thine age became,
O noble Erpingham,
Which didst the signal aim
To our hid forces !
When from a meadow by,
Like a storm suddenly
The English archery
Stuck the French horses.

With Spanish yew so strong,
Arrows a cloth-yard long
That like to serpents stung,
Piercing the weather ;

None from his fellow starts,
 But playing manly parts,
 And like true English hearts
 Stuck close together.

When down their bows they threw,
 And forth their bilbos drew,
 And on the French they flew,
 Not one was tardy ;
 Arms were from shoulders sent,
 Scalps to the teeth were rent,
 Down the French peasants went—
 Our men were hardy.

This while our noble king,
 His broadsword brandishing,
 Down the French host did ding
 As to o'erwhelm it ;
 And many a deep wound lent,
 His arms with blood besprent,
 And many a cruel dent
 Bruisèd his helmet.

Gloster, that duke so good,
 Next of the royal blood,
 For famous England stood
 With his brave brother ;
 Clarence, in steel so bright,
 Though but a maiden knight,
 Yet in that furious fight
 Scarce such another.

Warwick in blood did wade,
 Oxford the foe invade,
 And cruel slaughter made
 Still as they ran up ;
 Suffolk his axe did ply,
 Beaumont and Willoughby
 Bare them right doughtily,
 Ferrers and Fanhope.

Upon Saint Crispin's Day
 Fought was this noble fray,
 Which fame did not delay
 To England to carry.
 O when shall English men
 With such acts fill a pen?
 Or England breed again
 Such a King Harry?

RICHARD HAKLUYT

(1552?–1616)

THE PRINCIPAL NAVIGATIONS OF THE
ENGLISH NATIONTHE EPISTLE DEDICATORIE IN THE FIRST EDITION
1589

To the Right Honourable Sir Francis Walsingham Knight,
 Principall Secretarie to her Majestie, Chancellor of the
 Duchie of Lancaster, and one of her Majesties most
 honourable Privie Councill.

RIGHT HONORABLE, I do remember that being a youth, and
 one of her Majesties scholars at Westminster that fruitful
 nurserie, it was my happe to visit the chamber of M.
 Richard Hakluyt my cosin, a Gentleman of the Middle
 Temple, well known unto you, at a time when I found
 lying open upon his boord certeine bookes of Cosmo-
 graphie, with an universal Mappe: he seeing me somewhat
 curious in the view therof, began to instruct my ignorance,
 by shewing me the division of the earth into three parts
 after the olde account, and then according to the latter,
 & better distribution, into more: he pointed with his wand
 to all the known Seas, Gulfs, Bayes, Straights, Capes,
 Rivers, Empires, Kingdomes, Dukedomes, and Territories
 of ech part, with declaration also of their special commo-

dities, & particular Wants, which by the benefit of traffike, & intercourse of merchants, are plentifully supplied. From the Mappe he brought me to the Bible, and turning to the 107 Psalme, directed mee to the 23 & 24 verses, where I read, that they which go downe to the sea in ships, and occupy by the great waters, they see the works of the Lord, and his wonders in the deepe, &c. Which words of the Prophet together with my cousins discourse (things of high and rare delight to my young nature) tooke in me so deepe an impression, that I constantly resolved, if ever I were preferred to the University, where better time, and more convenient place might be ministred for these studies, I would by God's assistance prosecute that knowledge and kinde of literature, the doores whereof (after a sort) were so happily opened before me.

According to which my resolution, when, not long after, I was removed to Christ-church in Oxford, my exercises of duety first performed, I fell to my intended course, and by degrees read over whatsoever printed or written discoveries and voyages I found extant either in the Greeke, Latine, Italian, Spanish, Portugall, French, or English languages, and in my public lectures was the first, that produced and shewed both the olde imperfectly composed, and the new lately reformed Mappes, Globes, Spheares, and other instruments of this Art for demonstration in the common schooles, to the singular pleasure, and general contentment of my auditory. In continuance of time, and by reason principally of my insight in this study, I grew familiarly acquainted with the chieftest Captaines at sea, the greatest Merchants, and the best Mariners of our nation : by which meanes having gotten somewhat more than common knowledge, I passed at length the narrow seas into France with sir Edward Stafford, her Majesties carefull and discreet Ligier, where during my five yeeres aboad with him in his dangerous and chargeable residencie in her Highnes service, I both heard in speech, and read in books other nations miraculously extolled for their discoveries and notable enterprises by sea, but the English of all others for

Ligier=Resident Minister.

their sluggish security, and continuall neglect of the like attempts especially in so long and happy a time of peace, either ignominiously reported, or exceedingly condemned : which singular opportunity, if some other people our neighbours had beene blessed with, their protestations are often and vehement, they would farre otherwise have used. And that the trueth and evidence heerof may better appeare, these are the very words of Popiliniere in his booke called *L'Admiral de France*, and printed at Paris. Fol. 73, pag. 1, 2. The occasion of his speech is the commendation of the Rhodians, who being (as we are) Islanders, were excellent in navigation, whereupon he woondereth much that the English should not surpasse in that qualitie, in this sort : Ce qui m'a fait autresfois rechercher les occasions, qui empeschent, que les Anglois, qui ont d'esprit, de moyens, & valeur assez, pour s'aquerir un grand honneur parmi tous les Chrestiens, ne se font plus valoir sur le'element qui leur est, & doit estre plus naturel qu'à autres peuples : qui leur doivent ceder en la structure, accomodement & police de navires : comme j'ay veu en plusieurs endroits parmi eux. Thus both hearing, and reading the obloquie of our nation, and finding few or none of our owne men able to replie heerin : and further, not seeing any man to have care to recommend to the world, the industrious labors, and painefull travels of our countrey men : for stopping the mouthes of the reprochers, my selfe being the last winter returned from France with the honorable the Lady Sheffield, for her passing good behavior highly esteemed in all the French court, determined notwithstanding all difficulties, to undertake the burden of that worke wherein all others pretended either ignorance or lacke of leasure, or want of sufficient argument, whereas (to speake truely), the huge toile, and the small profit to insue, were the chief causes of the refusall. I call the worke a burden, in consideration that these voyages lay so dispersed, scattered, and hidden in severall hucksters hands, that I now woonder at my selfe, to see how I was able to endure the delayses, curiosity, and backwardnesse of many from whom I was to receive my originals : so that I have just cause to make that

complaint of the maliciousnes of divers in our time, which Plinie made of the men of his age : At nos elaborata iis abscondere atque suppressere cupimus, & fraudare vitam etiam alienis bonis, &c.

To harpe no longer upon this string, & to speake a word of that just commendation which our nation doe indeed deserve : it can not be denied, but as in all former ages, they have bene men full of activity, stirrers abroad, and searchers of the remote parts of the world, so in this most famous and peerlesse government of her most excellent Majesty, her subjects through the speciall assistance, and blessing of God, in searching the most opposite corners and quarters of the world, and to speake plainly, in compassing the vaste globe of the earth more then once, have excelled all the nations and people of the earth. For, which of the kings of this land before her Majesty, had theyr banners ever seene in the Caspian Sea ? which of them hath ever dealt with the Emperor of Persia, as her Majesty hath done, and obtained for her merchants large & loving privileges ? who ever saw before this regiment, an English Ligier in the stately porch of the Grand Signor at Constantinople ? who ever found English Consuls & Agents at Tripolis in Syria, at Aleppo, at Babylon, at Balsara, and which is more, who ever heard of Englishmen at Goa before now ? what English shippes did heeretofore ever anker in the mighty river of Plate ? passe and repasse the unpassable (in former opinion) straight of Magellan, range along the coast of Chili, Peru, and all the backside of Nova Hispania, further then any Christian ever passed, travers the mighty bredth of the South Sea, land upon the Luzones in despite of the enemy, enter into alliance, amity, and traffike with the princes of the Moluccaes, & the Isle of Java, double the famous Cape of Bona Speranza, arive at the Isle of Santa Helena, & last of al returne home most richly laden with the commodities of China, as the subjects of this now flourishing monarchy have done ?

Lucius Florus in the very end of his historie de gestis Romanorum recordeth as a wonderful miracle, that the Seres, (which I take to be the people of Cathay, or China)

sent Ambassadors to Rome, to intreate friendship, as moved with the fame of the majesty of the Romane Empire. And have not we as good cause to admire, that the Kings of the Moluccaes, and Java major, have desired the favour of her majestie, and the commerce & traffike of her people? Is it not strange that the borne naturalles of Japan, and the Philippinaes are here to be seene, agreeing with our climate, speaking our language, and informing us of the state of their Easterne habitations? For mine owne part, I take it as a pledge of Gods further favour both unto us and them: to them especially, unto whose dores I doubt not in time shalbe by us caried the incomparable treasure of the trueth of Christianity, and of the Gospell, while we use and exercise common trade with their marchants. I must confesse to have read in the excellent history intituled *Origines of Joannes Goropius*, a testimonie of king Henrie the viii. a prince of noble memory, whose intention was once, if death had not prevented him, to have done some singular thing in this case: whose words speaking of his dealing to that end with himselfe, he being a stranger, & his history rare, I thought good in this place verbatim to record: Ante viginti & plus eo annos ab Henrico Knevetto Equite Anglo nomine Regis Henrici arram accepi, qua convenerat, Regio sumptu me totam Asiam, quoad Turcorum & Persarum Regum commendationes, & legationesmitterentur, peregraturum. Ab his enim duobus Asiæ principibus facile se impetraturum sperabat, ut non solum tuto mihi per ipsorum fines liceret ire, sed ut commendatione etiam ipsorum ad confinia quoque daretur penetrare. Sumptus quidem non exiguus erat futurus, sed tanta erat principi cognoscendi aviditas, ut nullis pecuniis ad hoc iter necessariis se diceret parsurum. O dignum Regia Majestate animum, O me felicem, si Deus non ante & Knevetum & Regem abstulisset, quam reversus ab hac peregrinatione fuisset, &c. But as the purpose of David the king to builde a house and temple to God was accepted, although Salomon performed it: so I make no question, but that the zeale in this matter of the aforesaid most renowned prince may seeme no lesse worthy (in his kinde) of acceptation, although

reserved for the person of our Salomon her gracious Majesty, whome I feare not to pronounce to have received the same Heroicall spirit, and most honorable disposition, as an inheritance from her famous father.

Now whereas I have alwayes noted your wisdome to have had a speciall care of the honor of her Majesty, the good reputation of our country, & the advancing of navigation, the very walles of this our Island, as the oracle is reported to have spoken of the sea forces of Athens ; and whereas I acknowledge in all dutifull sort how honorably both by your letter and speech I have bene animated in this and other my travels, I see my selfe bound to make presentment of this worke to your selfe, as the fruits of your owne incouragements, & the manifestation both of my unfained service to my prince and country, and of my particular duty to your honor : which I have done with the lesse suspition either of not satisfying the world, or of not answering your owne expectation, in that according to your order, it hath passed the sight, and partly also the censure of the learned phisitian M. Doctor James, a man many wayes very notably qualified.

And thus beseeching God, the giver of all true honor & wisdome to increase both these blessings in you, with continuance of health, strength, happinesse, and whatsoever good thing els your selfe can wish, I humbly take my leave. London the 17 of November.

Your honors most humble alwayes to be
commanded RICHARD HAKLUYT.

FRANCIS MERES

(1565-1647)

A COMPARATIVE DISCOURSE OF OUR ENGLISH
POETS WITH THE GREEKE, LATINE, AND
ITALIAN POETS

As Greece had three poets of great antiquity, Orpheus, Linus, and Musæus, and Italy other three auncient poets, Livius Andronicus, Ennius, and Plautus : so hath England three auncient poets, Chaucer, Gower, and Lydgate.

As Homer is reputed the Prince of Greek poets, and Petrarch of Italian poets : so Chaucer is accounted the God of English poets.

As Homer was the first that adorned the Greek tongue with true quantity : so *Piers Plowman* was the first that observed the true quantitie of our verse without the curiositie of rime. . . .

As the Greeke tongue is made famous and eloquent by Homer, Hesiod, Euripides, Æschylus, Sophocles, Pindarus, Phocylides, and Aristophanes ; and the Latine tongue by Virgill, Ovid, Horace, Silius Italicus, Lucanus, Lucretius, Ausonius, and Claudianus : so the English tongue is mightily enriched and gorgeously invested in rare ornaments and resplendent abiliments by Sir Philip Sidney, Spencer, Daniel, Drayton, Warner, Shakespeare, Marlow, and Chapman. . . .

As the soule of Euphorbus was thought to live in Pythagoras : so the sweete wittie soule of Ovid lives in mellifluous and hony-tongued Shakespeare, witnes his *Venus and Adonis*, his *Lucrece*, his sugred *Sonnets* among his private friends, etc.

As Plautus and Seneca are accounted the best for Comedy and Tragedy among the Latines : so Shakespeare among the English is the most excellent in both kinds for the stage. For Comedy, witnes his *Gentlemen of Verona*, his

Errors, his *Love Labors Lost*, his *Love Labors Wonne*, his *Midsummers Night Dreame*, and his *Merchant of Venice* ; For Tragedy, his *Richard the 2*, *Richard the 3*, *Henry the 4*, *King John*, *Titus Andronicus*, and his *Romeo and Juliet*.

As Epicius Stolo said that the Muses would speake with Plautus tongue if they would speak Latin : so I say that the Muses would speak with Shakespeares fine filed phrase if they would speak English.

As Musæus, who wrote the love of Hero and Leander, had two excellent schollers, Thamaras and Hercules : so hath he in England two excellent poets, imitators of him in the same argument and subject, Christopher Marlow and George Chapman. . . .

As Pindarus, Anacreon, and Callimachus among the Greekes, and Horace and Catullus among the Latines are the best Lyrick poets : so in this faculty the best among our poets are Spencer (who excelleth in all kinds), Daniel, Drayton, Shakespeare, Bretton.

As these Tragicke Poets flourished in Greece, Æschylus, Euripides, Sophocles, Alexander Ætolus, Achæus Erithriæus, Astydamas Atheniensis, Apollodorus Tarsensis, Nicomachus Phrygius, Thespis Atticus, and Timon Apoloniates ; and these among the Latines, Accius, M. Atilius, Pompon(i)us Secundus, and Seneca : so these are our best for Tragedie, the Lorde Buckhurst, Doctor Leg of Cambridge, Doctor Edes of Oxford, Master Edward Ferris, the author of the *Mirror for Magistrates*, Marlow, Peele, Watson, Kid, Shakespeare, Drayton, Chapman, Decker, and Benjamin Johnson.

As M. Anneus Lucanus writ two excellent tragedies, one called *Medea*, the other *De incendio Troiæ cum Priami calamitate* : so Doctor Leg hath penned two famous tragedies, the one of *Richard the 3*, the other of *The Destruction of Jerusalem*.

The best Poets for Comedy among the Greeks are these, Menander, Aristophanes, Eupolis Atheniensis, Alexis Terius, Nicostratus, Amipsias Atheniensis, Anaxandrides Rhodius, Aristonymus, Archippus Atheniensis, and Callias

Atheniensis ; and among the Latines, Plautus, Terence, Nævius, Sextus Turpilius, Licinius Imbrex, and Virgilius Romanus : so the best for Comedy amongst us bee Edward, Earle of Oxforde, Doctor Gager of Oxforde, Master Rowley, once a rare scholler of learned Pembroke Hall in Cambridge, Maister Edwardes, one of Her Majesties Chappell, eloquent and wittie John Lilly, Lodge, Gascoyne, Greene, Shakespeare, Thomas Nash, Thomas Heywood, Anthony Mundaye, our best plotter, Chapman, Porter, Wilson, Hathway, and Henry Chettle. . . .

As these are famous among the Greeks for Elegie, Melanthus, Mymnermus Colophonius, Olympius Mysius, Parthenius Nicæus, Philetas Cous, Theogenes Megarensis, and Pigres Halicarnassæus ; and these among the Latines, Mæcenas, Ovid, Tibullus, Propertius, C. Valgius, Cassius Severus, and Clodius Sabinus : so these are the most passionate among us to bewaile and bemoane the perplexities of love, Henrie Howard, Earle of Surrey, Sir Thomas Wyat the elder, Sir Francis Brian, Sir Philip Sidney, Sir Walter Rawley, Sir Edward Dyer, Spencer, Daniel, Drayton, Shakespeare, Whetstone, Gascoyne, Samuëll Page, sometimes Fellowe of Corpus Christi Colledge in Oxford, Churchyard, Bretton.

ANONYMOUS SONGS AND BALLADS OF THE SIXTEENTH CENTURY

AS YE CAME FROM THE HOLY LAND

As ye came from the holy land
Of Walsinghame,
Met you not with my true love
By the way as you came ?

How should I know your true love,
That have met many a one
As I came from the holy land,
That have come, that have gone ?

She is neither white nor brown,
 But as the heavens fair ;
 There is none hath her form divine
 In the earth or the air.

Such a one did I meet, good sir,
 Such an angelic face,
 Who like a nymph, like a queen, did appear
 In her gait, in her grace.

She hath left me here alone
 All alone, as unknown,
 Who sometime did me lead with herself,
 And me loved as her own.

What's the cause that she leaves you alone
 And a new way doth take,
 That sometime did love you as her own,
 And her joy did you make ?

I have loved her all my youth,
 But now am old, as you see :
 Love likes not the falling fruit,
 Nor the withered tree.

Know that Love is a careless child,
 And forgets promise past :
 He is blind, he is deaf when he list,
 And in faith never fast.

His desire is a dureless content,
 And a trustless joy ;
 He is won with a world of despair,
 And is lost with a toy.

Of womenkind such indeed is the love,
 Or the word love abusèd,
 Under which many childish desires
 And conceits are excusèd.

But true love is a durable fire,
 In the mind ever burning,
 Never sick, never dead, never cold,
 From itself never turning.

THE NEW JERUSALEM

SONG OF MARY THE MOTHER OF CHRIST. 1601

HIERUSALEM, my happy home,
 When shall I come to thee ?
 When shall my sorrows have an end,
 Thy joys when shall I see ?

O happy harbour of the Saints !
 O sweet and pleasant soil !
 In thee no sorrow may be found,
 No grief, no care, no toil.

There lust and lucre cannot dwell,
 There envy bears no sway ;
 There is no hunger, heat, nor cold,
 But pleasure every way.

Thy walls are made of precious stones,
 Thy bulwarks diamonds square ;
 Thy gates are of right orient pearl,
 Exceeding rich and rare.

Thy turrets and thy pinnacles
 With carbuncles do shine ;
 The very streets are paved with gold,
 Surpassing clear and fine.

Ah, my sweet home, Hierusalem,
 Would God I were in thee !
 Would God my woes were at an end,
 Thy joys that I might see !

Thy gardens and thy gallant walks
Continually are green ;
There grows such sweet and pleasant flowers
As nowhere else are seen.

Quite through the streets, with silver sound,
The flood of Life doth flow ;
Upon whose banks on every side
The wood of Life doth grow.

There trees for evermore bear fruit,
And evermore do spring ;
There evermore the angels sit,
And evermore do sing.

Our Lady sings *Magnificat*
With tones surpassing sweet ;
And all the virgins bear their part,
Sitting about her feet.

Hierusalem, my happy home,
Would God I were in thee !
Would God my woes were at an end,
The joys that I might see !

ICARUS

ROBERT JONES'S *Second Book of Songs and Airs*, 1601

LOVE wing'd my Hopes and taught me how to fly
Far from base earth, but not to mount too high :
For true pleasure
Lives in measure,
Which if men forsake,
Blinded they into folly run and grief for pleasure take.

But my vain Hopes, proud of their new-taught flight,
 Enamour'd sought to woo the sun's fair light,
 Whose rich brightness
 Moved their lightness
 To aspire so high

That all scorch'd and consumed with fire now drown'd in woe they lie.

And none but Love their woeful hap did rue,
 For Love did know that their desires were true ;
 Though fate frowned,
 And now drownèd
 They in sorrow dwell,

It was the purest light of heav'n for whose fair love they fell.

TEARS

JOHN DOWLAND's *Third and Last Book of
 Songs or Airs*, 1603

WEEP you no more, sad fountains ;
 What need you flow so fast ?
 Look how the snowy mountains
 Heaven's sun doth gently waste !
 But my Sun's heavenly eyes
 View not your weeping,
 That now lies sleeping
 Softly, now softly lies
 Sleeping.

Sleep is a reconciling,
 A rest that peace begets ;
 Doth not the sun rise smiling
 When fair at even he sets ?
 Rest you then, rest, sad eyes !
 Melt not in weeping,
 While she lies sleeping
 Softly, now softly lies
 Sleeping.

THERE IS A LADY SWEET AND KIND

THOMAS FORD's *Music of Sundry Kinds*, 1607

THERE is a Lady sweet and kind,
Was never face so pleased my mind ;
I did but see her passing by,
And yet I love her till I die.

Her gesture, motion, and her smiles,
Her wit, her voice my heart beguiles,
Beguiles my heart, I know not why,
And yet I love her till I die.

Cupid is wingèd and doth range,
Her country so my love doth change :
But change she earth, or change she sky,
Yet will I love her till I die.

FRANCIS BACON

(1561-1626)

HIS ACCOUNT OF POETRY

POESY is a part of learning in measure of words for the most part restrained, but in all other points extremely licensed, and doth truly refer to the Imagination ; which, being not tied to the laws of matter, may at pleasure join that which nature hath severed, and sever that which nature hath joined, and so make unlawful matches and divorces of things : *Pictoribus atque poetis*, etc.¹ It is taken in two senses, in respect of words or matter. In the first sense it is but a character of style, and belongeth to

¹ Painters and poets have always been allowed to take what liberties they would.

arts of speech, and is not pertinent for the present. In the later, it is (as hath been said) one of the principal portions of learning, and is nothing else but Feigned History, which may be styled as well in prose as in verse.

The use of this Feigned History hath been to give some shadow of satisfaction to the mind of man in those points wherein the nature of things doth deny it ; the world being in proportion inferior to the soul ; by reason whereof there is agreeable to the spirit of man a more ample greatness, a more exact goodness, and a more absolute variety, than can be found in the nature of things. Therefore, because the acts or events of true history have not that magnitude which satisfieth the mind of man, poesy feigneth acts and events greater and more heroical ; because true history representeth actions and events more ordinary and less interchanged, therefore poesy endueth them with more rareness, and more unexpected and alternative variations. So as it appeareth that poesy serveth and conferreth to magnanimity, morality, and to delectation. And therefore it was ever thought to have some participation of divineness, because it doth raise and erect the mind, by submitting the shews of things to the desires of the mind ; whereas reason doth buckle and bow the mind unto the nature of things. And we see that by these insinuations and congruities with man's nature and pleasure, joined also with the agreement and consort it hath with music, it hath had access and estimation in rude times and barbarous regions, where other learning stood excluded.

The division of poesy which is aptest in the propriety thereof, (besides those divisions which are common unto it with history, as feigned chronicles, feigned lives ; and the appendices of history, as feigned epistles, feigned orations, and the rest ;) is into Poesy Narrative, Representative, and Allusive. The Narrative is a mere imitation of history, with the excesses before remembered ; choosing for subject commonly wars and love, rarely state, and sometimes pleasure or mirth. Representative is as a visible history, and is an image of actions as if they were present, as history is of actions in nature as they are, (that is) past.

Allusive or Parabolical is a narration applied only to express some special purpose or conceit. Which later kind of parabolical wisdom was much more in use in the ancient times, as by the fables of Æsop and the brief sentences of the Seven and the use of hieroglyphics may appear. And the cause was, for that it was then of necessity to express any point of reason which was more sharp or subtle than the vulgar in that manner; because men in those times wanted both variety of examples and subtilty of conceit: and as hieroglyphics were before letters, so parables were before arguments: and nevertheless now and at all times they do retain much life and vigour, because reason cannot be so sensible, nor examples so fit.

But there remaineth yet another use of Poesy Parabolical, opposite to that which we last mentioned: for that tendeth to demonstrate and illustrate that which is taught or delivered, and this other to retire and obscure it: that is when the secrets and mysteries of religion, policy, or philosophy are involved in fables or parables. Of this in divine poesy we see the use is authorized. In heathen poesy we see the exposition of fables doth fall out sometimes with great felicity; as in the fable that the giants being overthrown in their war against the gods, the Earth their mother in revenge thereof brought forth Fame:

Illam Terra parens, irâ irritata deorum,
Extremam, ut perhibent, Cœo Enceladoque sororem
Progeniuit:

expounded that when princes and monarchs have suppressed actual and open rebels, then the malignity of people (which is the mother of rebellion) doth bring forth libels and slanders and taxations of the state, which is of the same kind with rebellion, but more feminine. So in the fable that the rest of the gods having conspired to bind Jupiter, Pallas called Briareus with his hundred hands to his aid: expounded that monarchies need not fear any curbing of their absoluteness by mighty subjects, as long as by wisdom they keep the hearts of the people, who will be sure to come in on their side. So in the fable that Achilles was

brought up under Chiron the Centaur, who was part a man and part a beast : expounded ingeniously but corruptly by Machiavel, that it belongeth to the education and discipline of princes to know as well how to play the part of the lion in violence and the fox in guile, as of the man in virtue and justice. Nevertheless in many the like encounters, I do rather think that the fable was first, and the exposition devised, than that the moral was first, and thereupon the fable framed. For I find it was an ancient vanity in Chrysippus, that troubled himself with great contention to fasten the assertions of the Stoics upon the fictions of the ancient poets. But yet that all the fables and fictions of the poets were but pleasure and not figure, I interpose no opinion. Surely of those poets which are now extant, even Homer himself, (notwithstanding he was made a kind of Scripture by the later schools of the Grecians,) yet I should without any difficulty pronounce that his fables had no such inwardness in his own meaning ; but what they might have upon a more original tradition, is not easy to affirm ; for he was not the inventor of many of them.

In this third part of learning, which is poesy, I can report no deficiency. For being as a plant that cometh of the lust of the earth, without a formal seed, it hath sprung up and spread abroad more than any other kind. But to ascribe unto it that which is due ; for the expressing of affections, passions, corruptions, and customs, we are beholding to poets more than to the philosophers' works ; and for wit and eloquence not much less than to orators' harangues. But it is not good to stay too long in the theatre. Let us now pass on to the judicial place or palace of the mind, which we are to approach and view with more reverence and attention.

Advancement of Learning, Book II.

PARAPHRASE OF PSALM XC

O GOD, thou art our home, to whom we fly,
And so hast always been from age to age,
Before the hills did intercept the eye,
Or that the frame was up of earthly stage.
O God, thou wert and art, and still shalt be :
The line of time, it doth not measure thee.

Both death and life obey thy holy lore,
And visit in their turns as they are sent ;
A thousand years with thee, they are no more
Than yesterday, which as it is, is spent :
Or like a watch by night, that course doth keep,
And goes and comes unwares to them that sleep.

Thou carriest man away as with a tide ;
Then down swim all his thoughts that mounted high,
Much like a mocking dream that will not bide,
But flies before the sight of waking eye ;
Or as the grass that cannot term obtain
To see the summer come about again.

Teach us, O Lord, to number well our days,
Thereby our hearts to wisdom to apply ;
For that which guides man best in all his ways,
Is meditation of mortality.
The bubble light, this vapour of our breath,
Teach us to consecrate to hour of Death.

OF LOVE

THE Stage is more beholding to *Love*, then the Life of Man. For as to the Stage, *Love* is ever matter of Comedies, and now and then of Tragedies : But in Life, it doth much mischief : Sometimes like a *Syren* ; Sometimes like a *Fury*. You may observe, that amongst all the great and worthy Persons (whereof the memory remaineth,

either Ancient or Recent), there is not One, that hath beene transported, to the mad degree of *Love*: which shewes, that great Spirits, and great Businesse, doe keepe out this weake Passion. You must except, neverthelesse, *Marcus Antonius* the halfe Partner of the Empire of *Rome*; and *Appius Claudius* the *Decemvir*, and Law-giver: Whereof the former, was indeed a Voluptuous Man, and Inordinate; but the latter, was an Austere, and wise man: And therefore it seemes (though rarely) that *Love* can finde entrance, not only into an open Heart; but also into a Heart well fortified; if watch be not well kept. It is a poore Saying of *Epicurus*; *Satis magnum Alter Alteri Theatrum sumus*: As if Man, made for the contemplation of Heaven, and all Noble Objects, should doe nothing, but kneele before a little Idoll, and make himselfe subiect, though not of the Mouth (as Beasts are) yet of the Eye; which was given him for higher Purposes. It is a strange Thing, to note the Excesse of this Passion; And how it braves, the Nature, and value of things; by this, that the Speaking in a perpetuall *Hyperbole*, is comely in nothing, but in *Love*. Neither is it meerely in the Phrase; For whereas it hath beene well said, that the Arch-flatterer, with whom all the petty Flatterers have Intelligence, is a Mans Selfe; Certainly, the *Lover* is more. For there was never Proud Man, thought so absurdly well of himselfe, as the *Lover* doth of the Person loved: And therefore, it was well said: *That it is impossible to love, and to be wise*. Neither doth this weaknesse appeare to others onely, and not to the Party Loved; But to the Loved, most of all: except the *Love* be reciproque. For, it is a true Rule, that *Love* is ever rewarded, either with the Reciproque, or with an inward, and secret Contempt. By how much the more, Men ought to beware of this Passion, which loseth not only other things, but it selfe. As for the other losses, the Poets Relation, doth well figure them; That he that preferred *Helena*, quitted the Gifts of *Iuno*, and *Pallas*. For whosoever esteemeth too much of Amorous Affection, quitteth both Riches, and Wisedome. This Passion, hath his Flouds, in the very times of Weaknesse; which are, great Pros-

peritie ; and great *Adversitie* ; though this latter hath beene lesse observed. Both which times kindle *Love*, and make it more fervent, and therefore shew it to be the Childe of Folly. They doe best, who, if they cannot but admit *Love*, yet make it keepe Quarter : And sever it wholly, from their serious Affaires, and Actions of life : For if it checke once with Businesse, it troubleth Mens Fortunes, and maketh Men, that they can, no wayes be true, to their owne Ends. I know not how, but Martiall Men, are given to *Love* : I thinke it is, but as they are given to *Wine* ; For *Perils*, commonly aske, to be paid in *Pleasures*. There is in Mans Nature, a secret Inclination, and Motion, towards *love* of others ; which, if it be not spent, upon some one, or a few, doth naturally spread it selfe, towards many ; and maketh men become Humane, and Charitable ; As it is seene sometime in Friars. Nuptiall *love* maketh Mankinde—Friendly *love* perfecteth it ; but Wanton *love* Corrupteth, and Imbaseth it.

Essays.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE (II)

(1564-1616)

ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA

ACT IV. SCENE XIII. *A Monument*

Enter above Cleopatra, Charmian, and Iras.

Cleo. O Charmian, I will never go from hence.

Char. Be comforted, dear madam.

Cleo. No, I will not.

All strange and terrible events are welcome,
But comforts we despise ; our size of sorrow,
Proportion'd to our cause, must be as great
As that which makes it.—

Enter Diomedes.

How now ! is he dead ?

Dio. His death's upon him, but [he is] not dead.

Look out o' the other side your monument ;
His guard have brought him hither.

Enter Antony, borne by the Guard.

Cleo. O sun,
Burn the great sphere thou mov'st in ! darkling stand [on]
The varying shore o' the world ! O Antony,
Antony, Antony ! Help, Charmian ; help, Iras, help ;
Help, friends below ; let's draw him hither.

Ant. Peace !

Not Cæsar's valour hath o'erthrown Antony,
But Antony's hath triumphed on itself.

Cleo. So it should be, that none but Antony
Should conquer Antony ; but woe 'tis so !

Ant. I am dying, Egypt, dying ; only
I here importune Death a while, until
Of many thousand kisses the poor last
I lay upon thy lips.

Cleo. I dare not, dear—dear my lord, pardon—I dare not,
Lest I be taken. Not the imperious shrew
Of the full-fortun'd Cæsar ever shall
Be brooch'd with me ; if knife, drugs, serpents, have
Edge, sting, or operation, I am safe.
Your wife Octavia, with her modest eyes,
And still conclusion, shall acquire no honour
Demuring upon me.—But come, come, Antony—
Help me, my women—we must draw thee up.
Assist, good friends.

Ant. Oh ! quick, or I am gone.

Cleo. Here's sport, indeed !—How heavy weighs my lord !
Our strength is all gone into heaviness,
That makes the weight. Had I great Juno's power,
The strong-wing'd Mercury should fetch thee up,
And set thee by Jove's side. Yet come a little—
Wishers were ever fools—O come, come, come ;

[They draw Antony up.]

And welcome, welcome ! die, where thou hast liv'd :
Quicken with kissing ; had my lips that power,
Thus would I wear them out.

All. A heavy sight !

Ant. I am dying, Egypt, dying.

Give me some wine, and let me speak a little.

Cleo. No, let me speak ; and let me rail so high,
That the false housewife Fortune break her wheel,
Provok'd by my offence.

Ant. One word, sweet Queen.

Of Cæsar seek your honour with your safety.—Oh !

Cleo. They do not go together.

Ant. Gentle, hear me.

None about Cæsar trust, but Proculeius.

Cleo. My resolution and my hands I'll trust ;

None about Cæsar.

Ant. The miserable change now at my end
Lament nor sorrow at ; but please your thoughts,
In feeding them with those my former fortunes,
Wherein I liv'd the greatest prince o' the world,
The noblest, and do now not basely die,
Not cowardly put off my helmet to
My countryman, a Roman by a Roman
Valiantly vanquish'd. Now, my spirit is going ;
I can no more. [Dies.

Cleo. Noblest of men, woo't die ?
Hast thou no care of me ? shall I abide
In this dull world, which in thy absence is
No better than a sty ?—Oh ! see, my women,
The crown o' the earth doth melt.—My lord !—
Oh ! wither'd is the garland of the war,
The soldier's pole is fallen ; young boys and girls
Are level now with men ; the odds is gone,
And there is nothing left remarkable.

Beneath the visiting moon. [She faints.

Char. Oh, quietness, lady !

Iras. She is dead too, our sovereign.

Char. Lady !

Iras. Madam !

Char. O madam, madam, madam !

Iras. Royal Egypt !

Emperess !

Char. Peace, peace, Iras

Cleo. No more, but e'en a woman ; and commanded
By such poor passion as the maid that milks,
And does the meanest chares.—It were for me
To throw my sceptre at the injurious gods ;
To tell them, that this world did equal theirs,
Till they had stolen our jewel. All's but naught ;
Patience is sottish ; and impatience does
Become a dog that's mad. Then is it sin,
To rush into the secret house of Death,
Ere Death dare come to us ?—How do you, women ?
What, what ! good cheer ! Why, how now, Charmian ?
My noble girls !—Ah, women, women ! look,
Our lamp is spent, it's out.—Good sirs, take heart :—

[*To the Guard below.*

We'll bury him ; and then, what's brave, what's noble,
Let's do it after the high Roman fashion,
And make Death proud to take us. Come, away ;
This case of that huge spirit now is cold.
Ah women, women ! come ; we have no friend
But resolution, and the briefest end.

[*Exeunt ; those above bearing off Antony's Body.*

ACT V. SCENE II

A Room in the Monument

Cleo. Shew me, my women, like a queen.—Go fetch
My best attires ; I am again for Cydnus,
To meet Mark Antony.—Sirrah, Iras, go.—
Now, noble Charmian, we'll despatch indeed ;
And, when thou hast done this chare, I'll give thee leave
To play till Doomsday. Bring our crown and all.—
Wherefore's this noise ?

[*Exit Iras. A noise within.*

Enter one of the Guard.

Guard.

Here is a rural fellow,

That will not be denied your Highness' presence.
He brings you figs.

Cleo. Let him come in. [*Exit Guard.*] What a poor instrument
May do a noble deed ! he brings me liberty.—
My resolution's plac'd, and I have nothing
Of woman in me. Now from head to foot
I am marble-constant ; now the fleeting moon
No planet is of mine.

Re-enter Guard, with a Clown, bringing a basket.

Guard. This is the man.

Cleo. Avoid, and leave him. [*Exit Guard.*]

Hast thou the pretty worm of Nilus there,
That kills and pains not ?

Clown. Truly I have him : but I would not be the party that
should desire you to touch him ; for his biting is immortal.
Those, that do die of it, do seldom or never recover.

Cleo. Remember'st thou any that have died on it ?

Clown. Very many, men and women too. I heard of one of
them no longer than yesterday—a very honest woman, but
something given to lie ; as a woman should not do, but
in the way of honesty—how she died of the biting of it,
what pain she felt.—Truly, she makes a very good report
o' the worm ; but he that will believe all that they say, shall
never be saved by half that they do. But this is most fallible,
the worm's an odd worm.

Cleo. Get thee hence ; farewell.

Clown. I wish you all joy of the worm.

Cleo. Farewell. [*Clown sets down the basket.*]

Clown. You must think this, look you, that the worm will do
his kind.

Cleo. Ay, ay ; farewell.

Clown. Look you, the worm is not to be trusted, but in the
keeping of wise people ; for, indeed, there is no goodness
in the worm.

Cleo. Take thou no care ; it shall be heeded.

Clown. Very good ; give it nothing, I pray you, for it is not
worth the feeding.

Cleo. Will it eat me ?

Clown. You must not think I am so simple, but I know the Devil himself will not eat a woman. I know that a woman is a dish for the gods, if the Devil dress her not. But, truly, these same whoreson devils do the gods great harm in their women ; for in every ten that they make, the devils mar five.

Cleo. Well, get thee gone ; farewell.

Clown. Yes, forsooth ; I wish you joy of the worm. [Exit.

Re-enter Iras, with a robe, crown, etc.

Cleo. Give me my robe, put on my crown, I have Immortal longings in me. Now no more The juice of Egypt's grape shall moist this lip.—Yare, yare, good Iras ; quick.—Methinks, I hear Antony call ; I see him rouse himself To praise my noble act ; I hear him mock The luck of Cæsar, which the gods give men To excuse their after wrath. Husband, I come ; Now to that name my courage prove my title ! I am fire, and air ; my other elements I give to baser life.—So,—have you done ? Come then, and take the last warmth of my lips. Farewell, kind Charmian ;—Iras, long farewell.

[Kisses them. Iras falls and dies.

Have I the aspic in my lips ? dost fall ? If thou and Nature can so gently part, The stroke of Death is as a lover's pinch, Which hurts, and is desir'd. Dost thou lie still ? If thus thou vanishest, thou tell'st the world It is not worth leave-taking.

Char. Dissolve, thick cloud, and rain ; that I may say The gods themselves do weep !

Cleo. This proves me base.

If she first meet the curlèd Antony,
He'll make demand of her ; and spend that kiss,
Which is my heaven to have. Come, thou mortal wretch,
[To the asp, which she applies to her breast.

With thy sharp teeth this knot intricate
Of life at once untie ; poor venomous fool,
Be angry, and despatch. Oh, could'st thou speak!

That I might hear thee call great Cæsar, Ass
Unpoliced !

Char. O eastern star !

Cleo. Peace, peace !

Dost thou not see my baby at my breast,

That sucks the nurse asleep ?

Char. Oh, break ! Oh, break !

Cleo. As sweet as balm, as soft as air, as gentle.—

O Antony !—Nay, I will take thee too ;

[Applying another asp to her arm.]

What should I stay . . . *[Falls on a bed, and dies.]*

Char. In this vile world. So, fare thee well.—

Now boast thee, Death ! in thy possession lies

A lass unparallel'd.—Downy windows, close ;

And golden Phœbus never be beheld

Of eyes again so royal ! Your crown's awry ;

I'll mend it, and then play.

Enter the Guard, rushing in.

1 Guard. Where is the Queen ?

Char. Speak softly, wake her not.

1 Guard. Cæsar hath sent . . .

Char. Too slow a messenger.

[Applies the asp.]

Oh, come ! apace, despatch ! I partly feel thee.

1 Guard. Approach, ho ! All's not well. Cæsar's beguil'd.

2 Guard. There's Dolabella sent from Cæsar ; call him.

1 Guard. What work is here ?—Charmian, is this well done ?

Char. It is well done, and fitting for a princess

Descended of so many royal kings.

Ah, soldier !

[Dies.]

FIDELE

FEAR no more the heat o' the sun,
 Nor the furious winter's rages ;
 Thou thy worldly task hast done,
 Home art gone, and ta'en thy wages :
 Golden lads and girls all must,
 As chimney-sweepers, come to dust.

Fear no more the frown o' the great,
 Thou art past the tyrant's stroke ;
 Care no more to clothe and eat ;
 To thee the reed is as the oak :
 The sceptre, learning, physic, must
 All follow this, and come to dust.

Fear no more the lightning-flash,
 Nor the all-dreaded thunder-stone ;
 Fear not slander, censure rash ;
 Thou hast finish'd joy and moan :
 All lovers young, all lovers must
 Consign to thee, and come to dust.

No exorciser harm thee !
 Nor no witchcraft charm thee !
 Ghost unlaid forbear thee !
 Nothing ill come near thee !
 Quiet consummation have ;
 And renownèd be thy grave !

SONGS FROM "THE TEMPEST"

I

COME unto these yellow sands,
 And then take hands :
 Court'sied when you have, and kiss'd,—
 The wild waves whist,—

Foot it featly here and there ;
 And, sweet sprites, the burden bear.
 Hark, hark !
 Bow, wow,
 The watch-dogs bark :
 Bow, wow.
 Hark, hark ! I hear
 The strain of strutting chanticleer
 Cry, Cock-a-diddle-dow !

II

Full fathom five thy father lies ;
 Of his bones are coral made ;
 Those are pearls that were his eyes :
 Nothing of him that doth fade,
 But doth suffer a sea-change
 Into something rich and strange.
 Sea-nymphs hourly ring his knell :
 Ding-dong.
 Hark ! now I hear them—
 Ding-dong, bell !

RICHARD BARNEFIELD

(1574-1627)

PHILOMEL

As it fell upon a day
 In the merry month of May,
 Sitting in a pleasant shade
 Which a grove of myrtles made,
 Beasts did leap and birds did sing,
 Trees did grow and plants did spring ;
 Everything did banish moan
 Save the Nightingale alone :

BEN JONSON

She, poor bird, as all forlorn
 Lean'd her breast up-till a thorn,
 And there sung the dolefull'st ditty,
 That to hear it was great pity.
Fie, fie, fie ! now would she cry ;
Tereu, Tereu ! by and by ;
 That to hear her so complain
 Scarce I could from tears refrain ;
 For her griefs so lively shown
 Made me think upon mine own.
 Ah ! thought I, thou mourn'st in vain,
 None takes pity on thy pain :
 Senseless trees they cannot hear thee,
 Ruthless beasts they will not cheer thee :
 King Pandion he is dead,
 All thy friends are lapp'd in lead ;
 All thy fellow birds do sing
 Careless of thy sorrowing :
 Even so, poor bird, like thee,
 None alive will pity me.

BEN JONSON

(1573-1637)

EVERY MAN IN HIS HUMOUR

ACT I

Kno'well, an old gentleman, and Mr. Stephen, a country Gull

Kno. Cousin Stephen !

What news with you that you are here so early ?

Step. Nothing, but e'en come to see how you do, uncle.

Kno. That's kindly done, you are welcome, coz.

Step. Ay, I know that, Sir, I would not ha' come else. How doth my cousin Edward, uncle ?

Kno. O, well, coz, go in and see : I doubt he be scarce stirring yet.

Step. Uncle, afore I go in, can you tell me an he have e'er a book of the sciences of hawking and hunting ? I would fain borrow it.

Kno. Why, I hope you will not a hawking now, will you ?

Step. No wosse, but I'll practise against the next year, uncle. I have bought a hawk, and a hood, and bells, and all ; I lack nothing, but a book to keep it by.

Kno. O, most ridiculous !

Step. Nay, look you now, you are angry, uncle. Why, you know, an a man have not skill in the hawking and hunting languages now-a-days, I'll not give a rush for him. They are more studied than the Greek, or the Latin. He is for no gallant's company without 'em. And by Gad's lid I scorn it, I, so I do, to be a consort for every humdrum, hang 'em scroyls, there's nothing in 'em, i' the world. What do you talk on it ? Because I dwell at Hogsden, I shall keep company with none but the archers of Finsbury ! or the citizens, that come a ducking to Islington ponds. A fine jest i' faith ! 'slid, a gentleman mun show himself like a gentleman. Uncle, I pray you be not angry. I know what I have to do, I trow, I am no novice.

Kno. You are a prodigal absurd coxcomb : go to !

Nay, never look at me, it's I that speak.

Take't as you will, Sir, I'll not flatter you.

Ha' you not yet found means enow, to waste

That, which your friends have left you, but you must

Go cast away your money on a kite,

And know not how to keep it, when you've done ?

O, it's comely ! this will make you a gentleman !

Well, cousin, well ! I see you are e'en past hope

Of all reclaim. Ay, so, now you're told on it,

You look another way.

Step. What would you ha' me do ?

Kno. What would I have you do ! I'll tell you, kinsman ;

Learn to be wise, and practise how to thrive ;
 That would I have thee do : and not to spend
 Your coin on every bawble that you fancy,
 Or every foolish brain that humours you.
 I would not have you to invade each place,
 Nor thrust yourself on all societies,
 Till men's affections, or your own desert,
 Should worthily invite you to your rank.
 He that is so disrespectful in his courses,
 Oft sells his reputation at cheap market.
 Nor would I, you should melt away yourself
 In slashing bravery, lest while you affect
 To make a blaze of gentry to the world,
 A little puff of scorn extinguish it,
 And you be left, like an unsavory snuff,
 Whose property is only to offend.
 I'd ha' you sober and contain yourself :
 Not, that your sail be bigger than your boat :
 But mod'rate your expences now (at first)
 As you may keep the same proportion still.
 Nor stand so much on your gentility,
 Which is an airy, and mere borrow'd thing,
 From dead men's dust, and bones : and none of yours
 Except you make, or hold it.

HYMN TO DIANA

QUEEN and huntress, chaste and fair,
 Now the sun is laid to sleep,
 Seated in thy silver chair,
 State in wonted manner keep :
 Hesperus entreats thy light,
 Goddess excellently bright.

Earth, let not thy envious shade
 Dare itself to interpose ;

Cynthia's shining orb was made
Heaven to clear when day did close :
Bless us then with wishèd sight,
Goddess excellently bright.

Lay thy bow of pearl apart,
And thy crystal-shining quiver ;
Give unto the flying hart
Space to breathe, how short soever :
Thou that mak'st a day of night—
Goddess excellently bright.

TO CELIA

DRINK to me only with thine eyes,
And I will pledge with mine ;
Or leave a kiss but in the cup
And I'll not look for wine.
The thirst that from the soul doth rise
Doth ask a drink divine ;
But might I of Jove's nectar sup,
I would not change for thine.

I sent thee late a rosy wreath,
Not so much honouring thee
As giving it a hope that there
It could not wither'd be ;
But thou thereon didst only breathe,
And sent'st it back to me ;
Since when it grows, and smells, I swear,
Not of itself but thee !

AN ELEGY

THOUGH beauty be the mark of praise,
And yours of whom I sing be such
As not the world can praise too much,
Yet 'tis your virtue now I raise.

A virtue, like allay, so gone
Throughout your form as, though that move
And draw and conquer all men's love,
This subjects you to love of one.

Wherein you triumph yet—because
'Tis of your flesh, and that you use
The noblest freedom, not to choose
Against or faith or honour's laws.

But who should less expect from you ?
In whom alone Love lives again :
By whom he is restored to men,
And kept and bred and brought up true.

His falling temples you have rear'd,
The wither'd garlands ta'en away ;
His altars kept from that decay
That envy wish'd, and nature fear'd :

And on them burn so chaste a flame,
With so much loyalty's expense,
As Love to acquit such excellence
Is gone himself into your name.

allay=alloy.

And you are he—the deity
To whom all lovers are design'd
That would their better objects find ;
Among which faithful troop am I—

Who as an off'ring at your shrine
Have sung this hymn, and here entreat
One spark of your diviner heat
To light upon a love of mine.

Which if it kindle not, but scant
Appear, and that to shortest view ;
Yet give me leave to adore in you
What I in her am grieved to want !

EPITAPH

ON ELIZABETH L. H.

WOULDST thou hear what Man can say
In a little ? Reader, stay.
Underneath this stone doth lie
As much Beauty as could die :
Which in life did harbour give
To more Virtue than doth live.
If at all she had a fault,
Leave it buried in this vault.
One name was *Elizabeth*,
The other, let it sleep with death :
Fitter, where it died, to tell
Than that it lived at all. Farewell.

TO THE MEMORY OF MY BELOVED MASTER
WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE, AND WHAT HE
HATH LEFT US

To draw no envy, Shakspeare, on thy name,
Am I thus ample to thy book and fame ;
While I confess thy writings to be such,
As neither Man nor Muse can praise too much.
'Tis true, and all men's suffrage. But these ways
Were not the paths I meant unto thy praise ;
For seeliest ignorance on these may light,
Which, when it sounds at best, but echoes right ;
Or blind affection, which doth ne'er advance
The truth, but gropes, and urgeth all by chance ;
Or crafty malice might pretend this praise,
And think to ruin where it seemed to raise.
These are, as some infamous bawd or whore
Should praise a matron ; what could hurt her more ?
But thou art proof against them and, indeed,
Above the ill fortune of them, or the need.
I therefore will begin : Soul of the age !
The applause, delight, the wonder of our stage !
My SHAKSPEARE, rise ! I will not lodge thee by
Chaucer, or Spenser, or bid Beaumont lie
A little further, to make thee a room :
Thou art a monument without a tomb,
And art alive still while thy book doth live,
And we have wits to read, and praise to give.
That I not mix thee so my brain excuses,—
I mean with great, but disproportioned Muses ;
For if I thought my judgment were of years,
I should commit thee surely with thy peers,
And tell how far thou didst our Lyly outshine,
Or sporting Kyd, or Marlowe's mighty line.
And though thou hadst small Latin and less Greek,
From thence to honour thee, I would not seek
For names, but call forth thund'ring Æschylus,
Euripides, and Sophocles to us,

Pacuvius, Accius, him of Cordova dead,
 To life again, to hear thy buskin tread,
 And shake a stage ; or when thy socks were on,
 Leave thee alone for a comparison
 Of all that insolent Greece or haughty Rome
 Sent forth, or since did from their ashes come
 Triumph, my Britain, thou hast one to show,
 To whom all scenes of Europe homage owe.
 He was not of an age, but for all time !
 And all the Muses still were in their prime,
 When, like Apollo, he came forth to warm
 Our ears, or like a Mercury to charm !
 Nature herself was proud of his designs,
 And joyed to wear the dressing of his lines,
 Which were so richly spun, and woven so fit,
 As, since, she will vouchsafe no other wit.
 The merry Greek, tart Aristophanes,
 Neat Terence, witty Plautus, now not please ;
 But antiquated and deserted lie,
 As they were not of Nature's family.
 Yet must I not give Nature all ; thy Art,
 My gentle Shakespear, must enjoy a part.
 For though the poet's matter nature be,
 His art doth give the fashion ; and that he
 Who casts to write a living line, must sweat
 (Such as thine are) and strike the second heat
 Upon the Muses' anvil, turn the same,
 And himself with it, that he thinks to frame ;
 Or for the laurel he may gain to scorn ;
 For a good poet's made, as well as born.
 And such wert thou ! Look, how the father's face
 Lives in his issue, even so the race
 Of Shakspear's mind and manners brightly shines
 In his well turnèd and true filèd lines,
 In each of which he seems to shake a lance,
 As brandished at the eyes of ignorance.
 Sweet Swan of Avon ! what a sight it were
 To see thee in our waters yet appear,
 And make those flights upon the banks of Thames,

That so did take Eliza and our James !
But stay, I see thee in the hemisphere
Advanced, and made a constellation there !
Shine forth, thou Star of Poets, and with rage
Or influence chide or cheer the drooping stage,
Which, since thy flight from hence, hath mourned like night,
And despairs day but for thy volume's light.

ON EDUCATION AND STYLE

It pleased your Lordship of late, to ask my opinion, touching the education of your sons, and especially to the advancement of their studies. To which, though I returned somewhat for the present ; which rather manifested a will in me, than gave any just resolution to the thing propounded : I have upon better cogitation called those aids about me, both of mind and memory, which shall venture my thoughts clearer, if not fuller, to your Lordship's demand. I confess, my Lord, they will seem but petty, and minute things I shall offer to you, being writ for children, and of them. But studies have their infancy as well as creatures—we see in men, even the strongest compositions had their beginnings from milk, and the cradle ; and the wisest tarried some times about apting their mouths to letters and syllables. In their education therefore, the care must be the greater had of their beginnings, to know, examine, and weigh their natures ; which though they be proner in some children to some disciplines ; yet are they naturally prompt to taste all by degrees, and with change. For change is a kind of refreshing in studies, and infuseth knowledge by way of recreation. Thence the school itself is called a play, or game ; and all letters are so best taught to scholars. They should not be affrighted, or deterred in their entry, but drawn on with exercise and emulation. A youth should not be made to hate study, before he know the causes to love it ; or taste the bitterness before the sweet ; but called on, and allured, entreated, and praised : yea, when

he deserves it not. For which cause I wish them sent to the best school, and a public ; which I think the best. Your Lordship I fear hardly hears of that, as willing to breed them in your eye, and at home ; and doubting their manners may be corrupted abroad. They are in more danger in your own family, among ill servants, allowing they be safe in their schoolmaster, than amongst a thousand boys, however immodest : would we did not spoil our own children, and overthrow their manners ourselves by too much indulgence ! To breed them at home is to breed them in a shade, where in a school they have the light and heat of the sun. They are used and accustomed to things and men. When they come forth into the commonwealth, they find nothing new, or to seek. They have made their friendships and aids, some to last till their age. They hear what is commanded to others, as well as themselves ; much approved, much corrected ; all which they bring to their own store and use ; and learn as much as they hear. Eloquence would be but a poor thing, if we should only converse with singulars ; speak but man and man together. Therefore I like no private breeding. I would send them where their industry should be daily increased by praise, and that kindled by emulation. It is a good thing to inflame the mind. And though ambition itself be a vice, it is often the cause of great virtue. Give me that wit, whom praise excites, glory puts on, or disgrace grieves : he is to be nourished with ambition, pricked forward with honour, checked with reprehension, and never to be suspected of sloth. Though he be given to play, it is a sign of spirit and liveliness ; so there be a mean had of their sports and relaxations. And from the rod or ferule I would have them free, as from the menace of them ; for it is both deformed and servile.

For a man to write well, there are required three necessities. To read the best authors, observe the best speakers : and much exercise of his own style. In style to consider, what ought to be written ; and after what manner. He must first think and excogitate his matter ; then choose his words, and examine the weight of either. Then take

care in placing, and ranking both matter, and words, that the composition be comely ; and to do this with diligence, and often. No matter how slow the style be at first, so it be laboured, and accurate ; seek the best, and be not glad of the forward conceits, or first words that offer themselves to us, but judge of what we invent, and order what we approve. Repeat often what we have formerly written ; which beside that it helps the consequence, and makes the juncture better, it quickens the heat of imagination, that often cools in the time of setting down, and gives it new strength, as if it grew lustier by the going back. As we see in the contention of leaping, they jump farthest that fetch their race largest : or, as in throwing a dart or javelin, we force back our arms to make our loose the stronger. Yet, if we have a fair gale of wind, I forbid not the steering out of our sail, so the favour of the gale deceive us not. For all that we invent doth please us in the conception or birth ; else we would never set it down. But the safest is to return to our judgment, and handle over again those things, the easiness of which might make them justly suspected. So did the best writers in their beginnings ; they imposed upon themselves care, and industry. They did nothing rashly. They obtained first to write well, and then custom made it easy and a habit. By little and little, their matter showed itself to them more plentifully ; their words answered, their composition followed ; and all, as in a well ordered family, presented itself in the place. So that the sum of all is : ready writing makes not good writing ; but good writing brings on ready writing. Yet when we think we have got the faculty, it is even then good to resist it ; as to give a horse a check sometimes with a bit, which doth not so much stop his course, as stir his mettle. Again, whether a man's genius is best able to reach thither, it should more and more contend, lift and dilate itself, as men of low stature raise themselves on their toes, and so oft times get even, if not eminent. Besides, as it is fit for grown and able writers to stand of themselves, and work with their own strength, to trust and endeavour by their own faculties ; so it is fit for the beginner, and learner, to

study others, and the best. For the mind and memory are more sharply exercised in comprehending another man's things than our own ; and such as accustom themselves, and are familiar with the best authors, shall ever and anon find somewhat of them in themselves, and in the expression of their minds, even when they feel it not, be able to utter something like theirs, which hath an authority above their own. Nay, sometimes it is the reward of a man's study, the praise of quoting another man fitly : and though a man be more prone and able for one kind of writing than another, yet he must exercise all. For as in an instrument, so in style, there must be a harmony and consent of parts.

Discoveries.

BALLADS

(c. 1600)

(Authorship unknown)

THE WIFE OF USHER'S WELL

THERE lived a wife at Usher's well,
And a wealthy wife was she ;
She had three stout and stalwart sons,
And sent them o'er the sea.

They hadna been a week from her,
A week but barely ane,
When word came to the carline wife
That her three sons were gane.

They hadna been a week from her,
A week but barely three,
When word came to the carline wife
That her sons she'd never see.

“ I wish the wind may never cease,
Nor fashes in the flood,
Till my three sons come hame to me,
In earthly flesh and blood ! ”

It fell about the Martinmas,
When nights are lang and mirk,
The carline wife's three sons came hame,
And their hats were o' the birk.

It neither grew in syke nor ditch,
Nor yet in ony sheugh ;
But at the gates o' Paradise
That birk grew fair eneugh.

“ Blow up the fire, my maidens !
Bring water from the well !
For a' my house shall feast this night,
Since my three sons are well.”

And she has made to them a bed,
She's made it large and wide ;
And she's ta'en her mantle her about,
Sat down at the bedside.

Up then crew the red, red cock,
And up and crew the gray ;
The eldest to the youngest said,
“ 'Tis time we were away.”

The cock he hadna craw'd but once,
And clapp'd his wings at a',
When the youngest to the eldest said,
“ Brother, we must awa'.

“ The cock doth craw, the day doth daw,
The channerin' worm doth chide ;
Gin we be miss'd out o' our place,
A sair pain we maun bide.”

“ Lie still, lie still but a little wee while,
Lie still but if we may ;
Gin my mother should miss us when she wakes,
She'll go mad ere it be day.”

“ Fare ye weel, my mother dear !
Fareweel to barn and byre !
And fare ye weel, the bonny lass
That kindles my mother's fire ! ”

THOMAS THE RHYMER

TRUE Thomas lay on Huntlie bank ;
A ferlie he spied wi' his e'e ;
And there he saw a ladye bright
Come riding down by the Eildon Tree.

Her skirt was o' the grass-green silk,
Her mantle o' the velvet fyne ;
At ilka tett o' her horse's mane,
Hung fifty siller bells and nine.

True Thomas he pu'd aff his cap,
And louted low down on his knee :
“ Hail to thee, Mary, Queen of Heaven !
For thy peer on earth could never be.”

“ O no, O no, Thomas,” she said,
“ That name does not belang to me ;
I'm but the Queen o' fair Elfland,
That am hither come to visit thee.

“ Harp and carp, Thomas,” she said ;
“ Harp and carp along wi' me ;
And if ye dare to kiss my lips,
Sure of your bodie I will be.”

"Betide me weal, betide me woe,
That weird shall never daunt me."
Syne he has kiss'd her rosy lips,
All underneath the Eildon Tree.

"Now ye maun go wi' me," she said,
"True Thomas, ye maun go wi' me ;
And ye maun serve me seven years,
Thro' weal or woe as may chance to be."

She's mounted on her milk-white steed,
She's ta'en true Thomas up behind ;
And aye, whene'er her bridle rang,
The steed gaed swifter than the wind.

O they rade on, and farther on,
The steed gaed swifter than the wind ;
Until they reach'd a desert wide,
And living land was left behind.

"Light down, light down now, true Thomas,
And lean your head upon my knee ;
Abide ye there a little space,
And I will show you ferlies three.

"O see ye not yon narrow road,
So thick beset wi' thorns and briers ?
That is the Path of Righteousness,
Though after it but few inquires.

"And see ye not yon braid, braid road,
That lies across the lily leven ?
That is the Path of Wickedness,
Though some call it the Road to Heaven.

"And see ye not yon bonny road
That winds about the fernie brae ?
That is the Road to fair Elfland,
Where thou and I this night maun gae.

" But, Thomas, ye sall haud your tongue,
Whatever ye may hear or see ;
For speak ye word in Elflyn-land,
Ye'll ne'er win back to your ain countrie."

O they rade on, and farther on,
And they waded rivers abune the knee ;
And they saw neither sun nor moon,
But they heard the roaring of the sea.

It was mirk, mirk night, there was nae starlight,
They waded thro' red blude to the knee ;
For a' the blude that's shed on the earth
Rins through the springs o' that countrie.

Syne they came to a garden green,
And she pu'd an apple frae a tree :
" Take this for thy wages, true Thomas ;
It will give thee the tongue that can never lee."

" My tongue is my ain," true Thomas he said ;
" A gudely gift ye wad gie to me !
I neither dought to buy or sell
At fair or tryst where I might be.

" I dought neither speak to prince or peer,
Nor ask of grace from fair ladye !"—
" Now haud thy peace, Thomas," she said,
" For as I say, so must it be."

He has gotten a coat of the even cloth,
And a pair o' shoon of the velvet green ;
And till seven years were gane and past,
True Thomas on earth was never seen.

CLERK SAUNDERS

CLERK SAUNDERS and may Margaret
Walk'd owre yon garden green ;
And deep and heavy was the love
That fell thir twa between.

" A bed, a bed," Clerk Saunders said,
" A bed for you and me ! "
" Fye na, fye na," said may Margaret,
" Till anes we married be ! "

" Then I'll take the sword frae my scabbard
And slowly lift the pin ;
And you may swear, and save your aith,
Ye ne'er let Clerk Saunders in.

" Take you a napkin in your hand,
And tie up baith your bonnie e'en,
And you may swear, and save your aith.
Ye saw me na since late yestreen."

It was about the midnight hour,
When they asleep were laid,
When in and came her seven brothers,
Wi' torches burning red :

When in and came her seven brothers,
Wi' torches burning bright :
They said, " We hae but one sister,
And behold her lying with a knight ! "

Then out and spake the first o' them,
" I bear the sword shall gar him die."
And out and spake the second o' them,
" His father has nae mair but he."

And out and spake the third o' them,
 " I wot that they are lovers dear."
And out and spake the fourth o' them,
 " They hae been in love this mony a year."

Then out and spake the fifth o' them,
 " It were great sin true love to twain."
And out and spake the sixth o' them,
 " It were shame to slay a sleeping man."

Then up and gat the seventh o' them,
 And never a word spake he ;
But he has striped his bright brown brand
 Out through Clerk Saunders' fair bodye.

Clerk Saunders he started, and Margaret she turn'd
 Into his arms as asleep she lay ;
And sad and silent was the night
 That was atween thir twae.

And they lay still and sleepit sound
 Until the day began to daw' ;
And kindly she to him did say,
 " It is time, true love, you were awa'."

But he lay still, and sleepit sound,
 Albeit the sun began to sheen ;
She look'd atween her and the wa',
 And dull and drowsie were his e'en.

Then in and came her father dear ;
 Said, " Let a' your mourning be ;
I'll carry the dead corse to the clay,
 And I'll come back and comfort thee."

" Comfort weel your seven sons,
 For comforted I will never be :
I ween 'twas neither knave nor loon
 Was in the bower last night wi' me."

The clinking bell gaed through the town,
To carry the dead corse to the clay ;
And Clerk Saunders stood at may Margaret's window,
I wot, an hour before the day.

" Are ye sleeping, Marg'ret ? " he says,
" Or are ye waking presentlie ?
Give me my faith and troth again,
I wot, true love, I gied to thee."

" Your faith and troth ye sall never get,
Nor our true love sall never twin,
Until ye come within my bower,
And kiss me cheik and chin."

" My mouth it is full cold, Marg'ret ;
It has the smell, now, of the ground ;
And if I kiss thy comely mouth,
Thy days of life will not be lang.

" O cocks are crowing a merry midnight ;
I wot the wild fowls are boding day.
Give me my faith and troth again,
And let me fare me on my way."

" Thy faith and troth thou sallna get,
And our true love sall never twin,
Until ye tell what comes o' women,
I wot, who die in strong traivelling ? "

" Their beds are made in the heavens high,
Down at the foot of our good Lord's knee,
Weel set about wi' gillyflowers ;
I wot, sweet company for to see.

" O cocks are crowing a merry midnight ;
I wot the wild fowls are boding day ;
The psalms of heaven will soon be sung,
And I, ere now, will be miss'd away."

Then she has taken a crystal wand,
And she has stroken her troth thereon ;
She has given it him out at the shot-window,
Wi' mony a sad sigh and heavy groan.

" I thank ye, Marg'ret ; I thank ye, Marg'ret ;
And ay I thank ye heartillie ;
Gin ever the dead come for the quick,
Be sure, Marg'ret, I'll come for thee."

It's hosen and shoon, and gown alone,
She climb'd the wall, and follow'd him,
Until she came to the green forest,
And there she lost the sight o' him.

" Is there ony room at your head, Saunders ?
Is there ony room at your feet ?
Or ony room at your side, Saunders,
Where fain, fain, I wad sleep ? "

" There's nae room at my head, Marg'ret,
There's nae room at my feet ;
My bed it is fu' lowly now,
Amang the hungry worms I sleep.

" Cauld mould is my covering now,
But and my winding-sheet ;
The dew it falls nae sooner down
Than my resting-place is weet.

" But plait a wand o' bonny birk,
And lay it on my breast ;
And shed a tear upon my grave,
And wish my saul gude rest."

Then up and crew the red, red cock,
And up and crew the gray :
" 'Tis time, 'tis time, my dear Marg'ret,
That you were going away.

“ And fair Marg’ret, and rare Marg’ret,
And Marg’ret o’ veritie,
Gin e’er ye love another man,
Ne’er love him as ye did me.”

THE TWA CORBIES

(Scottish Version)

As I was walking all alane
I heard twa corbies making a mane :
The tane unto the tither did say,
“ Whar sall we gang and dine the day ? ”

—“ In behint yon auld fail dyke
I wot there lies a new-slain knight ;
And naebody kens that he lies there
But his hawk, his hound, and his lady fair.

“ His hound is to the hunting gane,
His hawk to fetch the wild-fowl hame,
His lady’s ta’en anither mate,
So we may mak our dinner sweet.

“ Ye’ll sit on his white hause-bane,
And I’ll pike out his bonny blue e’en :
Wi’ ae lock o’ his gowden hair
We’ll theek our nest when it grows bare.

“ Mony a one for him maks mane,
But nane sall ken whar he is gane :
O’er his white banes, when they are bare,
The wind sall blaw for evermair.”

WALY, WALY

O WALY, waly, up the bank,
And waly, waly, doun the brae,
And waly, waly, yon burn-side,
Where I and my Love wont to gae !
I lean'd my back unto an aik,
I thocht it was a trustie tree ;
But first it bow'd and syne it brak—
Sae my true love did lichtlie me.

O waly, waly, gin love be bonnie
A little time while it is new !
But when 'tis auld it waxeth cauld,
And fades awa' like morning dew.
O wherefore should I busk my heid,
Or wherefore should I kame my hair ?
For my true Love has me forsook,
And says he'll never lo'e me mair.

Now Arthur's Seat sall be my bed,
The sheets sall ne'er be 'fild by me ;
Saint Anton's well sall be my drink ;
Since my true Love has forsaken me.
Marti'mas wind, when wilt thou blaw,
And shake the green leaves aff the tree ?
O gentle Death, when wilt thou come ?
For of my life I am wearie.

'Tis not the frost, that freezes fell,
Nor blawing snaw's inclemencie,
'Tis not sic cauld that makes me cry ;
But my Love's heart grown cauld to me.
When we cam in by Glasgow toun,
We were a comely sicht to see ;
My Love was clad in the black velvèt,
And I mysel in cramasie.

But had I wist, before I kist,
That love had been sae ill to win,
I had lock'd my heart in a case o' gowd,
And pinn'd it wi' a siller pin.
And O ! if my young babe were born,
And set upon the nurse's knee ;
And I mysel were dead and gane,
And the green grass growing ower me

BINNORIE

THERE were twa sister sat in a bour ;
Binnorie, O Binnorie !
There cam a knight to be their wooer,
By the bonnie milldams o' Binnorie.

He courted the eldest with glove and ring,
But he lo'ed the youngest abune a' thing.

The eldest she was vexèd sair,
And sair envied her sister fair.

Upon a morning fair and clear,
She cried upon her sister dear :

" O sister, sister, tak my hand,
And let's go down to the river-strand."

She's ta'en her by the lily hand,
And led her down to the river-strand.

The youngest stood upon a stane,
The eldest cam and push'd her in.

" O sister, sister, reach your hand !
And ye sall be heir o' half my land :

" O sister, reach me but your glove !
And sweet William sall be your love."

Sometimes she sank, sometimes she swam,
Until she cam to the miller's dam.

Out then cam the miller's son,
And saw the fair maid soummin' in.

" O father, father, draw your dam !
There's either a mermaid or a milk-white swan."

The miller hasted and drew his dam,
And there he found a drown'd womàn.

You couldna see her middle sma',
Her gowden girdle was sae braw.

You couldna see her lily feet,
Her gowden fringes were sae deep.

All amang her yellow hair
A string o' pearls was twisted rare.

You couldna see her fingers sma',
Wi' diamond rings they were cover'd a'.

And by there cam a harper fine,
That harpit to the king at dine.

And when he look'd that lady on,
He sigh'd and made a heavy moan.

He's made a harp of her breast-bane,
Whose sound wad melt a heart of stane.

He's ta'en three locks o' her yellow hair,
And wi' them strung his harp sae rare.

He went into her father's hall,
And there was the court assembled all.

He laid his harp upon a stane,
And straight it began to play by lane.

" O yonder sits my father, the King,
And yonder sits my mother, the Queen ;

" And yonder stands my brother Hugh,
And by him my William, sweet and true."

But the last tune that the harp play'd then—
Binnorie, O Binnorie !

Was, " Woe to my sister, false Helèn ! "
By the bonnie milldams o' Binnorie.

THE DOWIE HOUMS OF YARROW

LATE at een, drinkin' the wine,
And ere they paid the lawin',
They set a combat them between,
To fight it in the dawin'.

" O stay at hame, my noble lord !
O stay at hame, my marrow !
My cruel brother will you betray,
On the dowie houms o' Yarrow."

" O fare ye weel, my lady gay !
O fare ye weel, my Sarah !
For I maun gae, tho' I ne'er return
Frae the dowie banks o' Yarrow."

She kiss'd his cheek, she kamed his hair,
As she had done before, O ;
She belted on his noble brand,
An' he's awa' to Yarrow.

O he's gane up yon high, high hill—
 I wat he gaed wi' sorrow—
 An' in a den spied nine arm'd men,
 I' the dowie houms o' Yarrow.

“ O are ye come to drink the wine,
 As ye hae doon before, O ?
 Or are ye come to wield the brand,
 On the dowie banks o' Yarrow ? ”

“ I am no come to drink the wine,
 As I hae doon before, O,
 But I am come to wield the brand,
 On the dowie houms o' Yarrow.”

Four he hurt, an' five he slew,
 On the dowie houms o' Yarrow,
 Till that stubborn knight came him behind,
 An' ran his body thorow.

“ Gae hame, gae hame, good brother John,
 An' tell your sister Sarah
 To come an' lift her noble lord,
 Who's sleepin' sound on Yarrow.”

“ Yestreen I dream'd a dolefu' dream ;
 I ken'd there wad be sorrow ;
 I dream'd I pu'd the heather green,
 On the dowie banks o' Yarrow.”

She gaed up yon high, high hill—
 I wat she gaed wi' sorrow—
 An' in a den spied nine dead men,
 On the dowie houms o' Yarrow.

She kiss'd his cheek, she kamed his hair,
 As oft she did before, O ;
 She drank the red blood frae him ran,
 On the dowie houms o' Yarrow.

“ O haud your tongue, my douchter dear,
For what needs a' this sorrow ?
I'll wed you on a better lord
Than him you lost on Yarrow.”

“ O haud your tongue, my father dear,
An' dinna grieve your Sarah ;
A better lord was never born
Than him I lost on Yarrow.

“ Tak hame your ousen, tak hame your kye,
For they hae bred our sorrow ;
I wiss that they had a' gane mad
Whan they cam first to Yarrow.”

HELEN OF KIRCONNELL

I WISH I were where Helen lies,
Night and day on me she cries :
O that I were where Helen lies,
On fair Kirconnell lea !

Curst be the heart that thought the thought,
And curst the hand that fired the shot,
When in my arms burd Helen dropt,
And died to succour me !

O think na ye my heart was sair,
When my Love dropp'd and spak nae mair !
There did she swoon wi' meikle care,
On fair Kirconnell lea.

As I went down the water side,
None but my foe to be my guide,
None but my foe to be my guide,
On fair Kirconnell lea ;

I lighted down my sword to draw,
I hackèd him in pieces sma',
I hackèd him in pieces sma',
For her sake that died for me.

O Helen fair, beyond compare !
I'll mak a garland o' thy hair,
Shall bind my heart for evermair,
Until the day I die !

O that I were where Helen lies !
Night and day on me she cries ;
Out of my bed she bids me rise,
Says, " Haste, and come to me ! "

O Helen fair ! O Helen chaste !
If I were with thee, I'd be blest,
Where thou lies low and taks thy rest,
On fair Kirconnell lea.

I wish my grave were growing green,
A winding-sheet drawn owre my e'en,
And I in Helen's arms lying,
On fair Kirconnell lea.

I wish I were where Helen lies !
Night and day on me she cries ;
And I am weary of the skies,
For her sake that died for me.

SIR PATRICK SPENS

I. THE SAILING

THE king sits in Dunfermline town
Drinking the blude-red wine ;
" O whare will I get a skeely skipper
To sail this new ship o' mine ? "

O up and spak an eldern knight,
 Sat at the king's right knee ;
 " Sir Patrick Spens is the best sailor
 That ever sail'd the sea."

Our king has written a braid letter,
 And seal'd it with his hand,
 And sent it to Sir Patrick Spens,
 Was walking on the strand.

" To Noroway, to Noroway,
 To Noroway o'er the faem ;
 The king's daughter o' Noroway,
 'Tis thou must bring her hame."

The first word that Sir Patrick read
 So loud, loud laugh'd he ;
 The neist word that Sir Patrick read
 The tear blinded his e'e.

" O wha is this has done this deed
 And tauld the king o' me,
 To send us out, at this time o' year,
 To sail upon the sea ?

" Be it wind, be it weet, be it hail, be it sleet,
 Our ship must sail the faem ;
 The king's daughter o' Noroway,
 'Tis we must fetch her hame."

They hoysed their sails on Monenday morn
 Wi' a' the speed they may ;
 They hae landed in Noroway
 Upon a Wodensday.

II. THE RETURN

" Mak ready, mak ready, my merry men a' !
 Our gude ship sails the morn."
 " Now ever alack, my master dear,
 I fear a deadly storm.

“ I saw the new moon late yestreen
Wi’ the auld moon in her arm ;
And if we gang to sea, master,
I fear we’ll come to harm.”

They hadna sail’d a league, a league,
A league but barely three,
When the lift grew dark, and the wind blew loud,
And gurly grew the sea.

The ankers brak, and the topmast lap,
It was sic a deadly storm :
And the waves cam owre the broken ship
Till a’ her sides were torn.

“ Go fetch a web o’ the silken claith,
Another o’ the twine,
And wap them into our ship’s side,
And let nae the sea come in.”

They fetch’d a web o’ the silken claith,
Another o’ the twine,
And they wapp’d them round that gude ship’s side,
But still the sea came in.

O laith, laith were our gude Scots lords
To wet their cork-heel’d shoon ;
But lang or a’ the play was play’d
They wat their hats aboon.

And mony was the feather bed
That flatter’d on the faem ;
And mony was the gude lord’s son
That never mair cam hame.

O lang, lang may the ladies sit,
Wi’ their fans into their hand,
Before they see Sir Patrick Spens
Come sailing to the strand !

And lang, lang may the maidens sit
 Wi' their gowd kames in their hair,
 A-waiting for their ain dear loves !
 For them they'll see nae mair.

Half-owre, half-owre to Aberdour,
 'Tis fifty fathoms deep ;
 And there lies gude Sir Patrick Spens,
 Wi' the Scots lords at his feet !

JOHN DONNE

(1573-1631)

THE ANNIVERSARY

ALL kings, and all their favourites,
 All glory of honours, beauties, wits,
 The sun itself, which makes time, as they pass,
 Is elder by a year now than it was
 When thou and I first one another saw.
 All other things to their destruction draw,
 Only our love hath no decay ;
 This no to-morrow hath, nor yesterday ;
 Running it never runs from us away,
 But truly keeps his first, last, everlasting day.

Two graves must hide thine and my corse ;
 If one might, death were no divorce.
 Alas ! as well as other princes, we
 —Who prince enough in one another be—
 Must leave at last in death these eyes and ears,
 Oft fed with true oaths, and with sweet salt tears ;
 But souls where nothing dwells but love
 —All other thoughts being inmates—then shall prove
 This or a love increased there above,
 When bodies to their graves, souls from their graves remove.

And then we shall be thoroughly blest ;
But now no more than all the rest.
Here upon earth we're kings, and none but we
Can be such kings, nor of such subjects be.
Who is so safe as we ? where none can do
Treason to us, except one of us two.
True and false fears let us refrain,
Let us love nobly, and live, and add again
Years and years unto years, till we attain
To write threescore ; this is the second of our reign.

THE ECSTACY

WHERE, like a pillow on a bed,
A pregnant bank swell'd up, to rest
The violet's reclining head,
Sat we two, one another's best.

Our hands were firmly cemented
By a fast balm, which thence did spring ;
Our eye-beams twisted, and did thread
Our eyes upon one double string.

So to engraft our hands, as yet
Was all the means to make us one ;
And pictures in our eyes to get
Was all our propagation.

As, 'twixt two equal armies, Fate
Suspends uncertain victory,
Our souls—which to advance their state,
Were gone out—hung 'twixt her and me.

And whilst our souls negotiate there,
We like sepulchral statues lay ;
All day, the same our postures were,
And we said nothing, all the day.

If any, so by love refined,
 That he soul's language understood,
 And by good love were grown all mind,
 Within convenient distance stood,

He—though he knew not which soul spake,
 Because both meant, both spake the same—
 Might thence a new concoction take,
 And part far purer than he came.

This ecstasy doth unperplex
 (We said) and tell us what we love ;
 We see by this, it was not sex ;
 We see, we saw not, what did move :

But as all several souls contain
 Mixture of things they know not what,
 Love these mix'd souls doth mix again,
 And makes both one, each this, and that.

A single violet transplant,
 The strength, the colour, and the size—
 All which before was poor and scant—
 Redoubles still, and multiplies.

When love with one another so
 Interanimates two souls,
 That abler soul, which thence doth flow,
 Defects of loneliness controls.

We then, who are this new soul, know,
 Of what we are composed, and made,
 For th' atomies of which we grow
 Are souls, whom no change can invade.

But, O alas ! so long, so far,
 Our bodies why do we forbear ?
 They are ours, though not we ; we are
 Th' intelligences, they the spheres.

We owe them thanks, because they thus
Did us, to us, at first convey,
Yielded their senses' force to us,
Nor are dross to us, but allay.

On man heaven's influence works not so,
But that it first imprints the air ;
For soul into the soul may flow,
Though it to body first repair.

As our blood labours to beget
Spirits, as like souls as it can ;
Because such fingers need to knit
That subtle knot, which makes us man ;

So must pure lovers' souls descend
To affections, and to faculties,
Which sense may reach and apprehend,
Else a great prince in prison lies.

To our bodies turn we then, that so
Weak men on love reveal'd may look ;
Love's mysteries in souls do grow,
But yet the body is his book.

And if some lover, such as we,
Have heard this dialogue of one,
Let him still mark us, he shall see
Small change when we're to bodies gone.

STANZAS FROM A LITANY

FROM being anxious, or secure,
Dead clods of sadness, or light squibs of mirth,
From thinking that great courts immure
All, or no happiness, or that this earth
Is only for our prison framed,
Or that Thou'rt covetous
To them whom Thou lovest, or that they are maim'd

From reaching this world's sweet who seek Thee thus
With all their might, good Lord, deliver us.

From needing danger, to be good,
From owing Thee yesterday's tears to-day,
From trusting so much to Thy blood
That in that hope we wound our soul away,
From bribing Thee with alms, to excuse
Some sin more burdenous,
From light affecting, in religion, news,
From thinking us all soul, neglecting thus
Our mutual duties, Lord, deliver us.

* * * * *

Through Thy submitting all, to blows
Thy face, Thy robes to spoil, Thy fame to scorn,
All ways, which rage, or justice knows,
And by which Thou couldst show that Thou wast born;
And through Thy gallant humbleness
Which Thou in death didst show,
Dying before Thy soul they could express;
Deliver us from death, by dying so
To this world, ere this world do bid us go.

When senses, which Thy soldiers are,
We arm against Thee, and they fight for sin;
When want, sent but to tame, doth war,
And work despair a breach to enter in;
When plenty, God's image, and seal,
Makes us idolatrous,
And love it, not him, whom it should reveal;
When we are moved to seem religious
Only to vent wit; Lord, deliver us.

In churches, when th' infirmity
Of him which speaks, diminishes the word;
When magistrates do misapply
To us, as we judge, lay or ghostly sword;

When plague, which is Thine angel, reigns,
Or wars, Thy champions, sway ;
When heresy, Thy second deluge, gains ;
In th' hour of death, th' eve of last Judgment day ;
Deliver us from the sinister way.

Hear us, O hear us, Lord ; to Thee
A sinner is more music, when he prays,
Than spheres' or angels' praises be,
In panegyric alleluias ;
Hear us, for till Thou hear us, Lord,
We know not what to say ;
Thine ear to our sighs, tears, thoughts, gives voice and word ;
O Thou, who Satan heard'st in Job's sick day,
Hear Thyself now, for Thou in us dost pray.

Divine Poems.

TO SIR HENRY GOODYERE

Who makes the last a pattern for next year,
Turns no new leaf, but still the same things reads ;
Seen things he sees again, heard things doth hear,
And makes his life but like a pair of beads.

A palace, when 'tis that which it should be,
Leaves growing, and stands such, or else decays ;
But he which dwells there is not so, for he
Strives to urge upward, and his fortune raise.

So had your body her morning, hath her noon,
And shall not better ; her next change is night ;
But her fair, larger guest, to whom sun and moon
Are sparks, and short-lived, claims another right.

The noble soul by age grows lustier ;
Her appetite and her digestion mend.
We must not starve, nor hope to pamper her
With women's milk, and pap, unto the end.

Provide you manlier diet. You have seen
All libraries, which are schools, camps, and courts ;
But ask your garners if you have not been
In harvest too indulgent to your sports.

Would you redeem it ? then yourself transplant
Awhile from hence. Perchance outlandish ground
Bears no more wit than ours ; but yet more scant
Are those diversions there, which here abound.

To be a stranger hath that benefit.
We can beginnings, but not habits choke.
Go—whither ? hence. You get, if you forget ;
New faults, till they prescribe to us, are smoke.

Our soul, whose country's heaven, and God her Father,
Into this world, corruption's sink, is sent ;
Yet so much in her travel she doth gather,
That she returns home wiser than she went.

It pays you well, if it teach you to spare,
And make you ashamed to make your hawks' praise yours,
Which when herself she lessens in the air,
You then first say, that high enough she towers.

However, keep the lively taste you hold
Of God ; love Him as now, but fear Him more ;
And in your afternoons think what you told
And promised Him, at morning prayer before.

Let falsehood like a discord anger you,
Else be not froward. But why do I touch
Things of which none is in your practice new ?
And fables, or fruit-trenchers teach as much.

But thus I make you keep your promise, sir,
Riding I had you, though you still stay'd there ;
And in these thoughts, although you never stir,
You came with me to Mitcham, and are here.

VISION

WE see in authors, too stiff to recant,
 A hundred controversies of an ant ;
 And yet one watches, starves, freezes, and sweats,
 To know but catechisms and alphabets
 Of unconcerning things, matters of fact,
 How others on our stage their parts did act,
 What Cæsar did, yea, and what Cicero said.
 Why grass is green, or why our blood is red,
 Are mysteries which none have reach'd unto.
 In this low form, poor soul, what wilt thou do ?
 When wilt thou shake off this pedantry,
 Of being taught by sense and fantasy ?
 Thou look'st through spectacles ; small things seem great
 Below ; but up unto the watch-tower get,
 And see all things despoil'd of fallacies ;
 Thou shalt not peep through lattices of eyes,
 Nor hear through labyrinths of ears, nor learn
 By circuit or collections to discern.
 In heaven thou straight know'st all concerning it,
 And what concerns it not shalt straight forget.

An Anatomy of the World.

THOMAS DEKKER

(1575-1641)

SWEET CONTENT

ART thou poor, yet hast thou golden slumbers ?
 O sweet content !
 Art thou rich, yet is thy mind perplex'd ?
 O punishment !
 Dost thou laugh to see how fools are vex'd
 To add to golden numbers golden numbers ?
 O sweet content ! O sweet, O sweet content !

Work apace, apace, apace, apace ;
 Honest labour bears a lovely face ;
 Then hey nonny nonny—hey nonny nonny !

Canst drink the waters of the crisped spring ?
 O sweet content !
 Swim'st thou in wealth, yet sink'st in thine own tears ?
 O punishment !

Then he that patiently want's burden bears,
 No burden bears, but is a king, a king !
 O sweet content ! O sweet, O sweet content !

Work apace, apace, apace, apace ;
 Honest labour bears a lovely face ;
 Then hey nonny nonny—hey nonny nonny !

GILES FLETCHER

(1584-1623)

CHRIST'S TRIUMPH AFTER DEATH

ABOUT the holy Cittie rowles a flood.
 Of moulten chrystall, like a sea of glasse,
 On which weake streame a strong foundation stood,
 Of living Diamounds the building was,
 That all things else, besides it selfe, did passe.
 Her streetes, in stead of stones, the starres did pave,
 And little pearles, for dust, it seem'd to have,
 On which soft-streaming Manna, like pure snowe, did wave.

In mid'st of this Citie celestiall,
 Whear the eternall Temple should have rose,
 Light'ned th' Idea Beatificall :
 End, and beginning of each thing that growes,
 Whose selfe no end, nor yet beginning knowes,
 That hath no eyes to see, nor ears to heare,
 Yet sees, and heares, and is all-eye, all-eare,
 That no whear is contain'd, and yet is every whear.

Changer of all things, yet immutable,
 Before, and after all, the first, and last,
 That mooving all, is yet immoovable,
 Great without quantitie, in whose forecast,
 Things past are present, things to come are past,
 Swift without motion, to whose open eye
 The hearts of wicked men unbrested lie,
 At once absent, and present to them, farre, and nigh.

It is no flaming lustre, made of light,
 No sweet concent, or well-tim'd harmonie,
 Ambrosia, for to feast the Appetite,
 Or flowrie odour, mixt with spicerie.
 No soft embrace, or pleasure bodily,
 And yet it is a kinde of inward feast,
 A harmony, that sounds within the brest,
 An odour, light, embrace, in which the soule doth rest.

A heav'nly feast, no hunger can consume,
 A light unseene, yet shines in every place,
 A sound, no time can steale, a sweet perfume,
 No windes can scatter, an intire embrace,
 That no satietie can ere unlace,
 Ingrac't into so high a favour, thear
 The Saints, with their Beaw-peers, whole worlds outwear,
 And things unseene doe see, and things unheard doe hear.

Ye blessed soules, growne richer by your spoile,
 Whose losse, though great, is cause of greater gaines,
 Here may your weary Spirits rest from toyle,
 Spending your endless eav'ning, that remaines,
 Among those white flocks, and celestiall traines,
 That feed upon their Sheapheards eyes, and frame
 That heav'nly musique of so woondrous fame,
 Psalming aloude the holy honours of his name.

AUTHORISED VERSION OF THE BIBLE, 1611

II. SAMUEL XVIII. 24

AND David sat between the two gates : and the watchman went up to the roof over the gate unto the wall, and lifted up his eyes, and looked, and behold a man running alone. And the watchman cried, and told the king. And the king said, If he *be* alone, *there is* tidings in his mouth. And he came apace, and drew near. And the watchman saw another man running : and the watchman called unto the porter, and said, Behold another man *running* alone. And the king said, He also bringeth tidings. And the watchman said, Me thinketh the running of the foremost is like the running of Ahimaaz the son of Zadok. And the king said, He *is* a good man, and cometh with good tidings. And Ahimaaz called, and said unto the king, All is well. And he fell down to the earth upon his face before the king, and said, Blessed *be* the Lord thy God, which hath delivered up the men that lifted up their hand against my lord the king. And the king said, Is the young man Absalom safe ? And Ahimaaz answered, When Joab sent the king's servant, and *me* thy servant, I saw a great tumult, but I knew not what *it was*. And the king said *unto him*, Turn aside, *and* stand here. And he turned aside, and stood still. And, behold, Cushie came ; and Cushie said, Tidings, my lord the king : for the Lord hath avenged thee this day of all them that rose up against thee. And the king said unto Cushie, *Is* the young man Absalom safe ? And Cushie answered, The enemies of my lord the king, and all that rise against thee to do *thee* hurt, be as *that* young man *is*. And the king was much moved, and went up to the chamber over the gate, and wept : and as he went, thus he said, O my son Absalom, my son, my son Absalom ! would God I had died for thee, O Absalom, my son, my son !

ISAIAH XXXV

THE wilderness and the solitary place shall be glad for them ; and the desert shall rejoice, and blossom as the rose. It shall blossom abundantly, and rejoice even with joy and singing : the glory of Lebanon shall be given unto it, the excellency of Carmel and Sharon, they shall see the glory of the Lord, *and* the excellency of our God. Strengthen ye the weak hands, and confirm the feeble knees. Say to them *that are* of a fearful heart, Be strong, fear not : behold, your God will come *with* vengeance, *even* God *with* a recompence ; he will come and save you. Then the eyes of the blind shall be opened, and the ears of the deaf shall be unstopped. Then shall the lame *man* leap as an hart, and the tongue of the dumb sing : for in the wilderness shall waters break out, and streams in the desert. And the parched ground shall become a pool, and the thirsty land springs of water ; in the habitation of dragons, where each lay, *shall be* grass with reeds and rushes. And an highway shall be there, and a way, and it shall be called The way of holiness ; the unclean shall not pass over it ; but it *shall be* for those : the wayfaring men, though fools, shall not err *therein*. No lion shall be there, nor *any* ravenous beast shall go up thereon, it shall not be found there ; but the redeemed shall walk *there* : And the ransomed of the Lord shall return, and come to Zion with songs and everlasting joy upon their heads : they shall obtain joy and gladness, and sorrow and sighing shall flee away.

ISAIAH LX. 10 TO END

AND the sons of strangers shall build up thy walls, and their kings shall minister unto thee : for in my wrath I smote thee, but in my favour have I had mercy on thee. Therefore thy gates shall be open continually ; they shall not be shut day nor night ; that *men* may bring unto thee the

forces of the Gentiles, and *that* their kings *may be* brought. For the nation and kingdom that will not serve thee shall perish ; yea, *those* nations shall be utterly wasted. The glory of Lebanon shall come unto thee, the fir tree, the pine tree, and the box together, to beautify the place of my sanctuary ; and I will make the place of my feet glorious. The sons also of them that afflicted thee shall come bending unto thee ; and all they that despised thee shall bow themselves down at the soles of thy feet ; and they shall call thee, The city of the Lord, The Zion of the Holy One of Israel. Whereas thou hast been forsaken and hated, so that no man went through *thee*, I will make thee an eternal excellency, a joy of many generations. Thou shalt also suck the milk of the Gentiles, and shalt suck the breast of kings : and thou shalt know that I the Lord *am* thy Saviour and thy Redeemer, the mighty One of Jacob. For brass I will bring gold, and for iron I will bring silver, and for wood brass, and for stones iron : I will also make thy officers peace, and thine exactors righteousness. Violence shall no more be heard in thy land, wasting nor destruction within thy borders ; but thou shalt call thy walls Salvation, and thy gates Praise. The sun shall be no more thy light by day ; neither for brightness shall the moon give light unto thee : but the Lord shall be unto thee an everlasting light, and thy God thy glory. Thy sun shall no more go down ; neither shall thy moon withdraw itself : for the Lord shall be thine everlasting light, and the days of thy mourning shall be ended. Thy people also *shall be* all righteous : they shall inherit the land for ever, the branch of my planting, the work of my hands, that I may be glorified. A little one shall become a thousand, and a small one a strong nation : I the Lord will hasten it in his time.

FRANCIS BEAUMONT

(1586-1616)

AND

JOHN FLETCHER

(1579-1625)

A BURLESQUE OF 1612

*A Room in the House of VENTUREWELL**Enter LUCE.*

Luce. If there be any punishment inflicted
Upon the miserable, more than yet I feel,
Let it together seize me, and at once
Press down my soul ! I cannot bear the pain
Of these delaying tortures.—Thou that art
The end of all, and the sweet rest of all,
Come, come, oh, Death ! and bring me to thy peace,
And blot out all the memory I nourish
Both of my father and my cruel friend !—
Oh, wretched maid, still living to be wretched,
To be a say to Fortune in her changes,
And grow to number times and woes together !
How happy had I been, if being born,
My grave had been my cradle !

Enter Servant.

Serv. By your leave,
Young mistress ; here's a boy hath brought a coffin :
What 'a would say, I know not ; but your father
Charged me to give you notice. Here they come. [*Exit.*]

Enter Boy, and two Men bearing a coffin.

Luce. For me I hope 'tis come, and 'tis most welcome.

Boy. Fair mistress, let me not add greater grief
To that great store you have already. Jasper
(That whilst he lived was yours, now dead

And here enclosed) commanded me to bring
 His body hither, and to crave a tear
 From those fair eyes, (though he deserved not pity,)
 To deck his funeral ; for so he bid me
 Tell her for whom he died.

Luce.

He shall have many.—

Good friends, depart a little, whilst I take
 My leave of this dead man, that once I loved.

[Exeunt Boy and Men.]

Hold yet a little, life ! and then I give thee
 To thy first heavenly being. Oh, my friend !
 Hast thou deceived me thus, and got before me ?
 I shall not long be after. But, believe me,
 Thou wert too cruel, Jasper, 'gainst thyself,
 In punishing the fault I could have pardoned,
 With so untimely death : thou didst not wrong me,
 But ever wert most kind, most true, most loving ;
 And I the most unkind, most false, most cruel !
 Didst thou but ask a tear ? I'll give thee all,
 Even all my eyes can pour down, all my sighs,
 And all myself, before thou goest from me.
 These are but sparing rites ; but if thy soul
 Be yet about this place, and can behold
 And see what I prepare to deck thee with,
 It shall go up, borne on the wings of peace,
 And satisfied. First will I sing thy dirge,
 Then kiss thy pale lips, and then die myself,
 And fill one coffin and one grave together.

[Sings.]

Come, you whose loves are dead,
 And, whiles I sing,
 Weep, and wring
 Every hand, and every head
 Bind with cypress and sad yew ;
 Ribands black and candles blue
 For him that was of men most true !

Come with heavy moaning,
 And on his grave
 Let him have

Sacrifice of sighs and groaning ;
Let him have fair flowers enow,
White and purple, green and yellow,
For him that was of men most true !

Thou sable cloth, sad cover of my joys,
I lift thee up, and thus I meet with death.

[Removes the cloth, and JASPER
rises out of the coffin.]

Jasp. And thus you meet the living.

Luce. Save me, Heaven !

Jasp. Nay, do not fly me, fair ; I am no spirit :

Look better on me ; do you know me yet ?

Luce. Oh, thou dear shadow of my friend !

Jasp. Dear substance,

I swear I am no shadow ; feel my hand,
It is the same it was ; I am your Jasper,
Your Jasper that's yet living, and yet loving.
Pardon my rash attempt, my foolish proof
I put in practice of your constancy ;
For sooner should my sword have drunk my blood,
And set my soul at liberty, than drawn
The least drop from that body : for which boldness
Doom me to any thing ; if death, I take it,
And willingly.

Luce. This death I'll give you for it. [Kisses him.]

So now I am satisfied you are no spirit,
But my own truest, truest, truest friend :
Why do you come thus to me ?

Jasp. First, to see you ;
Then to convey you hence.

Luce. It cannot be ;
For I am locked up here, and watched at all hours,
That 'tis impossible for me to 'scape.

Jasp. Nothing more possible. Within this coffin
Do you convey yourself : let me alone,
I have the wits of twenty men about me ;
Only I crave the shelter of your closet
A little, and then fear me not. Creep in,

That they may presently convey you hence :

Fear nothing, dearest love ; I'll be your second ;

[LUCE lies down in the coffin, and JASPER
covers her with the cloth.

Lie close : so ; all goes well yet.—Boy !

Re-enter Boy and Men.

Boy.

At hand, sir.

Jasp. Convey away the coffin, and be wary.

Boy. 'Tis done already. [*Exeunt Men with the coffin.*

The Knight of the Burning Pestle, Act IV. Scene iv.

JOHN FLETCHER

(1579-1625)

ASPATIA'S SONG

LAY a garland on my herse

Of the dismal yew ;

Maidens, willow branches bear ;

Say, I died true.

My love was false, but I was firm

From my hour of birth.

Upon my buried body lie

Lightly, gentle earth !

HEAR, YE LADIES

HEAR, ye ladies that despise

What the mighty Love has done ;

Fear examples and be wise :

Fair Callisto was a nun ;

Leda, sailing on the stream

To deceive the hopes of man,

Love accounting but a dream,
Doted on a silver swan ;
Danaë, in a brazen tower,
Where no love was, loved a shower.

Hear, ye ladies that are coy,
What the mighty Love can do ;
Fear the fierceness of the boy :
The chaste Moon he makes to woo ;
Vesta, kindling holy fires,
Circled round about with spies,
Never dreaming loose desires,
Doting at the altar dies ;
Ilion, in a short hour, higher
He can build, and once more fire.

MELANCHOLY

HENCE, all you vain delights,
As short as are the nights
Wherein you spend your folly !
There's naught in this life sweet,
If men were wise to see't,
But only melancholy—
O sweetest melancholy !
Welcome, folded arms and fixèd eyes,
A sight that piercing mortifies,
A look that's fasten'd to the ground,
A tongue chain'd up without a sound !

Fountain-heads and pathless groves,
Places which pale passion loves !
Moonlight walks, when all the fowls
Are warmly housed, save bats and owls !
A midnight bell, a parting groan—
These are the sounds we feed upon :
Then stretch our bones in a still gloomy valley,
Nothing's so dainty sweet as lovely melancholy.

SAMUEL PURCHAS

(1575?-1626)

IN XANADU DID KUBLA KHAN

THIS Citie is three dayes journey Northeastward to the Citie Xandu, which the great Chan Cublay now raigning, built; erecting therein a marvellous and artificiall Palace of Marble and other stones, which abutteth on the wall on one side, and the midst of the Citie on the other. He included sixteene miles within the circuit of the wall on that side where the Palace abutteth on the Citie wall, into which none can enter but by the Palace. In this inclosure or Parke are goodly meadowes, springs, rivers, red and fallow Deere, Fawnes carryed thither for the Hawkes, (of which are there mewed above two hundred Gerfalcons which he goeth once a weeke to see) and he often useth one Leopard or more, sitting on Horses, which hee setteth upon the Stagges and Deere, & having taken the beast, giveth it to the Gerfalcons, and in beholding this spectacle he taketh wonderfull delight. In the midst in a faire Wood hee hath built a royall House on pillars gilded and varnished, on every of which is a Dragon all gilt, which windeth his tayle about the pillar, with his head bearing up the loft, as also with his wings displayed on both sides: the cover also is of Reeds gilt and varnished, so that the rayne can doe it no injurie, the reeds being three handfuls thicke and ten yards long, split from knot to knot. The house it selfe also may be sundred, and taken downe like a Tent and erected againe. For it is sustained, when it is set up, with two hundred silken cords. Great Chan useth to dwell there three moneths in the yeare, to wit, in June, July, and August. On the 8 and 20th day of August, he departed to make a solemne sacrifice. He hath a herd of white Horses, and white Mares, about ten thousand, of the milke whereof none may drinke except hee be of the progenie of Cingis Can, except one family, called Boriat, privileged hereto by Cingis for their valour. And these beasts as they

goe up and downe feeding are much revered, nor dare any goe before them or hinder their way. The Astrologers or Sorcerers tell Chan that on the twentie eight of the Moone of August, he should disperse that milke heere and there, for the honour of all spirits and his Idols, that they might be carefull preservers of all those things which he possesseth.

Purchas His Pilgrimes.

WILLIAM BROWNE, OF TAVISTOCK

(1588-1643)

SONG

FOR her gait, if she be walking ;
 Be she sitting, I desire her
 For her state's sake ; and admire her
 For her wit if she be talking ;
 Gait and state and wit approve her ;
 For which all and each I love her.

Be she sullen, I commend her
 For a modest. Be she merry,
 For a kind one her prefer I.
 Briefly, everything doth lend her
 So much grace, and so approve her,
 That for everything I love her.

ON THE COUNTESS DOWAGER OF PEMBROKE

UNDERNEATH this sable herse
 Lies the subject of all verse :
 Sidney's sister, Pembroke's mother :
 Death, ere thou hast slain another
 Fair and learn'd and good as she,
 Time shall throw a dart at thee.

GEORGE WITHER

(1588-1667)

THE LOVER'S RESOLUTION

SHALL I, wasting in despair,
Die because a woman's fair ?
Or make pale my cheeks with care
'Cause another's rosy are ?
Be she fairer than the day,
Or the flow'ry meads in May,
If she think not well of me,
What care I how fair she be ?

Shall my silly heart be pined
'Cause I see a woman kind ?
Or a well disposèd nature
Joinèd with a lovely feature ?
Be she meeker, kinder, than
Turtle-dove or pelican,
If she be not so to me,
What care I how kind she be ?

Shall a woman's virtues move
Me to perish for her love ?
Or her well-deservings known
Make me quite forget my own ?
Be she with that goodness blest
Which may merit name of Best,
If she be not such to me,
What care I how good she be ?

'Cause her fortune seems too high,
Shall I play the fool and die ?
She that bears a noble mind,
If not outward helps she find,

Thinks what with them he would do
That without them dares her woo ;
And unless that mind I see,
What care I how great she be ?

Great, or good, or kind, or fair,
I will ne'er the more despair ;
If she love me, this believe,
I will die ere she shall grieve ;
If she slight me when I woo,
I can scorn and let her go ;
For if she be not for me,
What care I for whom she be ?

GEORGE CHAPMAN

(1559-1634 ?)

THE SPIRIT OF HOMER

" I AM," said he, " that spirit Elysian,
That in thy native air, and on the hill
Next Hitchin's left hand, did thy bosom fill
With such a flood of soul, that thou wert fain,
With exclamations of her rapture then,
To vent it to the echoes of the vale ;
When, meditating of me, a sweet gale
Brought me upon thee ; and thou didst inherit
My true sense, for the time then, in my spirit ;
And I, invisibly, went prompting thee
To those fair greens where thou didst English me."

Scarce he had utter'd this, when well I knew
It was my Prince's Homer ; whose dear view
Renew'd my grateful memory of the grace
His Highness did me for him ; which in face

Methought the Spirit show'd, was his delight,
And added glory to his heavenly plight :
Who told me, he brought stay to all my state ;
That he was Angel to me, Star, and Fate ;
Advancing colours of good hope to me ;
And told me my retired age should see
Heaven's blessing in a free and harmless life,
Conduct me, thro' earth's peace-pretending strife,
To that true Peace, whose search I still intend,
And to the calm shore of a lovèd end.

The Tears of Peace.

THE CAMP AT NIGHT

THE winds transferr'd into the friendly sky
Their supper's savour ; to the which they sat delightfully,
And spent all night in open field ; fires round about them shined.
As when about the silver moon, when air is free from wind,
And stars shine clear, to whose sweet beams, high prospects, and the brow
Of all steep hills and pinnacles, thrust up themselves for shows,
And even the lowly valleys joy to glitter in their sight,
When the unmeasured firmament bursts to disclose her light,
And all the signs in heaven are seen, that glad the shepherd's heart ;
So many fires disclosed their beams, made by the Trojan part,
Before the face of Ilion, and her bright turrets show'd.
A thousand courts of guard kept fires, and every guard allow'd
Fifty stout men, by whom their horse eat oats and hard white corn,
And all did wishfully expect the silver-thronèd morn.

Iliad, VIII.

ROBERT BURTON

(1577-1640)

THE POTION OF LOVE

PETRARCHS Laura made him so famous, Astrophels Stella, and Jovianus Pontanus Mistress was the cause of his Roses, Violets, Lillies, Nequitia, blanditia, joci, decor, Nardus, Ver, Corolla, Thus, Mars, Pallas, Venus, Charis, Crocum, Laurus, Unguentem, Costum, Lachryma, Myrrha, Musæ, etc., and the rest of his Poems; why are Italians at this day generally so good Poets and Painters? because every man of any fashion amongst them hath his Mistress. The very rusticks and hog-rubbers, Menalcas and Coridon, *qui fætent de stercore equino*, those fulsome knaves, if once they taste of this Love liquor, are inspired in an instant. Instead of those accurate Emblems, curious Impreses, gaudy Masques, Tilts, Turnaments, etc., they have their Wakes, Whitson-ales, Shepherds feasts, meetings on holy days, country dances, roundelays, writing their names on trees, true lovers knots, pretty gifts.

With tokens, hearts divided, and half rings,
Shepherds in their Loves are as coy as Kings.

Choosing Lords, Ladies, Kings, Queens, and Valentines,
etc., they go by couples,

Coridons Phillis, Nysa and Mopsus,
With daynty Dousibel and Sir Tophus.

Instead of Odes, Epigrams and Elegies, etc., they have their Ballads, country tunes, "O the Broom, the bonny bonny Broom," Ditties and Songs, "Bess a Bell she doth excel,"—they must write likewise and indite all in rime.

Thou Hony-suckle of the Hathorne hedge,
Vouchsafe in Cupids cup my heart to pledge;
My hearts dear blood, sweet Cis is thy Carouse,
Worth all the Ale in Gammer Gubbins house.

I say no more, affairs call me away,
My Fathers horse for provender doth stay.

Be thou the Lady Cressetlight to me,
 Sir Trolly Lolly will I prove to thee.
 Written in hast, farewell my Cowslip sweet,
 Pray lets a Sunday at the Ale-house meet.

Your most grim Stoiks and severe Philosophers will melt away with this passion, and if Atheneus bely them not, Aristippus, Apollidorus, Antiphanes, etc., have made love songs and Commentaries of their Mistress praises, Orators write Epistles, Princes give Titles, Honours, what not? Xerxes gave to Themistocles Lampsacus to find him wine, Magnesia for bread, and Myunte for the rest of his diet. The Persian Kings allotted whole Cities to like use, *hæc civitas mulieri redimiculum præbeat, hæc in collum, hæc in crines*, one whole city served to dress her hair, another her neck, a third her hood. Assuerus would have given Esther half his Empire, and Herod bid Herodias "ask what she would, she should have it." Caligula gave an 100,000 sesterces to his Curtisan at first word, to buy her pins, and yet when he was solicited by the Senate, to bestow something to repair the decayed walls of Rome for the Commonwealths good, he would give but 6000 sesterces at most. Dionysius, that Sicilian tyrant, rejected all his privy Councillors, and was so besotted on Mirrha his favourite and Mistress, that he would bestow no office, or in the most weightiest business of the kingdome do ought without her especial advice, prefer, depose, send, entertain no man, though worthy and well deserving, but by her consent; and he again whom she commended, howsoever unfit, unworthy, was as highly approved. Kings and Emperours, instead of Poems, build Cities; Adrian built Antinoa in Ægypt, besides Constellations, Temples, Altars, Statues, Images, etc. in the honour of his Antinous. Alexander bestowed infinite sums, to set out his Hephestion to all eternity. Socrates professeth himself loves servant, ignorant in all arts and sciences, a Doctor alone in love matters, *et quum alienarum rerum omnium scientiam diffiteretur*, saith Maximus Tyrius, *his sectator, hujus negotii professor*, etc., and this he spake openly, at home and abroad, at publike feasts, in the Academy, *in Pyræo, Lycæo, sub Platano*, etc.,

the very blood-hound of beauty, as he is stiled by others. But I conclude there is no end of Loves Symptomes, 'tis a bottomless pit. Love is subject to no dimensions ; not to be surveyed by any art or engine : and besides, I am of Hædus mind, " no man can discourse of love matters, or judge of them aright, that hath not made tryal in his own person," or as Æneas Sylvius adds, " hath not a little doted, been mad or love-sick himself." I confess I am but a novice, a Contemplator only,

Nescio quid sit amor nec amo—

I have a tincture ; for why should I lye, dissemble or excuse it, yet *homo sum*, etc., not altogether inexpert in this subject, *non sum præceptor amandi*, and what I say, is meerly reading, *ex aliorum forsan ineptiis*, by mine own observation, and others relation.

The Anatomy of Melancholy.

WILLIAM DRUMMOND OF HAWTHORNDEN

(1585-1649)

ON DEATH

IF on the theatre of this Earth, amongst the numberless number of men, to die were only proper to thee and thine, then undoubtedly thou hast reason to grudge at so severe and partial a law. But, since it is a necessity from which never an age past hath been exempted, and unto which these that be, and as many as are to come, are thrall'd, no consequent of life being more familiar, why shouldst thou, with unprofitable and nothing-availing stubbornness, oppose to so inevitable and necessary a condition ? This is the highway of mortality, our general home : behold, what millions have trod it before thee, what multitudes shall follow after thee, with them which at the same instant run ! In so universal a calamity, if Death *be* one, private

complaints cannot be heard : with so many royal palaces, it is small loss to see thy poor cabin burn. Shall the Heavens stay their ever-rolling wheels (for what is the motion of them but the motion of a swift and ever-whirling wheel which twineth forth and again upwindeth our life ?) and hold still Time, to prolong thy miserable days, as if the highest of their working were to do homage unto thee ? Thy death is a piece of the order of this All, a part of the life of this World ; for, while the World is the World, some creatures must die, and others take life. Eternal things are raised far above this Orb of generation and corruption, where the First Matter, like a still flowing and ebbing sea, with diverse waves, but the same water, keepeth a restless and never-tiring current : what is below in the universality of the kind, not in itself, doth abide ; MAN a long line of years hath continued, *this man* every hundredth is swept away. This air-encircled globe is the sole region of death, the grave where everything that taketh life must rot ; the lists of fortune and change, only glorious in the inconstancy and varying alterations of it ; which, though many, seem yet to abide one, and, being a certain entire one, are never many. The never-agreeing bodies of the Elemental Brethren turn one in another ; the Earth changeth her countenance with the Seasons, sometimes looking cold and naked, other times hot and flowery ; nay, I cannot tell how, but even the lowest of those celestial bodies, that Mother of Months and Empress of Seas and Moisture, as if she were a mirror of our constant mutability, appeareth, by her great nearness to us, to participate of our alterations, never seeing us twice with that same face, now looking black, then pale and wan ; sometimes, again, in the perfection of her beauty shining over us. . . . If thou dost complain that there shall be a time in the which thou shalt not be, why dost thou not too grieve that there was a time in the which thou wast not, and so that thou art not as old as that enlivening planet of Time ? For not to have been a thousand years before this moment is as much to be deplored as not to be a thousand after it, the effect of them both being one ; that will be after us which long long ere we were was. . . .

Empires, states, kingdoms, have, by the doom of the Supreme Providence, their fatal periods ; great cities lie sadly buried in their dust ; arts and sciences have not only their eclipses, but their wanings and deaths ; the ghastly wonders of the world, raised by the ambition of ages, are overthrown and trampled ; some lights above, deserving to be entitled stars, are lost, and never more seen of us ; the excellent fabric of this Universe itself shall one day suffer ruin, or change like a ruin : and poor Earthlings thus to be handled complain !

The Cypress Grove.

JOHN WEBSTER

(?—1630 ?)

THE DUCHESS OF MALFI (1618)

ACT IV. SCENE II

A room in the lodging of the Duchess

Enter DUCHESS and CARIOLA.

Duch. What hideous noise was that ?

Cari. 'Tis the wild consort

Of madmen, lady, which your tyrant brother
Hath plac'd about your lodging : this tyranny,
I think, was never practis'd till this hour.

Duch. Indeed, I thank him : nothing but noise and folly
Can keep me in my right wits ; whereas reason
And silence make me stark mad. Sit down ;
Discourse to me some dismal tragedy.

Cari. O, 'twill increase your melancholy !

Duch. Thou art deceiv'd :
To hear of greater grief would lessen mine.
This is a prison ?

Cari. Yes, but you shall live
To shake this durance off.

Duch. Thou art a fool :
The robin-red-breast and the nightingale
Never live long in cages.

Cari. Pray, dry your eyes.
What think you of, madam ?

Duch. Of nothing ;
When I muse thus, I sleep.

Cari. Like a madman, with your eyes open ?

Duch. Dost thou think we shall know one another
In the other world ?

Cari. Yes, out of question.

Duch. O, that it were possible we might
But hold some two days' conference with the dead !
From them I should learn somewhat, I am sure,
I never shall know here. I'll tell thee a miracle ;
I am not mad yet, to my cause of sorrow :
The heaven o'er my head seems made of molten brass,
The earth of flaming sulphur, yet I am not mad.
I am acquainted with sad misery
As the tann'd galley-slave is with his oar ;
Necessity makes me suffer constantly,
And custom makes it easy. Who do I look like now ?

Cari. Like to your picture in the gallery,
A deal of life in show, but none in practice ;
Or rather like some reverend monument
Whose ruins are even pitied.

Duch. Very proper ;
And Fortune seems only to have her eye-sight
To behold my tragedy.—How now !
What noise is that ?

Enter Servant.

Serv. I am come to tell you
Your brother hath intended you some sport.
A great physician, when the Pope was sick
Of a deep melancholy, presented him
With several sorts of madmen, which wild object
Being full of change and sport, forc'd him to laugh,

And so the imposthume broke : the self-same cure
The duke intends on you.

Duch. Let them come in.

* * * * *

Here the dance, consisting of Eight Madmen, with music answerable thereunto ; after which, BOSOLA, like an old man, enters.

Duch. Is he mad too ?

Serv. Pray, question him. I'll leave you.

[Exeunt Servant and Madmen.]

Bos. I am come to make thy tomb.

* * * * *

Enter Executioners, with a coffin, cords, and a bell.

Bos. Here is a present from your princely brothers ;
And may it arrive welcome, for it brings
Last benefit, last sorrow.

Duch. Let me see it :

I have so much obedience in my blood,
I wish it in their veins to do them good.

Bos. This is your last presence-chamber.

Cari. O my sweet lady !

Duch. Peace ; it affrights not me.

Bos. I am the common bellman

That usually is sent to condemn'd persons
The night before they suffer.

Duch. Even now thou said'st

Thou wast a tomb-maker.

Bos. 'Twas to bring you

By degrees to mortification. Listen.

Hark, now everything is still,
The screech-owl and the whistler shrill
Call upon our dame aloud,
And bid her quickly don her shroud !
Much you had of land and rent ;
Your length in clay's now competent :

A long war disturb'd your mind ;
 Here your perfect peace is sign'd.
 Of what is 't fools make such vain keeping ?
 Sin their conception, their birth weeping,
 Their life a general mist of error,
 Their death a hideous storm of terror.
 Strew your hair with powders sweet,
 Don clean linen, bathe your feet,
 And (the foul fiend more to check)
 A crucifix let bless your neck :
 'Tis now full tide 'tween night and day ;
 End your groan, and come away.

Cari. Hence, villains, tyrants, murderers ! alas !

What will you do with my lady ?—Call for help.

Duch. To whom ? to our next neighbours ? they are madfolks.

Bos. Remove that noise.

Duch. Farewell, Cariola.

In my last will I have not much to give :

A many hungry guests have fed upon me ;

Thine will be a poor reversion.

Cari. I will die with her.

Duch. I pray thee, look thou giv'st my little boy

Some syrup for his cold, and let the girl

Say her prayers ere she sleep.

[*CARIOLA is forced out by the Executioners.*

Now what you please :

What death ?

Bos. Strangling ; here are your executioners.

Duch. I forgive them :

The apoplexy, catarrh, or cough o' the lungs,

Would do as much as they do.

Bos. Doth not death fright you ?

Duch.

Who would be afraid on 't,

Knowing to meet such excellent company

In the other world ?

Bos. Yet, methinks,

The manner of your death should much afflict you :

The cord should terrify you.

Duch.

Not a whit :

What would it pleasure me to have my throat cut
 With diamonds ? or to be smothered
 With cassia ? or to be shot to death with pearls ?
 I know death hath ten thousand several doors
 For men to take their exits ; and 'tis found
 They go on such strange geometrical hinges,
 You may open them both ways : any way, for heaven-sake,
 So I were out of your whispering. Tell my brothers
 That I perceive death, now I am well awake,
 Best gift is they can give or I can take.
 I would fain put off my last woman's fault,
 I'd not be tedious to you.

First Execut.

We are ready.

Duch. Dispose my breath how please you ; but my body
 Bestow upon my women, will you ?

First Execut.

Yes.

Duch. Pull, and pull strongly, for your able strength
 Must pull down heaven upon me :—
 Yet stay ; heaven-gates are not so highly arch'd
 As princes' palaces ; they that enter there
 Must go upon their knees. [*Kneels.*] Come, violent death,
 Serve for mandragora to make me sleep !—
 Go tell my brothers, when I am laid out,
 They then may feed in quiet.

[*The Executioners strangle the DUCHESS.*]*Bos.*

Where's the waiting-woman ?

Fetch her : some other strangle the children.

[*CARIOLA and Children are brought in by the
 Executioners ; who presently strangle the
 Children.*]

SIR HENRY WOTTON

(1568-1639)

ELIZABETH OF BOHEMIA

You meaner beauties of the night,
That poorly satisfy our eyes
More by your number than your light,
You common people of the skies ;
What are you when the moon shall rise ?

You curious chanters of the wood,
That warble forth Dame Nature's lays,
Thinking your passions understood
By your weak accents ; what's your praise
When Philomel her voice shall raise ?

You violets that first appear,
By your pure purple mantles known
Like the proud virgins of the year,
As if the spring were all your own ;
What are you when the rose is blown ?

So, when my mistress shall be seen
In form and beauty of her mind,
By virtue first, then choice, a Queen,
Tell me, if she were not design'd
Th' eclipse and glory of her kind.

THE CHARACTER OF A HAPPY LIFE

How happy is he born and taught
That serveth not another's will ;
Whose armour is his honest thought,
And simple truth his utmost skill !

Whose passions not his masters are ;
Whose soul is still prepared for death,
Untied unto the world by care
Of public fame or private breath ;

Who envies none that chance doth raise,
Nor vice, who never understood
How deepest wounds are given by praise ;
Nor rules of state, but rules of good ;

Who hath his life from rumours freed ;
Whose conscience is his strong retreat ;
Whose state can neither flatterers feed,
Nor ruin make oppressors great ;

Who God doth late and early pray
More of His grace than gifts to lend ;
And entertains the harmless day
With a religious book or friend ;

—This man is freed from servile bands
Of hope to rise or fear to fall :
Lord of himself, though not of lands,
And having nothing, yet hath all.

FRANCIS QUARLES

(1592-1644)

A MEDITATION ON JOB

BOTH Goods and Body too ! who can it stand ?
Expect not *Job's* uprightness, at my hand,
Without *Job's* aid ; the temper of my Passion,
(Untam'd by thee) can brook no *Job's* Temptation ;
For I am weak and frail, and what I can
Most boast of, proves me but a *sinful Man* :
Things that I should avoid, I do ; and what
I am enjoyn'd to do, that do I not.

My flesh is weak, too strong in this alone,
 It rules my spirit, that should be rul'd by none
 But thee ; my spirit's faint, and hath been never
 Free from the fits of sins quotidian Fever.
 My powers are all corrupt, corrupt my Will,
 Marble to good, and wax to what is ill ;
 Eclipsed is my reason, and my Wit,
 By interposing Earth 'twixt Heaven and it :
 My Mem'ry's like a Searce of Lawn (alas !)
 It keeps things gross, and lets the purer pass.¹

What have I then to boast ? what title can

I challenge more, than this, *A sinful Man* ;
 Yet do I sometimes feel a warm desire,
 Raise my low thoughts and dull affections higher,
 Where, like a soul entranc'd, my spirit flies,
 Makes leagues with Angels, and brings Deities
 Half way to Heaven, shakes hands with Seraphims,
 And boldly mingles wings with Cherubims,
 From whence I look askauns adown the Earth,
 Pity my self, and lose my place of birth :
 But while I thus my lower state deplore,
 I wake, and prove the wretch I was before.

Job Militant.

PHINEAS FLETCHER

(1580-1650)

THE GREAT CONSULT OF SATAN AND HIS PEERS

AND now th' Infernal Powers through th' ayer driving,
 For speed their leather pineons broad display ;
 Now at eternall Deaths wide gate arriving,
 Sinne gives them passage ; still they cut their way,
 Till to the bottome of hells palace diving,
 They enter Dis deepe Conclave : there they stay,

¹ In Coleridge's copy of Quarles this passage is marked in the margin with the initials S. T. C.

Waiting the rest, and now they all are met,
A full foule Senate, now they all are set,
The horride Court, big swol'ne with th' hideous Counsel swet.

The mid'st, but lowest (in hells heraldry
The deepest is the highest roome) in state
Sat Lordly Lucifer : his fiery eye,
Much swol'ne with pride, but more with rage, and hate,
As Censour, muster'd all his company ;
Who round about with awefull silence sate.

This doe, this let rebellious Spirits gaine,
Change God for Satan, heavens for hells Sov'raigne :
O let him serve in hell, who scornes in heaven to raigne !

Ah wretch, who with ambitious cares opprest,
Long'st still for future, feel'st no present good :
Despising to be better, would'st be best,
Good never ; who wilt serve thy lusting mood,
Yet all command : not he, who rais'd his crest,
But pull'd it downe, hath high and firmly stood,
Foole, serve thy towring lusts, grow still, still crave,
Rule, raigne, this comfort from thy greatnes have,
Now at thy top, Thou art a great commanding slave.

Thus fell this Prince of darkness, once a bright
And glorious starre : he wilfull turn'd away
His borrowed globe from that eternall light :
Himselfe he sought, so lost himselfe : his ray
Vanish't to smoke, his morning sunk in night,
And never more shall see the springing day :

To be in heaven the second he disdaines :
So now the first in hell, and flames he raignes,
Crown'd once with joy, and light : crown'd now with fire and paines.

As where the warlike Dane the scepter swayes,
They crowne Usurpers with a wreath of lead,
And with hot steele, while loud the Traitour brayes,
They melt, and drop it downe into his head.
Crown'd he would live, and crown'd he ends his dayes :

All so in heavens courts this Traitor sped.

Who now (when he had overlook't his traine)

Rising upon his throne, with bitter straine

Thus 'gan to whet their rage, and chide their frustrate paine.

See, see you Spirits (I know not whether more

Hated, or hating heaven) ah see the earth

Smiling in quiet peace, and plenteous store.

Men fearless live in ease, in love, and mirth :

Where armes did rage, the drumme, and canon rore,

Where hate, strife, envy raig'n'd, and meagre dearth ;

Now lutes, and viols charme the ravish't eare.

Men plow with swords, horse heels their armors weare.

Ah shortly scarce they'l know what warre, and armors were.

* * * * *

But me, oh never let me, Spirits, forget

That glorious day, when I your standard bore,

And scorning in the second place to sit,

With you assaulted heaven, his yoke forswore.

My dauntlesse heart yet longs to bleed, and swet

In such a fray : the more I burne, the more

I hate : should he yet offer grace, and ease

If subject we our armes, and spight surcease,

Such offer should I hate, and scorne so base a peace.

Where are these spirits ? Where that haughty rage,

That durst with me invade eternall light ?

What ? Are our hearts falne too ? Droope we with age ?

Can we yet fall from hell, and hellish spight ?

Can smart our wrath, can grieve our hate assuage ?

Dare we with heaven, and not with earth to fight ?

Your armes, allies, your selves as strong as ever,

Your foes, their weapons, numbers weaker never.

For shame tread downe this earth : what wants but your endeavour

Now by your selves, and thunder-danted armes,

But never danted hate, I you implore,

Command, adjure, reinforce your fierce alarmes :

Kindle, I pray, who never prayed before,
Kindle your darts, treble repay our harmes.
Oh our short time, too short, stands at the dore,
 Double your rage : if now we doe not ply,
 We 'lone in hell, without due company,
And worse, without desert, without revenge shall ly.

JOHN MILTON (I)

(1608-74)

HYMN ON THE MORNING OF CHRIST'S
NATIVITY

It was the Winter wilde,
While the Heav'n-born-childe,
 All meanly wrapt in the rude manger lies ;
Nature in awe to him
Had doff't her gawdy trim,
 With her great Master so to sympathize :
It was no season then for her
To wanton with the Sun her lusty Paramour.

Only with speeches fair
She woo's the gentle Air
 To hide her guilty front with innocent Snow,
And on her naked shame,
Pollute with sinfull blame,
 The Saintly Vail of Maiden white to throw,
Confounded, that her Makers eyes
Should look so near upon her foul deformities.

But he her fears to cease,
Sent down the meek-eyd Peace,
 She crown'd with Olive green, came softly sliding
Down through the turning sphear
His ready Harbinger,
 With Turtle wing the amorous clouds dividing,

And waving wide her mirtle wand,
She strikes a universall Peace through Sea and Land.

No War, or Battails sound
Was heard the World around,
The idle spear and shield were high up hung ;
The hookèd Chariot stood
Unstain'd with hostile blood,
The Trumpet spake not to the armèd throng,
And Kings sate still with awfull eye,
As if they surely knew their sovran Lord was by.

But peacefull was the night
Wherein the Prince of light
His raign of peace upon the earth began :
The Windes with wonder whist,
Smoothly the waters kist,
Whispering new joyes to the milde Ocean,
Who now hath quite forgot to rave,
While Birds of Calm sit brooding on the charmèd wave.

The Stars with deep amaze
Stand fixt in stedfast gaze,
Bending one way their precious influence,
And will not take their flight,
For all the morning light,
Or Lucifer that often warn'd them thence ;
But in their glimmering Orbs did glow,
Untill their Lord himself bespake, and bid them go.

And though the shady gloom
Had given day her room,
The Sun himself with held his wonted speed,
And hid his head for shame,
As his inferiour flame,
The new enlightn'd world no more should need ;
He saw a greater Sun appear
Then his bright Throne, or burning Axletree could bear.

The Shepherds on the Lawn,
 Or ere the point of dawn,
 Sate simply chatting in a rustick row ;
 Full little thought they than,
 That the mighty Pan
 Was kindly come to live with them below ;
 Perhaps their loves, or else their sheep,
 Was all that did their silly thoughts so busie keep.

When such musick sweet
 Their hearts and ears did greet,
 As never was by mortall finger strook,
 Divinely-warbled voice
 Answering the stringèd noise,
 As all their souls in blisfull rapture took :
 The Air such pleasure loth to lose,
 With thousand echo's still prolongs each heav'nly close.

Nature that heard such sound
 Beneath the hollow round
 Of Cynthia's seat, the Airy region thrilling,
 Now was almost won
 To think her part was done,
 And that her reign had here its last fulfilling ;
 She knew such harmony alone
 Could hold all Heav'n and Earth in happier union.

At last surrounds their sight
 A Globe of circular light,
 That with long beams the shame-fac't night array'd,
 The helmèd Cherubim
 And sworded Seraphim,
 Are seen in glittering ranks with wings displaid,
 Harping in loud and solemn quire,
 With unexpressive notes to Heavens new-born Heir.

Such musick (as 'tis said)
 Before was never made,
 But when of old the sons of morning sung,

While the Creator Great
His constellations set,
 And the well-ballanc't world on hinges hung,
And cast the dark foundations deep,
And bid the weltring waves their oozy channel keep.

Ring out ye Crystall spears,
Once bless our human ears,
 (If ye have power to touch our senses so)
And let your silver chime
Move in melodious time ;
 And let the Base of Heav'ns deep Organ blow,
And with your ninefold harmony
Make up full consort to th' Angelike symphony.

For if such holy Song
Enwrap our fancy long,
 Time will run back, and fetch the age of gold,
And speckl'd vanity
Will sicken soon and die,
 And leprous sin will melt from earthly mould,
And Hell itself will pass away,
And leave her dolorous mansions to the peering day.

Yea, Truth and Justice then
Will down return to men,
 Th' enameld Arras of the Rain-bow wearing,
And Mercy sit between
Thron'd in celestial sheen,
 With radiant feet the tissued clouds down steering ;
And Heav'n, as at some festivall,
Will open wide the Gates of her high Palace Hall.

But wisest Fate sayes No,
This must not yet be so,
 The Babe lies yet in smiling infancy,
That on the bitter cross
Must redeem our loss,
 So both himself and us to glorifie ;

Yet first, to those ychain'd in sleep,
The wakeful trump of doom must thunder through the deep,

With such a horrid clang
As on Mount Sinai rang,

While the red fire and smouldring clouds outbrake :
The aged earth aghast,
With terror of that blast,

Shall from the surface to the center shake ;
When, at the world's last session,
The dreadfull Judge in middle Air shall spread his throne.

And then at last our bliss .
Full and perfect is,

But now begins ; for from this happy day
Th'old Dragon, under ground
In straiter limits bound,

Not half so far casts his usurpèd sway,
And, wroth to see his kingdom fail,
Swindges the scaly horror of his folded tail.

The oracles are dumb,
No voice or hideous humm

Runs through the archèd roof in words deceiving.
Apollo from his shrine
Can no more divine,

With hollow shreik the steep of Delphos leaving.
No nightly trance, or breathèd spell,
Inspires the pale-ey'd Priest from the prophetic cell.

The lonely mountains o're
And the resounding shore,

A voice of weeping heard and loud lament :
From haunted spring and dale,
Edged with poplar pale,

The parting Genius is with sighing sent ;
With flowre-in-woven tresses torn
The Nymphs in twilight shade of tangled thickets mourn.

In consecrated earth,
And on the holy hearth,

The Lars and Lemures moan with midnight plaint ;
In Urns and Altars round,
A drear and dying sound

Affrights the Flamins at their service quaint ;
And the chill marble seems to sweat,
While each peculiar Power forgoes his wonted seat.

Peor and Baalim

Forsake their Temples dim,

With that twice-batter'd god of Palestine :
And moonèd Ashtaroth,
Heav'ns queen and mother both,

Now sits not girt with Tapers holy shine:
The Libyc Hammon shrinks his horn,
In vain the Tyrian maids their wounded Thammuz mourn.

And sullen Moloch, fled,
Hath left in shadows dread

His burning Idol all of blackest hue ;
In vain, with Cymbals ring,
They call the grisly king,

In dismal dance about the furnace blue ;
The brutish gods of Nile as fast,
Isis and Orus, and the dog Anubis, hast.

He feels from Juda's land
The dredged Infants hand,

The rays of Bethlehem blind his dusky eyn ;
Nor all the gods beside
Longer dare abide,

Nor Typhon huge ending in snaky twine ;
Our Babe, to show his Godhead true,
Can in His swadling bands control the damnèd crew.

So when the Sun in bed,
Curtained with cloudy red,

Pillows his chin upon an Orient wave,

The flocking shadows pale
Troop to th' infernal jail,
Each fetter'd Ghost slips to his severall grave ;
And the yellow-skirted Fayes
Fly after the Night-steeds, leaving their Moon-lov'd maze.

But see, the Virgin blest
Hath laid her Babe to rest ;
Time is, our tedious song should here have ending ;
Heav'ns youngest-teemèd Star
Hath fixed her polisht Car,
Her sleeping Lord with Handmaid Lamp attending ;
And all about the Courtly Stable
Bright-harnest Angels sit in order serviceable.

L'ALLEGRO

HENCE Loathèd Melancholy
Of Cerberus and blackest midnight born,
In Stygian Cave forlorn
'Mongst horrid shapes, and shreiks, and sights unholy,
Find out som uncouth cell,
Where brooding darknes spreads his jealous wings,
And the night-Raven sings ;
There, under Ebon shades, and low-brow'd Rocks,
As ragged as thy Locks,
In dark Cimmerian desert ever dwell.
But com thou Goddes fair and free,
In Heav'n ycleap'd Euphrosyne,
And by men, heart-easing Mirth,
Whom lovely Venus, at a birth
With two sister Graces more
To Ivy-crownèd Bacchus bore ;
Or whether (as som Sager sing)
The frolick Wind that breathes the Spring,
Zephir with Aurora playing
As he met her once a Maying,

There on Beds of Violets blew,
And fresh-blown Roses washt in dew,
Fill'd her with thee a daughter fair,
So bucksom, blith, and debonair.

Haste thee nymph, and bring with thee
Jest and youthful Jollity,
Quips and Cranks, and wanton Wiles,
Nods, and Becks, and Wreathèd Smiles,
Such as hang on Hebe's cheek,
And love to live in dimple sleek ;
Sport that wrincled Care derides,
And Laughter holding both his sides.
Com, and trip it as ye go
On the light fantastick toe,
And in thy right hand lead with thee,
The Mountain Nymph, sweet Liberty ;
And if I give thee honour due,
Mirth, admit me of thy crue
To live with her, and live with thee,
In unprovèd pleasures free ;
To hear the Lark begin his flight,
And singing startle the dull night,
From his watch-towre in the skies,
Till the dappled dawn doth rise ;
Then to com in sight of sorrow,
And at my window bid good morrow,
Through the Sweet-Briar, or the Vine,
Or the twisted Eglantine.
While the Cock with lively din,
Scatters the rear of darkness thin,
And to the stack, or the Barn dore,
Stoutly struts his Dames before,
Oft list'ning how the Hounds and horn
Chearly rouse the slumbring morn,
From the side of som Hoar Hill,
Through the high wood echoing shrill.
Som time walking not unseen
By Hedge-row Elms, on Hillocks green,
Right against the Eastern gate,

Wher the great Sun begins his state,
Rob'd in flames, and Amber light,
The clouds in thousand Liveries dight.
While the Plowman neer at hand,
Whistles o're the Furrow'd Land,
And the Milkmaid singeth blithe,
And the Mower whets his sithe,
And every Shepherd tells his tale
Under the Hawthorn in the dale.
Streit mine eye hath caught new pleasures
Whilst the Lantskip round it measures,
Russet Lawns, and Fallows Gray,
Where the nibling flocks do stray,
Mountains on whose barren brest
The labouring clouds do often rest :
Meadows trim with Daisies pide,
Shallow Brooks, and Rivers wide.
Towers and Battlements it sees
Boosom'd high in tufted Trees,
Where perhaps som beauty lies,
The Cynosure of neighbouring eyes.
Hard by, a Cottage chimney smokes,
From betwixt two agèd Okes,
Where Corydon and Thyrsis met,
Are at their savory dinner set
Of Hearbs, and other Country Messes,
Which the neat-handed Phillis dresses ;
And then in haste her Bowre she leaves,
With Thestylis to bind the Sheaves ;
Or if the earlier season lead
To the tann'd Haycock in the Mead,
Som times with secure delight
The up-land Hamlets will invite,
When the merry Bells ring round,
And the jocond rebecks sound
To many a youth, and many a maid,
Dancing in the Chequer'd shade ;
And young and old come forth to play
On a Sunshine Holyday,

Till the live-long day-light fail,
 Then to the Spicy Nut-brown Ale,
 With stories told of many a feat,
 How Faery Mab the junkets eat,
 She was pincht, and pull'd she sed,
 And he by Friars Lanthorn led
 Tells how the drudging Goblin swet,
 To ern his Cream-bowle duly set,
 When in one night, ere glimps of morn,
 His shadowy Flae hath thresh'd the Corn
 That ten day-labourers could not end,
 Then lies him down the Lubbar Fend,
 And stretch'd out all the Chimney's length,
 Basks at the fire his hairy strength ;
 And Crop-full out of dores he flings,
 Ere the first Cock his Mattin rings.
 Thus don the Tales, to bed they creep,
 By whispering Windes soon lull'd asleep.

Towred Cities please us then,
 And the busie humm of men,
 Where throngs of Knights and Barons bold,
 In weeds of Peace high triumphs hold,
 With store of Ladies whose bright eies
 Rain influence, and judge the prise
 Of Wit, or Arms, while both contend
 To win her Grace, whom all commend.
 There let Hymen oft appear
 In Saffron robe, with Taper clear,
 And pomp, and feast, and revelry,
 With mask, and antique Pageantry,
 Such sights as youthfull Poets dream
 On Summer eeves by haunted stream.
 Then to the well-trod stage anon,
 If Jonsons learned Sock be on,
 Or sweetest Shakespear fancies childe,
 Warble his native Wood-notes wilde,
 And ever against eating Cares,
 Lap me in soft Lydian Aires,
 Married to immortal verse

Such as the meeting soul may pierce
In notes, with many a winding bout
Of linckèd sweetnes long drawn out,
With wanton heed, and giddy cunning,
The melting voice through mazes running ;
Untwisting all the chains that ty
The hidden soul of harmony.
That Orpheus self may heave his head
From golden slumber on a bed
Of heapt Elysian flowres, and hear
Such streins as would have won the ear
Of Pluto, to have quite set free,
His half regain'd Eurydice.
These delights, if thou canst give,
Mirth with thee, I mean to live.

IL PENSEROSO

HENCE vain deluding joyes,
The brood of folly without father bred,
How little you bested,
Or fill the fixèd mind with all your toyes ;
Dwell in som idle brain,
And fancies fond with gaudy shapes possess,
As thick and numberless
As the gay motes that people the Sun Beams,
Or likest hovering dreams
The fickle Pensioners of Morpheus train.
But hail thou Goddes, sage and holy,
Hail divinest Melancholy,
Whose Saintly visage is too bright
To hit the Sense of human sight ;
And therefore to our weaker view,
Ore laid with black staid Wisdoms hue.
Black, but such as in esteem,
Prince Memnons sister might beseem,
Or that Starr'd Ethiope Queen that strove
To set her beauties praise above

The Sea Nymphs, and their powers offended.
Yet thou art higher far descended,
Thee bright-hair'd Vesta long of yore,
To solitary Saturn bore ;
His daughter she (in Saturns raig,
Such mixture was not held a stain)
Oft in glimmering Bowres, and glades
He met her, and in secret shades
Of woody Idas inmost grove,
While yet there was no fear of Jove.
Com pensive Nun, devout and pure,
Sober, stedfast, and demure,
All in a robe of darkest grain,
Flowing with majestick train,
And sable stole of Cipres Lawn,
Over thy decent shoulders drawn.
Com, but keep thy wonted state,
With eev'n step, and musing gate,
And looks commercing with the skies,
Thy rapt soul sitting in thine eyes :
There held in holy passion still,
Forget thy self to Marble, till
With a sad Leaden downward cast,
Thou fix them on the earth as fast.
And joyn with thee calm Peace, and Quiet,
Spare Fast, that oft with gods doth diet,
And hears the Muses in a ring,
Ay round about Joves Altar sing.
And adds to these retired Leasure,
That in trim Gardens takes his pleasure ;
But first, and chiefest, with thee bring,
Him that yon soars on golden wing,
Guiding the fiery-wheelèd throne,
The Cherub Contemplation,
And the mute Silence hist along,
'Less Philomel will daign a Song,
In her sweetest, saddest plight,
Smoothing the rugged brow of night,
While Cynthia checks her Dragon yoke,

Gently o're th' accustom'd Oke ;
Sweet Bird that shunn'st the noise of folly,
Most musicall, most melancholy !
Thee Chauntress oft the Woods among,
I woo to hear thy eeven-Song ;
And missing thee, I walk unseen
On the dry smooth-shaven Green,
To behold the wandring Moon,
Riding neer her highest noon,
Like one that had bin led astray
Through the Heav'ns wide pathles way ;
And oft, as if her head she bow'd,
Stooping through a fleecy cloud.
Oft on a Plat of rising ground,
I hear the far-off Curfeu sound,
Over som wide-water'd shoar,
Swinging slow with sullen roar ;
Or if the Ayr will not permit,
Som still removèd place will fit,
Where glowing Embers through the room
Teach light to counterfeit a gloom,
Far from all resort of mirth,
Save the Cricket on the hearth,
Or the Belmans drousie charm,
To bless the dores from nightly harm :
Or let my Lamp at midnight hour,
Be seen in som high lonely Towr,
Where I may oft out-watch the Bear,
With thrice great Hermes, or unspear
The spirit of Plato to unfold
What Worlds, or what vast Regions hold
The immortal mind that hath forsook
Her mansion in this fleshly nook :
And of those Dæmons that are found
In fire, air, flood, or under ground,
Whose power hath a true consent
With Planet, or with Element.
Som time let Gorgeous Tragedy
In Scepter'd Pall com sweeping by,

Presenting Thebs, or Pelops line,
Or the tale of Troy divine.
Or what (though rare) of later age,
Ennobled hath the Buskind stage.

But, O sad Virgin, that thy power
Might raise Musæus from his bower,
Or bid the soul of Orpheus sing
Such notes as warbled to the string,
Drew Iron tears down Pluto's cheek,
And made Hell grant what Love did seek.
Or call up him that left half told
The story of Cambuscan bold,
Of Camball, and of Algarsife,
And who had Canace to wife,
That own'd the vertuous Ring and Glass,
And of the wondrous Hors of Brass,
On which the Tartar King did ride ;
And if ought els, great Bards beside,
In sage and solemn tunes have sung,
Of Turneys and of Trophies hung ;
Of Forests, and inchantments drear,
Where more is meant then meets the ear.
Thus night oft see me in thy pale career,
Till civil-suited Morn appeer,
Not trickt and frounc't as she was wont,
With the Attick Boy to hunt,
But Cherchef't in a comly Cloud,
While rocking Winds are Piping loud,
Or usher'd with a shower still,
When the gust hath blown his fill,
Ending on the russling Leaves,
With minute drops from off the Eaves.
And when the Sun begins to fling
His flaring beams, me Goddes bring
To archèd walks of twilight groves,
And shadows brown that Sylvan loves,
Of Pine, or monumental Oake,
Where the rude Ax with heavèd stroke,
Was never heard the Nymphs to daunt,

Or fright them from their hallow'd haunt.
 There in close covert by som Brook,
 Where no profaner eye may look,
 Hide me from Days garish eie,
 While the Bee with Honied thie,
 That at her flowry work doth sing,
 And the Waters murmuring
 With such consort as they keep,
 Entice the dewy-feather'd Sleep ;
 And let som strange mysterious dream,
 Wave at his Wings in Airy stream,
 Of lively portrature display'd,
 Softly on my eye-lids laid.
 And as I wake, sweet musick breath
 Above, about, or underneath,
 Sent by som spirit to mortals good,
 Or th' unseen Genius of the Wood.

But let my due feet never fail,
 To walk the studious Cloysters pale,
 And love the high embowèd Roof,
 With antick Pillars massy proof,
 And storied windows richly dight,
 Casting a dimm religious light.
 There the pealing Organ blow,
 To the full voic'd Quire below,
 In Service high, and Anthems cleer,
 As may with sweetnes, through mine ear,
 Dissolve me into extasies,
 And bring all Heav'n before mine eyes.
 And may at last my weary age
 Find out the peacefull hermitage,
 The Hairy Gown and Mossy Cell,
 Where I may sit and rightly spell
 Of every Star that Heav'n doth shew,
 And every Herb that sips the dew ;
 Till old experience do attain
 To something like Prophetic strain.
 These pleasures Melancholy give,
 And I with thee will choose to live.

FULKE GREVILLE, LORD BROOKE

(1554-1628)

MYRA

I, WITH whose colours Myra dress'd her head,
 I, that ware posies of her own hand-making,
 I, that mine own name in the chimneys read
 By Myra finely wrought ere I was waking :
 Must I look on, in hope time coming may
 With change bring back my turn again to play ?

I, that on Sunday at the church-stile found
 A garland sweet with true-love-knots in flowers,
 Which I to wear about mine arms was bound
 That each of us might know that all was ours :
 Must I lead now an idle life in wishes,
 And follow Cupid for his loaves and fishes ?

I, that did wear the ring her mother left,
 I, for whose love she gloried to be blamèd,
 I, with whose eyes her eyes committed theft,
 I, who did make her blush when I was namèd :
 Must I lose ring, flowers, blush, theft, and go naked,
 Watching with sighs till dead love be awaked ?

Was it for this that I might Myra see
 Washing the water with her beauty's white ?
 Yet would she never write her love to me.
 Thinks wit of change when thoughts are in delight ?
 Mad girls may safely love as they may leave ;
 No man can *print* a kiss : lines may deceive.

chimneys = cheminées, chimney-screens of tapestry work.

CAELICA

CX

SION lies waste, and Thy Jerusalem,
O Lord, is fall'n to utter desolation ;
Against Thy prophets and Thy holy men,
There sin hath wrought a fatal combination :
 Profan'd Thy name, Thy worship overthrown,
 And made Thee, living Lord, a God unknown.

Thy powerful laws, Thy wonders of creation,
Thy word incarnate, glorious heaven, dark hell,
Lie shadowed under man's degeneration ;
Thy Christ still crucified for doing well ;
 Impiety, O Lord, sits on Thy throne,
 Which makes Thee, living Lord, a God unknown.

Man's superstition hath Thy truth entombed,
His atheism again her pomps defaceth ;
That sensual, insatiable vast womb,
Of Thy seen Church, Thy unseen Church disgraceth ;
 There lives no truth, with them that seem Thine own,
 Which makes Thee, living Lord, a God unknown.

Yet unto Thee, Lord—mirror of transgression—
We who for earthly idols have forsaken,
Thy heavenly image—sinless, pure impression—
And so in nets of vanity lie taken,
 All desolate implore that to Thine own,
 Lord, Thou no longer live a God unknown.

Yea, Lord, let Israel's plagues not be eternal,
Nor sin for ever cloud Thy sacred mountains,
Nor with false flames spiritual but infernal,
Dry up Thy Mercy's ever springing fountains :
 Rather, sweet Jesus, fill up time and come,
 To yield to sin her everlasting doom.

GEORGE HERBERT

(1593-1632)

VIRTUE

SWEET day, so cool, so calm, so bright !
The bridal of the earth and sky—
The dew shall weep thy fall to-night ;
For thou must die.

Sweet rose, whose hue angry and brave
Bids the rash gazer wipe his eye,
Thy root is ever in its grave,
And thou must die.

Sweet spring, full of sweet days and roses,
A box where sweets compacted lie,
My music shows ye have your closes,
And all must die.

Only a sweet and virtuous soul,
Like season'd timber, never gives ;
But though the whole world turn to coal,
Then chiefly lives.

THE PULLEY

WHEN God at first made Man,
Having a glass of blessings standing by—
Let us (said He) pour on him all we can ;
Let the world's riches, which dispersèd lie,
Contract into a span.

So strength first made a way,
Then beauty flow'd, then wisdom, honour, pleasure :
When almost all was out, God made a stay,
Perceiving that, alone of all His treasure,
Rest in the bottom lay.

For if I should (said He)
Bestow this jewel also on My creature,
He would adore My gifts instead of Me,
And rest in Nature, not the God of Nature :
So both should losers be.

Yet let him keep the rest,
But keep them with repining restlessness ;
Let him be rich and weary, that at least,
If goodness lead him not, yet weariness
May toss him to My breast.

JOHN FORD

(1586-1639)

THE BROKEN HEART

ACT V. SCENE III. *A Temple*

An altar covered with white ; two lights of virgin wax upon it. Records play, during which enter Attendants bearing ITHOCLES on a hearse (in a rich robe, with a crown on his head) and place him on one side of the altar. Afterwards enter CALANTHA in white, crowned, attended by EUPHRANEA, PHILEMA, and CRISTALLA, also in white ; NEARCHUS, ARMOSTES, CROTOLON, PROPHILUS, AMELUS, BASSANES, HEMEPHIL, and GRONEAS.

CALANTHA kneels before the altar, the Ladies kneeling behind her, the rest stand off. The records cease during her devotions. Soft music. CALANTHA and the rest rise, doing obeisance to the altar.

Cal. Our orisons are heard ; the gods are merciful.—
Now tell me, you whose loyalties pay tribute
To us your lawful sovereign, how unskilful
Your duties or obedience is to render
Subjection to the sceptre of a virgin,

Who have been ever fortunate in princes
 Of masculine and stirring composition.
 A woman has enough to govern wisely
 Her own demeanours, passions, and divisions.
 A nation warlike and inured to practice
 Of policy and labour cannot brook
 A feminine authority : we therefore
 Command your counsel, how you may advise us
 In choosing of a husband, whose abilities
 Can better guide this kingdom.

Near. Royal lady,
 Your law is in your will.

Arm. We have seen tokens
 Of constancy too lately to mistrust it.

Crot. Yet, if your highness settle on a choice
 By your own judgment both allowed and liked of,
 Sparta may grow in power, and proceed
 To an increasing height.

Cal. Hold you the same mind ?

Bass. Alas, great mistress, reason is so clouded
 With the thick darkness of my infinite woes,
 That I forecast nor dangers, hopes, or safety.
 Give me some corner of the world to wear out
 The remnant of the minutes I must number,
 Where I may hear no sounds but sad complaints
 Of virgins who have lost contracted partners ;
 Of husbands howling that their wives were ravish'd
 By some untimely fate ; of friends divided
 By churlish opposition ; or of fathers
 Weeping upon their children's slaughter'd carcasses ;
 Or daughters groaning o'er their fathers' hearses ;
 And I can dwell there, and with these keep consort
 As musical as theirs. What can you look for
 From an old, foolish, peevish, doting man
 But craziness of age ?

Cal. Cousin of Argos,—

Near. Madam ?

Cal. Were I presently
 To choose you for my lord, I'll open freely

What articles I would propose to treat on
Before our marriage.

Near. Name them, virtuous lady.

Cal. I would presume you would retain the royalty
Of Sparta in her own bounds ; then in Argos
Armestes might be viceroy ; in Messene
Might Crotolon bear sway ; and Bassanes—

Bass. I, queen ! alas, what I ?

Cal. Be Sparta's marshal :

The multitudes of high employments could not
But set a peace to private griefs. These gentlemen,
Groneas and Hemophil, with worthy pensions,
Should wait upon your person in your chamber.—
I would bestow Christalla on Amelus.
She'll prove a constant wife ; and Philema
Should into Vesta's temple.

Bass. This is a testament !

It sounds not like conditions on a marriage.

Near. All this should be performed.

Cal. Lastly, for Prophilus,

He should be, cousin, solemnly invested
In all those honours, titles, and preferments
Which his dear friend and my neglected husband
Too short a time enjoyed.

Pro. I am unworthy

To live in your remembrance.

Euph. Excellent lady !

Near. Madam, what means that word, " neglected husband " ?

Cal. Forgive me :—now I turn to thee, thou shadow
Of my contracted lord ! Bear witness all,
I put my mother's wedding-ring upon
His finger ; 'twas my father's last bequest.

[Places a ring on the finger of ITHOCLES.]

Thus I new-marry him whose wife I am ;
Death shall not separate us. O, my lords,
I but deceived your eyes with antic gestures,
When one news straight came huddling on another
Of death ! and death ! and death ! still I danced forward ;
But it struck home, and here, and in an instant.

Be such mere women, who with shrieks and outcries
 Can vow a present end to all their sorrows,
 Yet live to court new pleasures, and outlive them :
 They are the silent griefs which cut the heart-strings ;
 Let me die smiling.

Near. 'Tis a truth too ominous.

Cal. One kiss on these cold lips, my last ! [*Kisses ITHOCLES.*
 —Crack, crack !—

Argos now's Sparta's king.—Command the voices
 Which wait at the altar now to sing the song
 I fitted for my end.

Near. Sirs, the song !

DIRGE

Chor. Glories, pleasures, pomps, delights, and ease,
 Can but please

 The outward senses, when the mind
 Is or untroubled or by peace refined.

First Voice. Crowns may flourish and decay,
 Beauties shine, but fade away.

Second Voice. Youth may revel, yet it must
 Lie down in a bed of dust.

Third Voice. Earthly honours flow and waste,
 Time alone doth change and last.

Chor. Sorrows mingled with contents prepare
 Rest far care ;

 Love only reigns in death ; though art
 Can find no comfort for a broken heart.

[*CALANTHA dies.*

Arm. Look to the queen !

Bass. Her heart is broke indeed.

O, royal maid, would thou hadst missed this part !
 Yet 'twas a brave one. I must weep to see
 Her smile in death.

Arm. Wise Tecnicus ! thus said he :

“ When youth is ripe, and age from time doth part,
 The Lifeless Trunk shall wed the Broken Heart.”

'Tis here fulfilled.

Near. I am your king.
All. Long live

Nearchus, King of Sparta !

Near. Her last will
 Shall never be digressed from : wait in order
 Upon these faithful lovers, as becomes us.—
 The counsels of the gods are never known
 Till men can call the effects of them their own. [Exeunt.

MARTIN PARKER

(c. 1635)

SAYLORS FOR MY MONEY

A new Ditty composed in the praise of Saylor and Sea Affaires, briefly showing the nature of so worthy a calling, and effects of their industry.

To the Tune of *The Iovial Cobbler*

COUNTRIE men of England, who live at home with ease,
 And little thinke what dangers are incident o' th' seas,
 Give eare unto the saylor who unto you will shew
 His case, his case : *how ere the winde doth blow.*

He that is a saylor must have a valiant heart,
 For, when he is upon the sea, he is not like to start ;
 But must with noble courage all dangers undergoe :
 Resolve, resolve : *how e're the wind doth blow.*

Our calling is laborious, and subject to much [care] ;
 But we must still contented be with what falls to our share.
 We must not be faint-hearted, come tempest, raine or snow,
 Nor shrink : nor shrink : *how e're the winde doth blowe.*

Sometimes on Neptune's bosome our ship is tost with waves,
 And every minute we expect the sea must be our graves.
 Sometime on high she mounteth, then falls againe as low :
 With waves : with waves : *when stormie winds do blow.*

Then with unfained prayers, as Christian duty bindes,
Wee turne unto the Lord of hosts, with all our hearts and minds ;
To Him we flie for succour, for He, we surely know,
Can save : can save : *how ere the wind doth blow.*

Then He who [brake] the rage [of] the rough and blustrous seas,
When His disciples were afraid, will straight the stormes apease ;
And give us cause to thanke, on bended knees full low :
Who saves : who saves : *how ere the wind doth blow.*

Our enemies approaching, when wee on sea espie,
Wee must resolve incontinent to fight, although we die ;
With noble resolution we must oppose our foe
In fight, in fight : *how ere the wind doth blow.*

And when, by God's assistance, our foes are put to th' foile,
To animate our courages wee all have share o' th' spoile.
Our foes into the ocean we back to back do throw,
To sinke, or swimme : *how ere the wind doth blow.*

Thus wee gallant sea-men, in midst of greatest dangers,
Doe alwaies prove our valour, wee never are no changers ;
But what soe ere betide us, wee stoutly undergoe,
Resolv'd, resolv'd : *how ere the wind doth blow.*

If fortune doe befriend us, in what we take in hand,
Wee prove our selves still generous wherere we come to land ;
Ther's few that shall out brave us, though neere so great in show
We spend, and lend : *how ere the wind doth blow.*

We travell to the Indies, from them we bring som spice ;
There we buy rich merchandise at very little price ;
And many wealthy prizes we conquer from the foe
In fight, in fight : *how ere the wind doth blow.*

Into our native country with wealth we doe returne,
And cheere our wives and children, who for our absence mourne ;
Then doe we bravely flourish, and where soe ere we goe
We roare : we roare : *how ere the wind doth blow.*

For when we have received our wages for our paynes
 The vintners and the tapsters by us have golden gaines.
 We call for liquor roundly, and pay before we goe :
 And sing : and drink : *how ere the wind doth blow.*

We bravely are respected when we walke up and downe,
 For if wee meete good company wee care not for a crowne ;
 Ther's none more free than saylors, where ere he come or goe,
 They'll roare o' th' shore : *how ere the winde doth blow.*

Then who would live in England and nourish vice with ease,
 When hee that is in povertie may riches get o' th' seas ?
 Let's saile unto the Indies, where golden grass doth grow :
 To sea, to sea : *how ere the wind doth blow.*

SIR WILLIAM DAVENANT

(1606-68)

AUBADE

THE lark now leaves his wat'ry nest,
 And climbing shakes his dewy wings.
 He takes this window for the East,
 And to implore your light he sings—
 Awake, awake ! the morn will never rise
 Till she can dress her beauty at your eyes.

The merchant bows unto the seaman's star,
 The ploughman from the sun his season takes ;
 But still the lover wonders what they are
 Who look for day before his mistress wakes.
 Awake, awake ! break thro' your veils of lawn !
 Then draw your curtains, and begin the dawn !

SIR JOHN SUCKLING

(1609-42)

WHY SO PALE AND WAN ?

WHY so pale and wan, fond lover ?
 Prithee, why so pale ?
 Will, when looking well can't move her,
 Looking ill prevail ?
 Prithee, why so pale ?

Why so dull and mute, young sinner ?
 Prithee, why so mute ?
 Will, when speaking well can't win her,
 Saying nothing do 't ?
 Prithee, why so mute ?

Quit, quit for shame ! This will not move ;
 This cannot take her.
 If of herself she will not love,
 Nothing can make her :
 The devil take her !

THOMAS CAREW

(1595 ?-1639 ?)

SONG

Ask me no more where Jove bestows,
 When June is past, the fading rose ;
 For in your beauty's orient deep
 These flowers, as in their causes, sleep.

Ask me no more whither do stray
 The golden atoms of the day ;

For in pure love heaven did prepare
Those powders to enrich your hair.

Ask me no more whither doth haste
The nightingale when May is past ;
For in your sweet dividing throat
She winters and keeps warm her note.

Ask me no more where those stars 'light
That downwards fall in dead of night ;
For in your eyes they sit, and there
Fixèd become as in their sphere.

Ask me no more if east or west
The Phœnix builds her spicy nest ;
For unto you at last she flies,
And in your fragrant bosom dies.

SIR THOMAS BROWNE

(1605-82)

ON HAPPINESS

XI. Look not for Whales in the Euxine Sea, or expect great matters where they are not to be found. Seek not for Profundity in Shallowness, or Fertility in a Wilderness. Place not the expectation of great Happiness here below, or think to find Heaven on Earth ; wherein we must be content with Embryon-felicities, and fruitions of doubtful Faces. For the Circle of our felicities makes but short Arches. In every clime we are in a periscian state, and with our Light our Shadow and Darkness walk about us. Our Contentments stand upon the tops of Pyramids ready to fall off, and the insecurity of their enjoyments abrupteth our Tranquilities. What we magnify is magnificent, but like to the Colossus, noble without, stuff with rubbidge

and course Metal within. Even the Sun, whose glorious outside we behold, may have dark and smoaky Entrails. In vain we admire the Lustre of any thing seen : that which is truly glorious is invisible. Paradise was but a part of the Earth, lost not only to our Fruition but our Knowledge. And if, according to old Dictates, no Man can be said to be happy before Death, the happiness of this Life goes for nothing before it be over, and while we think our selves happy we do but usurp that Name. Certainly true Beatitude groweth not on Earth, nor hath this World in it the Expectations we have of it. He swims in Oyl, and can hardly avoid sinking, who hath such light Foundations to support him. 'Tis therefore happy that we have two Worlds to hold on. To enjoy true happiness we must travel into a very far Countrey, and even out of our selves ; for the Pearl we seek for is not to be found in the Indian, but in the Empyrean Ocean.

ON REVENGE

XII. ANSWER not the Spur of Fury, and be not prodigal or prodigious in Revenge. Make not one in the *Historia Horribilis* ; flay not thy Servant for a broken Glass, nor pound him in a Mortar who offendeth thee ; supererogate not in the worst sense, and overdo not the necessities of evil ; humour not the injustice of Revenge. Be not Stoically mistaken in the equality of sins, nor commutatively iniquous in the valuation of transgressions ; but weigh them in the Scales of Heaven, and by the weights of righteous Reason. Think that Revenge too high, which is but level with the offence. Let thy Arrows of Revenge fly short, or be aimed like those of Jonathan, to fall beside the mark. Too many there be to whom a dead Enemy smells well, and who find Musk and Amber in Revenge. The ferity of such minds holds no rule in Retaliations, requiring too often a Head for a Tooth, and the supreme revenge for trespasses which a night's rest should obliterate. But patient Meekness takes injuries like Pills, not chewing but swallowing them

down, Laconically suffering, and silently passing them over ; while angered Pride makes a noise, like Homeric Mars, at every scratch of offences. Since Women do most delight in Revenge, it may seem but feminine manhood to be vindictive. If thou must needs have thy Revenge of thine Enemy, with a soft Tongue break his Bones, heap Coals of Fire on his Head, forgive him, and enjoy it. To forgive our Enemies is a charming way of Revenge, and a short Cæsarian Conquest overcoming without a blow ; laying our Enemies at our Feet, under sorrow, shame, and repentance ; leaving our Foes our Friends, and solicitously inclined to grateful Retaliations. Thus to return upon our Adversaries is a healing way of Revenge, and to do good for evil a soft and melting ultion, a method taught from Heaven to keep all smooth on Earth. Common forceable ways make not an end of Evil, but leave Hatred and Malice behind them. An Enemy thus reconciled is little to be trusted, as wanting the foundation of Love and Charity, and but for a time restrained by disadvantage or inability. If thou hast not Mercy for others, yet be not Cruel unto thy self. To ruminate upon evils, to make critical notes upon injuries, and be too acute in their apprehensions, is to add unto our own Tortures, to feather the Arrows of our Enemies, to lash our selves with the Scorpions of our Foes, and to resolve to sleep no more. For injuries long dreamt on take away at last all rest ; and he sleeps but like Regulus, who busieth his Head about them.

ON FUTURITY

XIII. AMUSE not thy self about the Riddles of future things. Study Prophecies when they are become Histories, and past hovering in their causes. Eye weil things past and present, and let conjectural sagacity suffice for things to come. There is a sober Latitude for prescience in contingences of discoverable Tempers, whereby discerning Heads see sometimes beyond their Eyes, and wise Men become prophetical. Leave cloudy predictions to their

Periods, and let appointed Seasons have the lot of their accomplishments. 'Tis too early to study such Prophecies before they have been long made, before some train of their causes have already taken Fire, laying open in part what lay obscure and before buried unto us. For the voice of Prophecies is like that of Whispering-places; they who are near or at a little distance hear nothing, those at the farthest extremity will understand all. But a retrograde cognition of times past, and things which have already been, is more satisfactory than a suspended Knowledge of what is yet unexistent. And the greatest part of time being already wrapt up in things behind us, it's now somewhat late to bait after things before us; for futurity still shortens, and time present sucks in time to come. What is prophetic in one Age proves historical in another, and so must hold on unto the last of time; when there will be no room for Prediction, when Janus shall loose one Face, and the long beard of time shall look like those of David's Servants, shorn away upon one side, and when, if the expected Elias should appear, he might say much of what is past, not much of what's to come.

ON SPIRITUALS

XIV. LIVE unto the Dignity of thy Nature, and leave it not disputable at last, whether thou hast been a Man; or, since thou art a composition of Man and Beast, how thou hast predominantly passed thy days, to state the denomination. Unman not therefore thy self by a bestial transformation, nor realize old Fables. Expose not thy self by four-footed manners unto monstrous draughts, and caricatura representations. Think not after the old Pythagorean conceit, what Beast thou may'st be after death. Be not under any brutal metempsychosis while thou livest, and walkest about erectly under the scheme of Man. In thine own circumference, as in that of the Earth, let the rational Horizon be larger than the sensible, and the Circle of Reason than of Sense. Let the Divine part be upward,

and the Region of Beast below. Otherwise, 'tis but to live invertedly, and with thy Head unto the Heels of thy Antipodes. Desert not thy title to a Divine particle and union with invisibles. Let true Knowledge and Virtue tell the lower World thou art a part of the higher. Let thy Thoughts be of things which have not entred into the Hearts of Beasts; think of things long past, and long to come; acquaint thy self with the Choragium of the Stars, and consider the vast expansion beyond them. Let intellectual Tubes give thee a glance of things, which visive Organs reach not. Have a glimpse of incomprehensibles, and Thoughts of things which Thoughts but tenderly touch. Lodge immaterials in thy Head; ascend unto invisibles; fill thy Spirit with spirituals, with the mysteries of Faith, the magnalities of Religion, and thy Life with the Honour of God; without which, though Giants in Wealth and Dignity, we are but Dwarfs and Pygmies in Humanity, and may hold a pitiful rank in that triple division of mankind into Heroes, Men, and Beasts. For though human Souls are said to be equal, yet is there no small inequality in their operations; some maintain the allowable Station of Men; many are far below it; and some have been so divine, as to approach the Apogee of their Natures, and to be in the Confinium of Spirits.

ON VISION

XV. BEHOLD thy self by inward Opticks and the Crystalline of thy Soul. Strange it is that in the most perfect sense there should be so many fallacies, that we are fain to make a doctrine, and often to see by Art. But the greatest imperfection is in our inward sight, that is, to be Ghosts unto our own Eyes, and while we are so sharp-sighted as to look thorough others, to be invisible unto our selves; for the inward Eyes are more fallacious than the outward. The Vices we scoff at in others laugh at us within our selves. Avarice, Pride, Falshood lye undiscerned and blindly in us, even to the Age of blindness: and therefore,

to see our selves interiorly, we are fain to borrow other Mens Eyes ; wherein true Friends are good Informers, and Censurers no bad Friends. Conscience only, that can see without Light, sits in the Areopagy and dark Tribunal of our Hearts, surveying our Thoughts and condemning their obliquities. Happy is that state of vision that can see without Light, though all should look as before the Creation, when there was not an Eye to see, or Light to actuate a Vision : wherein notwithstanding obscurity is only imaginable respectively unto Eyes ; for unto GOD there was none ; Eternal Light was ever ; created Light was for the creation, not Himself, and as He saw before the Sun, may still also see without it. In the City of the new Jerusalem there is neither Sun nor Moon ; where glorified Eyes must see by the archetypal Sun, or the Light of GOD, able to illuminate Intellectual Eyes, and make unknown Visions. Intuitive perceptions in Spiritual beings may perhaps hold some Analogy unto Vision : but yet how they see us, or one another, what Eye, what Light, or what perception is required unto their intuition, is yet dark unto our apprehension ; and even how they see GOD, or how unto our glorified Eyes the Beatifical Vision will be celebrated, another World must tell us, when perceptions will be new, and we may hope to behold invisibles.

Christian Morals, Part III.

JOHN MILTON (II)

(1608-74)

GOOD AND EVIL IN BOOKS

GOOD and evil we know in the field of this World grow up together almost inseparable ; and the knowledg of good is so involv'd and interwoven with the knowledg of evil, and in so many cunning resemblances hardly to be discern'd, that those confused seeds which were impos'd on

Psyche as an incessant labour to cull out, and sort asunder, were not more intermixt. It was from out the rind of one apple tasted, that the knowledg of good and evil, as two twins cleaving together, leapt forth into the World. And perhaps this is that doom which *Adam* fell into of knowing good and evil, that is to say of knowing good by evil. As therfore the state of man now is ; what wisdom can there be to choose, what continence to forbear without the knowledg of evil ? He that can apprehend and consider Vice with all her baits and seeming pleasures, and yet abstain, and yet distinguish, and yet prefer that which is truly better, he is the true wayfaring Christian. I cannot praise a fugitive and cloister'd Vertue, unexercis'd and unbreath'd, that never sallies out and sees her adversary, but slinks out of the race, where that immortal Garland is to be run for, not without dust and heat. Assuredly we bring not innocence into the world, we bring impurity much rather : that which purifies us is trial, and trial is by what is contrary. That Vertue therfore which is but a youngling in the contemplation of evil, and knows not the utmost that Vice promises to her followers, and rejects it, is but a blank Vertue, not a pure ; her whiteness is but an excremental whiteness : Which was the reason why our sage and serious Poet *Spencer*, whom I dare be known to think a better teacher then *Scotus* or *Aquinas*, describing true temperance under the person of *Guion*, brings him in with his palmer through the cave of Mammon, and the bowr of earthly bliss, that he might see and know, and yet abstain. Since therfore the knowledg and survey of Vice is in this world so necessary to the constituting of human Vertue, and the scanning of error to the confirmation of truth, how can we more safely, and with less danger scout into the regions of sin and falsity then by reading all manner of Tractats, and hearing all manner of Reason. And this is the benefit which may be had of Books promiscuously read.

*Areopagitica. A Speech for the
Liberty of Unlicens'd Printing.*

THE PREPARATION OF PARADISE LOST

THE thing which I had to say, and those Intentions which have liv'd within me ever since I could conceive my self any thing worth to my Country, I return to crave excuse that urgent Reason hath pluckt from me, by an abortive and fore-dated discovery. And the accomplishment of them lies not but in a power above mans to promise ; but that none hath by more studious ways endeavour'd, and with more unwearied Spirit that none shall, that I dare almost aver of my self, as far as life and free leasure will extend ; and that the Land had once infranchis'd her self from this impertinent yoke of Prelaty, under whose inquisitorious and tyrannical duncery, no free and splendid Wit can flourish. Neither do I think it shame to covenant with any knowing Reader, that for some few years yet I may go on trust with him toward the payment of what I am now indebted, as being a work not to be rais'd from the heat of Youth, or the vapours of Wine ; like that which flows at wast from the Pen of some vulgar Amorist, or the trencher fury of a riming Parasite ; nor to be obtain'd by the invocation of Dame Memory and her Siren Daughters, but by devout Prayer to that eternal Spirit, who can enrich with all utterance and knowledg, and sends out his Seraphim, with the hallow'd Fire of his Altar, to touch and purify the Lips of whom he pleases : to this must be added industrious and select Reading, steddy Observation, insight into all seemly and generous Arts and Affairs ; till which in some measure be compast, at mine owne peril and cost, I refuse not to sustain this expectation from as many as are not loth to hazard so much credulity upon the best Pledges that I can give them. Although it nothing content me to have disclos'd thus much before hand, but that I trust hereby to make it manifest with what small willingness I endure to interrupt the pursuit of no less hopes than these, and leave a calm and pleasing Solitarines, fed with chearful and confident thoughts, to imbark in a troubl'd Sea of noises and hoars Disputes, from beholding the bright countenance of Truth, in the quiet and still Air of delight-

ful Studies, to come into the dim reflection of hollow Antiquities sold by the seeming bulk, and there be fain to club quotations with men whose learning and belief lies in marginal stuffings; who when they have, like good sumpters, laid ye down their hors-load of Citations and Fathers at your door, with a Rapsody of who and who were Bishops here or there, ye may take off their Pack-saddles, their days work is don, and Episcopacy, as they think, stoutly vindicated. Let any gentle Apprehension that can distinguish learned Pains from unlearned Drudgery, imagin what pleasure or profoundness can be in this, or what honour to deal against such Adversaries. But were it the meanest under-service, if God by his secretary Conscience injoin it, it were sad for me if I should draw back, for me especially; now when all men offer their aid to help, ease and lighten the difficult labours of the Church, to whose service, by the intentions of my Parents and Friends, I was destin'd of a Child, and in mine own resolutions, till coming to some maturity of years, and perceiving what Tyranny had invaded the Church, that he who would take Orders must subscribe slave, and take an Oath withal; which unless he took with a Conscience that would retch, he must either strait perjure, or split his Faith; I thought it better to prefer a blameless silence before the sacred Office of speaking, bought and begun with servitude and forswearing. Howsoever thus Church-outed by the Prelats, hence may appear the right I have to meddle in these matters, as before the necessity and constraint appear'd.

The Reason of Church-Government urg'd against Prelaty.

THE RETORT COURTEOUS

I HAVE now don that, which for many Causes I might have thought, could not likely have been my fortune, to be put to this under-work of scowring and unrubbing the low and sordid Ignorance of such a presumptuous Lozel. Yet *Hercules* had the labour once imposed upon him to carry

Dung out of the *Augean* Stable. At any hand I would be rid of him : for I had rather, since the life of Man is likened to a Scene, that all my Entrances and Exits might mix with such persons only, whose Worth erects them and their Actions to a grave and tragic Deportment, and not to have to do with Clowns and Vices. But if a man cannot peaceably walk into the World, but must be infested ; sometimes at his face with Dorrs and Horse-flies, sometimes beneath with bawling Whippets and Shin-barkers, and these to be set on by Plot and Consultation with a Junto of Clergymen and Licensers, commended also and rejoyced in by those whose partiality cannot yet forgo old papistical Principles ; have I not cause to be in such a manner defensive, as may procure me freedom to pass more unmolested hereafter by those Incumbrances, not so much regarded for themselves, as for those who incite them ? And what defence can properly be used in such a despicable Encounter as this, but either the Slap or the Spurn ? If they can afford me none but a ridiculous Adversary, the blame belongs not to me, though the whole Dispute be strew'd and scatter'd with Ridiculous ? And if he have such an ambition to know no better who are his Mates, but among these needy Thoughts, which, though his two Faculties of Serving-man and Solicitor should compound into one Mongrel, would be but thin and meagre, if in this penury of Soul he can be possible to have the lustiness to think of Fame, let him but send me how he calls himself, and I may chance not fail to indorse him on the backside of Posterity, not a golden, but a brazen Ass. Since my fate extorts from me a Talent of Sport, which I had thought to hide in a Napkin, he shall be my *Batrachomuomachia*, my *Bavius*, my *Calandrino*, the common Adagy of ignorance and overweening : Nay perhaps, as the provocation may be, I may be driven to curl up this gliding Prose into a rough Sotadic, that shall rime him into such a condition, as instead of judging good Books to be burnt by the Executioner, he shall be readier to be his own Hangman. Thus much to this Nuisance.

Colasterion (Tracts Concerning Divorce).

EDMUND WALLER

(1606-87)

ON A GIRDLE

THAT which her slender waist confined
Shall now my joyful temples bind ;
No monarch but would give his crown
His arms might do what this has done.

It was my Heaven's extremest sphere,
The pale which held that lovely deer :
My joy, my grief, my hope, my love,
Did all within this circle move.

A narrow compass ! and yet there
Dwelt all that's good, and all that's fair !
Give me but what this ribband bound,
Take all the rest the sun goes round !

GO, LOVELY ROSE

Go, lovely Rose—
Tell her that wastes her time and me,
That now she knows,
When I resemble her to thee,
How sweet and fair she seems to be.

Tell her that's young,
And shuns to have her graces spied,
That hadst thou sprung
In deserts where no men abide,
Thou must have uncommended died.

JAMES SHIRLEY

Small is the worth
 Of beauty from the light retired :
 Bid her come forth,
 Suffer herself to be desired,
 And not blush so to be admired.

Then die—that she
 The common fate of all things rare
 May read in thee ;
 How small a part of time they share
 That are so wondrous sweet and fair !

JAMES SHIRLEY

(1596–1666)

DEATH THE LEVELLER

THE glories of our blood and state
 Are shadows, not substantial things :
 There is no armour against Fate ;
 Death lays his icy hand on kings :
 Sceptre and Crown
 Must tumble down,
 And in the dust be equal made
 With the poor crookèd scythe and spade.

Some men with swords may reap the field,
 And plant fresh laurels where they kill :
 But their strong nerves at last must yield ;
 They tame but one another still :
 Early or late
 They stoop to fate,
 And must give up their murmuring breath
 When they, pale captives, creep to death.

The garlands wither on your brow ;
 Then boast no more your mighty deeds !
 Upon Death's purple altar now
 See where the victor-victim bleeds.
 Your heads must come
 To the cold tomb :
 Only the actions of the just
 Smell sweet and blossom in their dust.

RICHARD CRASHAW

(1613 ƒ-49)

VERSES FROM THE SHEPHERDS' HYMN

WE saw Thee in Thy balmy nest,
 Young dawn of our eternal day ;
 We saw Thine eyes break from the East,
 And chase the trembling shades away :
 We saw Thee, and we blest the sight,
 We saw Thee by Thine own sweet light.

Poor world, said I, what wilt thou do
 To entertain this starry stranger ƒ
 Is this the best thou canst bestow—
 A cold and not too cleanly manger ƒ
 Contend, the powers of heaven and earth,
 To fit a bed for this huge birth.

Proud world, said I, cease your contest,
 And let the mighty babe alone ;
 The phœnix builds the phœnix' nest,
 Love's architecture is His own.
 The babe, whose birth embraves this morn,
 Made His own bed ere He was born.

I saw the curl'd drops, soft and slow,
 Come hovering o'er the place's head,
 Off'ring their whitest sheets of snow,
 To furnish the fair infant's bed.
 Forbear, said I, be not too bold ;
 Your fleece is white, but 'tis too cold.

I saw th' obsequious seraphim
 Their rosy fleece of fire bestow,
 For well they now can spare their wings,
 Since Heaven itself lies here below.
 Well done, said I ; but are you sure
 Your down, so warm, will pass for pure ?

No, no, your King's not yet to seek
 Where to repose His royal head ;
 See, see how soon His new-bloom'd cheek
 'Twixt mother's breasts is gone to bed !
 Sweet choice, said we ; no way but so,
 Not to lie cold, yet sleep in snow !

She sings Thy tears asleep, and dips
 Her kisses in Thy weeping eye ;
 She spreads the red leaves of Thy lips,
 That in their buds yet blushing lie.
 She 'gainst those mother diamonds tries
 The points of her young eagle's eyes.

Welcome—tho' not to those gay flies,
 Gilded i' th' beams of earthly kings,
 Slippery souls in smiling eyes—
 But to poor shepherds, homespun things,
 Whose wealth's their flocks, whose wit's to be
 Well read in their simplicity.

Yet, when young April's husband show'rs
 Shall bless the fruitful Maia's bed,
 We'll bring the first-born of her flowers,
 To kiss Thy feet and crown Thy head.

To Thee, dread Lamb ! whose love must keep
The shepherds while they feed their sheep.

To Thee, meek Majesty, soft King
Of simple graces and sweet loves !
Each of us his lamb will bring,
Each his pair of silver doves !
At last, in fire of Thy fair eyes,
Ourselves become our own best sacrifice !

ABRAHAM COWLEY

(1618-67)

THE GARDEN

I NEVER had any other desire so strong, and so like to covetousness, as that one which I have had always, that I might be master at last of a small house and large garden, with very moderate conveniences joined to them, and there dedicate the remainder of my life only to the culture of them, and study of nature.

And there (with no desire beyond my wall), whole and entire to lie,
In no inactive ease, and no unglorious poverty.

Or, as Virgil has said, shorter and better for me, that I might there *studiis florere ignobilis otî* (though I could wish, that he had rather said, *nobilis otî*, when he spoke of his own).

But several accidents of my ill fortune have disappointed me hitherto, and do still, of that felicity ; for though I have made the first and hardest step to it, by abandoning all ambitions and hopes in this world, and by retiring from the noise of all business and almost company, yet I stick still in the inn of a hired house and garden, among weeds

and rubbish, and without that pleasantest work of human industry, the improvement of something which we call (not very properly, but yet we call) our own. I am gone out from Sodom, but I am not yet arrived at my little Zoar. "O let me escape thither (is it not a little one?) and my soul shall live." I do not look back yet; but I have been forced to stop, and make too many halts. You may wonder, sir (for this seems a little too extravagant and Pindarical for prose,) what I mean by all this preface; it is to let you know, that though I have missed, like a chemist, my great end, yet I account my affections and endeavours well rewarded by something that I have met with by the by: which is, that they have procured to me some part in your kindness and esteem.

THE WISH

WELL then! I now do plainly see
 This busy world and I shall ne'er agree.
 The very honey of all earthly joy
 Does of all meats the soonest cloy;
 And they, methinks, deserve my pity
 Who for it can endure the stings,
 The crowd and buzz and murmurings,
 Of this great hive, the city.

Ah, yet, ere I descend to the grave
 May I a small house and large garden have;
 And a few friends, and many books, both true,
 Both wise, and both delightful too!

And since love ne'er will from me flee,
 A Mistress moderately fair,
 And good as guardian angels are,
 Only beloved and loving me.

O fountains! when in you shall I
 Myself eased of unpeaceful thoughts espy?
 O fields! O woods! when, when shall I be made
 The happy tenant of your shade?

Here's the spring-head of Pleasure's flood :
 Here's wealthy Nature's treasury,
 Where all the riches lie that she
 Has coin'd and stamp'd for good.

Pride and ambition here
 Only in far-fetch'd metaphors appear ;
 Here nought but winds can hurtful murmurs scatter,
 And nought but Echo flatter.

The gods, when they descended, hither
 From heaven did always choose their way :
 And therefore we may boldly say
 That 'tis the way too thither.

How happy here should I
 And one dear She live, and embracing die !
 She who is all the world, and can exclude
 In deserts solitude.

I should have then this only fear :
 Lest men, when they my pleasures see,
 Should hither throng to live like me,
 And so make a city here.

ANACREONTIC—DRINKING

THE thirsty earth soaks up the rain,
 And drinks and gapes for drink again ;
 The plants suck in the earth, and are
 With constant drinking fresh and fair ;
 The sea itself (which one would think
 Should have but little need of drink)
 Drinks twice ten thousand rivers up,
 So fill'd that they o'erflow the cup.
 The busy Sun (and one would guess
 By 's drunken fiery face no less)
 Drinks up the sea, and when he's done,
 The Moon and Stars drink up the Sun :

They drink and dance by their own light,
 They drink and revel all the night :
 Nothing in Nature's sober found,
 But an eternal health goes round.
 Fill up the bowl, then, fill it high,
 Fill all the glasses there—for why
 Should every creature drink but I ?
 Why, man of morals, tell me why ?

ROBERT HERRICK

(1591-1674)

THE NIGHT-PIECE : TO JULIA

HER eyes the glow-worm lend thee,
 The shooting stars attend thee ;
 And the elves also,
 Whose little eyes glow
 Like the sparks of fire, befriend thee.

No Will-o'-the-wisp mislight thee,
 Nor snake or slow-worm bite thee ;
 But on, on thy way
 Not making a stay,
 Since ghost there's none to affright thee.

Let not the dark thee cumber :
 What though the moon does slumber ?
 The stars of the night
 Will lend thee their light
 Like tapers clear without number.

Then, Julia, let me woo thee,
 Thus, thus to come unto me ;
 And when I shall meet
 Thy silv'ry feet,
 My soul I'll pour into thee.

CORINNA'S GOING A-MAYING

GET up, get up for shame ! The blooming morn
Upon her wings presents the god unshorn.

See how Aurora throws her fair
Fresh-quilted colours through the air :

Get up, sweet slug-a-bed, and see
The dew bespangling herb and tree !

Each flower has wept and bow'd toward the east
Above an hour since, yet you not drest ;

Nay ! not so much as out of bed ?
When all the birds have matins said
And sung their thankful hymns, 'tis sin,

Nay, profanation, to keep in,
Whereas a thousand virgins on this day
Spring sooner than the lark, to fetch in May.

Rise and put on your foliage, and be seen
To come forth, like the spring-time, fresh and green,
And sweet as Flora. Take no care
For jewels for your gown or hair :
Fear not ; the leaves will strew
Gems in abundance upon you :

Besides, the childhood of the day has kept,
Against you come, some orient pearls unwept.

Come, and receive them while the light
Hangs on the dew-locks of the night :
And Titan on the eastern hill

Retires himself, or else stands still
Till you come forth ! Wash, dress, be brief in praying.
Few beads are best when once we go a-Maying.

Come, my Corinna, come ; and coming, mark
How each field turns a street, each street a park,
Made green and trimm'd with trees ! see how
Devotion gives each house a bough
Or branch ! each porch, each door, ere this,
An ark, a tabernacle is,

Made up of white-thorn neatly interwove,
As if here were those cooler shades of love.
Can such delights be in the street
And open fields, and we not see 't ?
Come, we'll abroad : and let's obey
The proclamation made for May,
And sin no more, as we have done, by staying ;
But, my Corinna, come, let's go a-Maying.

There's not a budding boy or girl this day
But is got up and gone to bring in May.
A deal of youth ere this is come
Back, and with white-thorn laden home.
Some have despatch'd their cakes and cream,
Before that we have left to dream :
And some have wept and woo'd, and plighted troth,
And chose their priest, ere we can cast off sloth :
Many a green-gown has been given,
Many a kiss, both odd and even :
Many a glance, too, has been sent
From out the eye, love's firmament :
Many a jest told of the keys betraying
This night, and locks pick'd : yet we're not a-Maying !

Come, let us go, while we are in our prime,
And take the harmless folly of the time !
We shall grow old apace, and die
Before we know our liberty.
Our life is short, and our days run
As fast away as does the sun.
And, as a vapour or a drop of rain,
Once lost, can ne'er be found again,
So when or you or I are made
A fable, song, or fleeting shade,
All love, all liking, all delight
Lies drown'd with us in endless night.
Then, while time serves, and we are but decaying,
Come, my Corinna, come, let's go a-Maying.

TO THE VIRGINS, TO MAKE MUCH
OF TIME

GATHER ye rosebuds while ye may,
Old Time is still a-flying :
And this same flower that smiles to-day
To-morrow will be dying.

The glorious lamp of heaven, the sun,
The higher he's a-getting,
The sooner will his race be run,
And nearer he's to setting.

That age is best which is the first,
When youth and blood are warmer ;
But being spent, the worse, and worst
Times still succeed the former.

Then be not coy, but use your time,
And while ye may, go marry :
For having lost but once your prime,
You may for ever tarry.

TO VIOLETS

WELCOME, maids of honour !
You do bring
In the spring,
And wait upon her.

She has virgins many,
Fresh and fair ;
Yet you are
More sweet than any.

You're the maiden posies,
And so graced
To be placed
'Fore damask roses.

ROBERT HERRICK

Yet, though thus respected,
 By-and-by
 Ye do lie,
 Poor girls, neglected.

TO DAFFODILS

FAIR daffodils, we weep to see
 You haste away so soon ;
 As yet the early-rising sun
 Has not attain'd his noon.
 Stay, stay
 Until the hasting day
 Has run
 But to the evensong ;
 And, having pray'd together, we
 Will go with you along.

We have short time to stay, as you,
 We have as short a spring ;
 As quick a growth to meet decay,
 As you, or anything.
 We die
 As your hours do, and dry
 Away
 Like to the summer's rain ;
 Or as the pearls of morning's dew,
 Ne'er to be found again.

TO ANTHERA, WHO MAY COMMAND
HIM ANYTHING

BID me to live, and I will live
 Thy Protestant to be ;
 Or bid me love, and I will give
 A loving heart to thee.

A heart as soft, a heart as kind,
A heart as sound and free
As in the whole world thou canst find,
That heart I'll give to thee.

Bid that heart stay, and it will stay
To honour thy decree :
Or bid it languish quite away,
And 't shall do so for thee.

Bid me to weep, and I will weep
While I have eyes to see :
And, having none, yet will I keep
A heart to weep for thee.

Bid me despair, and I'll despair
Under that cypress-tree :
Or bid me die, and I will dare
E'en death to die for thee.

Thou art my life, my love, my heart,
The very eyes of me :
And hast command of every part
To live and die for thee.

TO MEADOWS

YE have been fresh and green,
Ye have been fill'd with flowers,
And ye the walks have been
Where maids have spent their hours.

You have beheld how they
With wicker arks did come
To kiss and bear away
The richer cowslips home.

You've heard them sweetly sing,
And seen them in a round :
Each virgin like a spring,
With honeysuckles crown'd.

ROBERT HERRICK

But now we see none here
 Whose silv'ry feet did tread
 And with dishevell'd hair
 Adorn'd this smother mead.

Like unthrifths, having spent
 Your stock and needy grown,
 You're left here to lament
 Your poor estates, alone.

EPITAPH

UPON A CHILD THAT DIED

HERE she lies, a pretty bud
 Lately made of flesh and blood :
 Who as soon fell fast asleep
 As her little eyes did peep.
 Give her strewings, but not stir
 The earth that lightly covers her.

LITANY TO THE HOLY SPIRIT

IN the hour of my distress,
 When temptations me oppress,
 And when I my sins confess,
 Sweet Spirit, comfort me !

When I lie within my bed,
 Sick in heart and sick in head,
 And with doubts discomfited,
 Sweet Spirit, comfort me !

When the house doth sigh and weep,
 And the world is drown'd in sleep,
 Yet mine eyes the watch do keep,
 Sweet Spirit, comfort me !

When the passing bell doth toll,
And the Furies in a shoal
Come to fright a parting soul,
Sweet Spirit, comfort me !

When the tapers now burn blue,
And the comforters are few,
And that number more than true,
Sweet Spirit, comfort me !

When the priest his last hath pray'd,
And I nod to what is said,
'Cause my speech is now decay'd,
Sweet Spirit, comfort me !

When, God knows, I'm toss'd about
Either with despair or doubt ;
Yet before the glass be out,
Sweet Spirit, comfort me !

When the tempter me pursu'th
With the sins of all my youth,
And half damns me with untruth,
Sweet Spirit, comfort me !

When the flames and hellish cries
Fright mine ears and fright mine eyes,
And all terrors me surprise,
Sweet Spirit, comfort me !

When the Judgment is reveal'd,
And that open'd which was seal'd,
When to Thee I have appeal'd,
Sweet Spirit, comfort me !

SIR RICHARD LOVELACE

(1618-58)

TO LUCASTA, GOING TO THE WARS

TELL me not, Sweet, I am unkind,
That from the nunnery
Of thy chaste breast and quiet mind
To war and arms I fly.

True, a new mistress now I chase,
The first foe in the field ;
And with a stronger faith embrace
A sword, a horse, a shield.

Yet this inconstancy is such
As thou too shalt adore ;
I could not love thee, Dear, so much,
Loved I not Honour more.

TO LUCASTA, GOING BEYOND THE SEAS

IF to be absent were to be
Away from thee ;
Or that when I am gone
You or I were alone ;
Then, my Lucasta, might I crave
Pity from blustering wind or swallowing wave.

But I'll not sigh one blast or gale
To swell my sail,
Or pay a tear to 'suage
The foaming blue god's rage ;
For whether he will let me pass
Or no, I'm still as happy as I was.

Though seas and land betwixt us both,
Our faith and troth,
Like separated souls,
All time and space controls :
Above the highest sphere we meet
Unseen, unknown ; and greet as Angels greet.

So then we do anticipate
Our after-fate,
And are alive i' the skies,
If thus our lips and eyes
Can speak like spirits unconfined
In Heaven, their earthy bodies left behind.

TO ALTHEA, FROM PRISON

WHEN Love, with unconfined wings,
Hovers within my gates,
And my divine Althea brings
To whisper at the grates ;
When I lie tangled in her hair
And fetter'd to her eye,
The birds that wanton in the air
Know no such liberty.

When flowing cups run swiftly round
With no allaying Thames,
Our careless heads with roses bound,
Our hearts with loyal flames ;
When thirsty grief in wine we steep,
When healths and draughts go free—
Fishes that tipples in the deep
Know no such liberty.

When, like committed linnets, I
With shriller throat shall sing
The sweetness, mercy, majesty
And glories of my King ;

HENRY VAUGHAN

When I shall voice aloud how good
 He is, how great should be,
 Enlargèd winds, that curl the flood,
 Know no such liberty.

Stone walls do not a prison make,
 Nor iron bars a cage ;
 Minds innocent and quiet take
 That for an hermitage ;
 If I have freedom in my love
 And in my soul am free,
 Angels alone, that soar above,
 Enjoy such liberty.

HENRY VAUGHAN

(1621-95)

THE RETREAT

HAPPY those early days, when I
 Shined in my Angel-infancy !
 Before I understood this place
 Appointed for my second race,
 Or taught my soul to fancy aught
 But a white celestial thought :
 When yet I had not walk'd above
 A mile or two from my first Love,
 And looking back—at that short space—
 Could see a glimpse of His bright face :
 When on some gilded cloud, or flow'r,
 My gazing soul would dwell an hour,
 And in those weaker glories spy
 Some shadows of eternity :
 Before I taught my tongue to wound
 My Conscience with a sinful sound,
 Or had the black art to dispense
 A several sin to every sense,
 But felt through all this fleshly dress
 Bright shoots of everlastingness.

O how I long to travel back,
And tread again that ancient track !
That I might once more reach that plain
Where first I left my glorious train ;
From whence th' enlighten'd spirit sees
That shady City of Palm-trees.
But ah ! my soul with too much stay
Is drunk, and staggers in the way !
Some men a forward motion love,
But I by backward steps would move ;
And when this dust falls to the urn,
In that state I came, return.

FRIENDS DEPARTED

THEY are all gone into the world of light !
And I alone sit ling'ring here.
Their very memory is fair and bright,
And my sad thoughts doth clear.

It glows and glitters in my cloudy breast,
Like stars upon some gloomy grove,
Or those faint beams in which this hill is drest
After the sun's remove.

I see them walking in an air of glory,
Whose light doth trample on my days :
My days, which are at best but dull and hoary,
Mere glimmering and decays.

O holy Hope ! and high Humility,
High as the heavens above !
These are your walks, and you have show'd them me,
To kindle my cold love.

Dear, beauteous Death ! the jewel of the Just,
Shining nowhere, but in the dark ;
What mysteries do lie beyond thy dust,
Could man outlook that mark !

He that hath found some fledged bird's nest may know,
 At first sight, if the bird be flown ;
 But what fair well or grove he sings in now,
 That is to him unknown.

And yet as Angels in some brighter dreams
 Call to the soul, when man doth sleep :
 So some strange thoughts transcend our wonted themes,
 And into glory peep.

If a star were confined into a tomb,
 Her captive flames must needs burn there ;
 But when the hand that lock'd her up gives room,
 She'll shine through all the sphere.

O Father of eternal life, and all
 Created glories under Thee !
 Resume Thy spirit from this world of thrall
 Into true liberty.

Either disperse these mists, which blot and fill
 My perspective still as they pass :
 Or else remove me hence unto that hill,
 Where I shall need no glass.

EDWARD HYDE, EARL OF CLARENDON

(1608-74)

CROMWELL

HE was one of those men *quos vituperare ne inimici quidem possunt nisi ut simul laudent* ; for he could never have done half that mischief without great parts of courage and industry and judgment. And he must have had a wonderful understanding in the natures and humours of men, and as great a dexterity in the applying them, who from a private

and obscure birth, (though of a good family,) without interest of estate, alliance or friendships, could raise himself to such a height, and compound and knead such opposite and contradictory tempers, humours, and interests, into a consistence that contributed to his designs and to their own destruction ; whilst himself grew insensibly powerful enough to cut off those by whom he had climbed, in the instant that they projected to demolish their own building. What Velleius Paterculus said of Cinna may very justly be said of him, *Ausum eum quæ nemo auderet bonus ; perfecisse quæ a nullo nisi fortissimo perfici possent.* Without doubt, no man with more wickedness ever attempted any thing, or brought to pass what he desired more wickedly, more in the face and contempt of religion and moral honesty ; yet wickedness as great as his could never have accomplished those trophies without the assistance of a great spirit, an admirable circumspection and sagacity, and a most magnanimous resolution.

When he appeared first in the Parliament, he seemed to have a person in no degree gracious, no ornament of discourse, none of those talents which use to reconcile the affections of the standers by : yet as he grew into place and authority, his parts seemed to be renew(ed), as if he had concealed faculties till he had occasion to use them ; and when he was to act the part of a great man, he did it without any indecency through the want of custom.

After he was confirmed and invested Protector by *The humble Petition and Advice*, he consulted with very few upon any action of importance, nor communicated any enterprise he resolved upon with more than those who were to have principal parts in the execution of it ; nor to them sooner than was absolutely necessary. What he once resolved, in which he was not rash, he would not be dissuaded from, nor endure any contradiction of his power and authority, but extorted obedience from them who were not willing to yield it.

* * * * *

Thus he subdued a spirit that had been often troublesome

to the most sovereign power, and made Westminster Hall as obedient and subservient to his commands as any of the rest of his quarters. In all other matters which did not concern the life of his jurisdiction, he seemed to have great reverence for the law, and rarely interposed between party and party. And as he proceeded with this kind of indignation and haughtiness with those who were refractory and dared to contend with his greatness, so towards those who complied with his good pleasure, and courted his protection, he used a wonderful civility, generosity, and bounty.

To reduce three nations, which perfectly hated him, to an entire obedience to all his dictates ; to awe and govern those nations by an army that was indevoted to him and wished his ruin ; was an instance of a very prodigious address. But his greatness at home was but a shadow of the glory he had abroad. It was hard to discover which feared him most, France, Spain, or the Low Countries, where his friendship was current at the value he put upon it. And as they did all sacrifice their honour and their interest to his pleasure, so there is nothing he could have demanded that either of them would have denied him.

* * * * *

He would never suffer himself to be denied any thing he ever asked of the cardinal, alleging that the people would not be otherwise satisfied ; which he (the cardinal) bore very heavily, and complained of to those with whom he would be free. One day he visited madam Turyn and when he took his leave of her, she, according to her custom, besought him to continue gracious to the churches. Whereupon the cardinal told her that he knew not how to behave himself ; if he advised the King to punish and suppress their insolence, Cromwell threatened them to join with the Spaniard ; and if he shewed any favour to them, at Rome they accounted him an heretic.

He was not a man of blood, and totally declined Machiavell's method, which prescribes upon any alteration of a government, as a thing absolutely necessary, to cut off all

the heads of those, and extirpate their families, who are friends to the old (one). And it was confidently reported, that in the council of officers it was more than once proposed that there might be a general massacre of all the royal party, as the only expedient to secure the government, but Cromwell would never consent to it; it may be, out of too much contempt of his enemies. In a word, as he had all the wickednesses against which damnation is denounced and for which hell-fire is prepared, so he had some virtues which have caused the memory of some men in all ages to be celebrated; and he will be looked upon by posterity as a brave bad man.

History of the Rebellion.

THOMAS HOBBS

(1588-1679)

OF COMMON-WEALTH

THE finall Cause, End, or Designe of men, (who naturally love Liberty, and Dominion over others,) in the introduction of that restraint upon themselves, (in which wee see them live in Common-wealths,) is the foresight of their own preservation, and of a more contented life thereby; that is to say, of getting themselves out from that miserable condition of Warre, which is necessarily consequent (as hath been shewn) to the naturall Passions of men, when there is no visible Power to keep them in awe, and tye them by feare of punishment to the performance of their Covenants, and observation of those Lawes of Nature set down in the fourteenth and fifteenth Chapters.

For the Lawes of Nature (as *Justice, Equity, Modesty, Mercy*, and (in summe) *doing to others, as wee would be done to,*) of themselves, without the terrour of some Power, to cause them to be observed, are contrary to our naturall Passions, that carry us to Partiality, Pride, Revenge, and

the like. And Covenants, without the Sword, are but Words, and of no strength to secure a man at all. Therefore notwithstanding the Lawes of Nature, (which every one hath then kept, when he has the will to keep them, when he can do it safely,) if there be no Power erected, or not great enough for our security; every man will, and may lawfully rely on his own strength and art, for caution against all other men. And in all places, where men have lived by small Families, to robbe and spoyle one another, has been a Trade, and so farre from being reputed against the Law of Nature, that the greater spoyles they gained, the greater was their honour; and men observed no other Lawes therein, but the Lawes of Honour; that is, to abstain from cruelty, leaving to men their lives, and instruments of husbandry. And as small Familyes did then; so now do Cities and Kingdomes, which are but greater Families (for their own security) enlarge their Dominions, upon all pretences of danger, and fear of Invasion, or assistance that may be given to Invaders, endeavour as much as they can, to subdue, or weaken their neighbours, by open force, and secret arts, for want of other Caution, justly; and are remembred for it in after ages with honour.

Nor is it the joyning together of a small number of men, that gives them this security; because in small numbers, small additions on the one side or the other, make the advantage of strength so great, as is sufficient to carry the Victory; and therefore gives encouragement to an Invasion. The Multitude sufficient to confide in for our Security, is not determined by any certain number, but by comparison with the Enemy we feare; and is then sufficient, when the odds of the Enemy is not of so visible and conspicuous moment, to determine the event of warre, as to move him to attempt.

And be there never so great a Multitude; yet if their actions be directed according to their particular judgements, and particular appetites, they can expect thereby no defence, nor protection, neither against a common enemy, nor against the injuries of one another. For being distracted in opinions concerning the best use and application of their

strength, they do not help, but hinder one another ; and reduce their strength by mutuall opposition to nothing : whereby they are easily, not onely subdued by a very few that agree together ; but also when there is no common enemy, they make warre upon each other, for their particular interests. For if we could suppose a great Multitude of men to consent in the observation of Justice, and other Lawes of Nature, without a common Power to keep them all in awe ; we might as well suppose all Man-kind to do the same ; and then there neither would be, nor need to be any Civill Government, or Common-wealth at all ; because there would be Peace without subjection.

Nor is it enough for the security, which men desire should last all the time of their life, that they be governed, and directed by one judgement, for a limited time ; as in one Battel, or one Warre. For though they obtain a Victory by their unanimous endeavour against a forraign enemy ; yet afterwards, when either they have no common enemy, or he that by one part is held for an enemy, is by another part held for a friend, they must needs by the difference of their interests dissolve, and fall again into a Warre amongst themselves.

It is true, that certain living creatures, as Bees, and Ants, live sociably one with another, (which are therefore by *Aristotle* numbred amongst Politicall creatures ;) and yet have no other direction, than their particular judgements and appetites ; nor speech, whereby one of them can signifie to another, what he thinks expedient for the common benefit : and therefore some man may perhaps desire to know, why Man-kind cannot do the same. To which I answer,

First, that men are continually in competition for Honour and Dignity, which these creatures are not ; and consequently amongst men there ariseth on that ground, Envy and Hatred, and finally Warre ; but amongst these not so.

Secondly, that amongst these creatures, the Common good differeth not from the Private ; and being by nature enclined to their private, they procure thereby the common benefit. But man, whose Joy consisteth in comparing

himselfe with other men, can relish nothing but what is eminent.

Thirdly, that these creatures, having not (as man) the use of reason, do not see, nor think they see any fault, in the administration of their common businesse : whereas amongst men, there are very many, that thinke themselves wiser, and abler to govern the Publique, better than the rest ; and these strive to reforme and innovate, one this way, another that way ; and thereby bring it into Distraction and Civill warre.

Fourthly, that these creatures, though they have some use of voice, in making knowne to one another their desires, and other affections ; yet they want that art of words, by which some men can represent to others, that which is Good, in the likenesse of Evill ; and Evill, in the likenesse of Good ; and augment, or diminish the apparent greatnesse of Good and Evill ; discontenting men, and troubling their Peace at their pleasure.

Fifthly, irrationall creatures cannot distinguish betweene *Injury*, and *Dammage* ; and therefore as long as they be at ease, they are not offended with their fellowes : whereas Man is then most troublesome, when he is most at ease : for then it is that he loves to shew his Wisdome, and controule the Actions of them that governe the Common-wealth.

Lastly, the agreement of these creatures is Naturall ; that of men, is by Covenant only, which is Artificiall : and therefore it is no wonder if there be somewhat else required (besides Covenant) to make their Agreement constant and lasting ; which is a Common Power, to keep them in awe, and to direct their actions to the Common Benefit.

The only way to erect such a Common Power, as may be able to defend them from the invasion of Forraigners, and the injuries of one another, and thereby to secure them in such sort, as that by their owne industrie, and by the fruites of the Earth, they may nourish themselves and live contentedly ; is, to conferre all their power and strength upon one Man, or upon one Assembly of men, that may reduce all their Wills, by plurality of voices, unto one Will :

which is as much as to say, to appoint one Man, or Assembly of men, to beare their Person ; and every one to owne, and acknowledge himselfe to be Author of whatsoever he that so beareth their Person, shall Act, or cause to be Acted, in those things which concerne the Common Peace and Safetie ; and therein to submit their Wills, every one to his Will, and their Judgements, to his Judgement. This is more than Consent, or Concord ; it is a reall Unitie of them all, in one and the same Person, made by Covenant of every man with every man, in such manner, as if every man should say to every man, *I Authorise and give up my Right of Governing my selfe, to this Man, or to this Assembly of men, on this condition, that thou give up thy Right to him, and Authorise all his Actions in like manner.* This done, the Multitude so united in one Person, is called a COMMON-WEALTH, in latine CIVITAS. This is the Generation of that great LEVIATHAN, or rather (to speake more reverently) of that *Mortall God*, to which wee owe under the *Immortall God*, our peace and defence.

ANDREW MARVELL

(1621-78)

THOUGHTS IN A GARDEN

How vainly men themselves amaze
To win the palm, the oak, or bays,
And their incessant labours see
Crown'd from some single herb or tree,
Whose short and narrow-vergèd shade
Does prudently their toils upbraid ;
While all the flowers and trees do close
To weave the garlands of repose !

Fair Quiet, have I found thee here,
And Innocence thy sister dear ?
Mistaken long, I sought you then
In busy companies of men :

Your sacred plants, if here below,
Only among the plants will grow :
Society is all but rude
To this delicious solitude.

No white nor red was ever seen
So amorous as this lovely green.
Fond lovers, cruel as their flame,
Cut in these trees their mistress' name :
Little, alas ! they know or heed
How far these beauties hers exceed !
Fair trees ! wheres'e'er your barks I wound,
No name shall but your own be found.

When we have run our passions' heat,
Love hither makes his best retreat :
The gods, that mortal beauty chase,
Still in a tree did end their race ;
Apollo hunted Daphne so
Only that she might laurel grow ;
And Pan did after Syrinx speed
Not as a nymph, but for a reed.

What wondrous life is this I lead !
Ripe apples drop about my head ;
The luscious clusters of the vine
Upon my mouth do crush their wine ;
The nectarine and curious peach
Into my hands themselves do reach ;
Stumbling on melons, as I pass,
Ensnared with flowers, I fall on grass.

Meanwhile the mind from pleasure less
Withdraws into its happiness ;
The mind, that ocean where each kind
Does straight its own resemblance find ;
Yet it creates, transcending these,
Far other worlds, and other seas ;
Annihilating all that's made
To a green thought in a green shade.

Here at the fountain's sliding foot,
Or at some fruit-tree's mossy root,
Casting the body's vest aside,
My soul into the boughs does glide ;
There, like a bird, it sits and sings,
Then whets and combs its silver wings,
And, till prepared for longer flight,
Waves in its plumes the various light.

Such was that happy Garden-state
While man there walk'd without a mate :
After a place so pure and sweet,
What other help could yet be meet !
But 'twas beyond a mortal's share
To wander solitary there :
Two paradises 'twere in one,
To live in Paradise alone.

How well the skilful gard'ner drew
Of flowers and herbs this dial new !
Where, from above, the milder sun
Does through a fragrant zodiac run :
And, as it works, th' industrious bee
Computes its time as well as we.
How could such sweet and wholesome hours
Be reckon'd, but with herbs and flowers !

TO HIS COY MISTRESS

HAD we but world enough, and time
This coyness, Lady, were no crime.
We would sit down and think which way
To walk and pass our long love's day.
Thou by the Indian Ganges' side
Shouldst rubies find : I by the tide
Of Humber would complain. I would
Love you ten years before the Flood,

And you should, if you please, refuse
Till the conversion of the Jews.
My vegetable love should grow
Vaster than empires, and more slow ;
An hundred years should go to praise
Thine eyes and on thy forehead gaze;
Two hundred to adore each breast,
But thirty thousand to the rest ;
An age at least to every part,
And the last age should show your heart.
For, Lady, you deserve this state,
Nor would I love at lower rate.

But at my back I always hear
Time's wingèd chariot hurrying near ;
And yonder all before us lie
Deserts of vast eternity.
Thy beauty shall no more be found,
Nor, in thy marble vault, shall sound
My echoing song : then worms shall try
That long preserved virginity,
And your quaint honour turn to dust,
And into ashes all my lust :
The grave's a fine and private place,
But none, I think, do there embrace.

Now therefore, while the youthful hue
Sits on thy skin like morning dew,
And while thy willing soul transpires
At every pore with instant fires,
Now let us sport us while we may,
And now, like amorous birds of prey,
Rather at once our time devour
Than languish in his slow-chapt power.
Let us roll all our strength and all
Our sweetness up into one ball,
And tear our pleasures with rough strife
Thorough the iron gates of life :
Thus, though we cannot make our sun
Stand still, yet we will make him run.

SIR WILLIAM TEMPLE

(1628-99)

NATIONAL GENIUS, POETRY AND MUSIC

FOR my own part, who have conversed much with men of other nations, and such as have been both in great employments and esteem, I can say very impartially, that I have not observed, among any, so much true genius as among the English; nowhere more sharpness of wit, more pleasantness of humour, more range of fancy, more penetration of thought or depth of reflection among the better sort; nowhere more goodness of nature and of meaning, nor more plainness of sense and of life, than among the common sort of country people; nor more blunt courage and honesty than among our seamen.

But, with all this, our country must be confessed to be what a foreign physician called it, the region of spleen; which may arise a good deal from the great uncertainty and many sudden changes of our weather in all seasons of the year. And how much these affect the heads and hearts, especially of the finest tempers, is hard to be believed by men whose thoughts are not turned to such speculations. This makes us unequal in our humours, inconstant in our passions, uncertain in our ends, and even in our desires. Besides, our different opinions in religion, and the factions they have raised or animated for fifty years past, have had an ill effect upon our manners and customs, inducing more avarice, ambition, disguise (with the usual consequence of them) than were before in our constitution. From all this it may happen, that there is nowhere more true zeal in the many different forms of devotion, and yet nowhere more knavery under the shows and pretences. There are nowhere so many disputers upon religion, so many reasoners upon government, so many refiners in politics, so many curious inquisitives, so many pretenders to business and state-employments, greater porers upon books, nor plodders after wealth; and yet nowhere more abandoned libertines, more refined luxurists, extravagant debauchees, conceited

gallants, more dabblers in poetry as well as politics, in philosophy, and in chemistry. I have had several servants far gone in divinity, others in poetry ; have known, in the families of some friends, a keeper deep in the Rosycrucian principles, and a laundress firm in those of Epicurus. What effect soever such a composition or medley of humours among us may have upon our lives or our government, it must needs have a good one upon our stage, and has given admirable play to our comical wits ; so that, in my opinion, there is no vein of that sort, either ancient or modern, which excels or equals the humour of our plays. And, for the rest, I cannot but observe to the honour of our country, that the good qualities amongst us seem to be natural, and the ill ones more accidental, and such as would be easily changed by the examples of princes, and by the precepts of laws ; such I mean, as should be designed to form manners, to restrain excesses, to encourage industry, to prevent men's expenses beyond their fortunes, to countenance virtue, and raise that true esteem due to plain sense and common honesty.

Whether it be that the fierceness of the Gothic humours, or noise of their perpetual wars, frightened it away, or that the unequal mixture of the modern languages would not bear it ; certain it is, that the great heights and excellency both of poetry and music fell with the Roman learning and empire, and have never since recovered the admiration and applauses that before attended them : yet, such as they are among us, they must be confessed to be the softest and sweetest, the most general and most innocent amusements of common time and life. They still find room in the courts of princes and the cottages of shepherds : they serve to revive and animate the dead calm of poor or idle lives, and to allay or divert the violent passions and perturbations of the greatest and the busiest men. And both these effects are of equal use to human life : for the mind of man is like the sea, which is neither agreeable to the beholder nor the voyager in a calm or in a storm, but it is so to both when a little agitated by gentle gales ; and so the mind, when moved by soft and easy passions and affections. I

know very well that many, who pretend to be wise by the forms of being grave, are apt to despise both poetry and music as toys and trifles too light for the use or entertainment of serious men ; but whoever find themselves wholly insensible to these charms, would, I think, do well to keep their own counsel, for fear of reproaching their own temper, and bringing the goodness of their natures, if not of their understandings, into question : it may be thought at least an ill sign, if not an ill constitution, since some of the fathers went so far, as to esteem the love of music a sign of predestination, as a thing divine, and reserved for the felicities of Heaven itself. While this world lasts, I doubt not but the pleasure and requests of these two entertainments will do so too : and happy those that content themselves with these, or any other so easy and so innocent, and do not trouble the world, or other men, because they cannot be quiet themselves, though no body hurts them !

When all is done, human life is, at the greatest and the best, but like a froward child, that must be played with and humoured a little to keep it quiet till it falls asleep, and then the care is over.

DOROTHY OSBORNE

(Married 1654, died 1695)

TO SIR WILLIAM TEMPLE

SIR,—'Tis but an hour since you went, and I am writing to you already ; is not this kind ? How do you after your journey ; are you not weary ; do you not repent that you took it to so little purpose ? Well, God forgive me, and you too, you made me tell a great lie. I was fain to say you came only to take your leave before you went abroad ; and all this not only to keep quiet, but to keep him from playing the madman ; for when he has the least suspicion, he carries it so strangely that all the world takes notice on 't, and so often guess at the reason, or else he tells it. Now,

do but you judge whether if by mischance he should discover the truth, whether he would not rail most sweetly at me (and with some reason) for abusing him. Yet you helped to do it ; a sadness that he discovered at your going away inclined him to believe you were ill satisfied, and made him credit what I said. He is kind now in extremity, and I would be glad to keep him so till a discovery is absolutely necessary. Your going abroad will confirm him much in his belief, and I shall have nothing to torment me in this place but my own doubts and fears. Here I shall find all the repose I am capable of, and nothing will disturb my prayers and wishes for your happiness which only can make mine. Your journey cannot be to your disadvantage neither ; you must needs be pleased to visit a place you are so much concerned in, and to be a witness yourself of your hopes, though I will believe you need no other inducements to this voyage than my desiring it. I know you love me, and you have no reason to doubt my kindness. Let us both have patience to wait what time and fortune will do for us ; they cannot hinder our being perfect friends.

Lord, there were a thousand things I remembered after you were gone that I should have said, and now I am to write not one of them will come into my head. Sure as I live it is not settled yet ! Good God ! the fears and surprises, the crosses and disorders of that day, 'twas confused enough to be a dream, and I am apt to think sometimes it was no more. But no, I saw you ; when I shall do it again, God only knows ! Can there be a romancer story than ours would make if the conclusion proved happy ? Ah ! I dare not hope it ; something that I cannot describe draws a cloud over all the light my fancy discovers sometimes, and leaves me so in the dark with all my fears about me that I tremble to think on 't. But no more of this sad talk.

Who was that, Mr. Dr. told you I should marry ? I cannot imagine for my life ; tell me, or I shall think you made it to excuse yourself. Did not you say once you knew where good French tweezers were to be had ? Pray send me a pair ; they shall cut no love. Before you go I must

have a ring from you, too, a plain gold one ; if I ever marry it shall be my wedding ring ; when I die I'll give it you again. What a dismal story this is you sent me ; but who could expect better from a love begun upon such grounds ? I cannot pity neither of them, they were both so guilty. Yes, they are the more to be pitied for that.

Here is a note comes to me just now, will you do this service for a fine lady that is my friend ; have I not taught her well, she writes better than her mistress ? How merry and pleased she is with her marrying because there is a plentiful fortune ; otherwise she would not value the man at all. This is the world ; would you and I were out of it ; for, sure, we were not made to live in it. Do you remember Arme and the little house there ? Shall we go thither ? that's next to being out of the world. There we might live like Baucis and Philemon, grow old together in our little cottage, and for our charity to some shipwrecked strangers obtain the blessing of dying both at the same time. How idly I talk ; 'tis because the story pleases me—none in Ovid so much. I remember I cried when I read it. Methought they were the perfectest characters of a contented marriage, where piety and love were all their wealth, and in their poverty feasted the gods when rich men shut them out. I am called away,—farewell !

Your faithful.

JEREMY TAYLOR

(1613-67)

ON WOMEN AS FRIENDS

THE last enquiry is, How friendships are to be conducted ; that is, what are the duties in presence and in absence ; whether the friend may not desire to enjoy his friend as well as his friendship. The answer to which in a great measure depends upon what I have said already ; and if friendship be a charity in society, and is not for contemplation

and noise, but for material comforts and noble treatments and usages, there is no peradventure but that if I buy land, I may eat the fruits, and if I take a house I may dwell in it; and if I love a worthy person, I may please myself in his society: and in this there is no exception, unless the friendship be between persons of a different sex: for then not only the interest of their religion, and the care of their honour, but the worthiness of their friendship requires that their intercourse be prudent and free from suspicion and reproach: and if a friend is obliged to bear a calamity, so he secure the honour of his friend, it will concern him to conduct his intercourse in the lines of a virtuous prudence, so that he shall rather lose much of his own comfort, than she anything of her honour; and in this case the noises of people are so to be regarded, that next to innocence they are the principal. But when by caution and prudence and severe conduct, a friend hath done all that he or she can to secure fame and honourable reports; after this, their noises are to be despised; they must not fright us from our friendships, nor from her fairest intercourses; I may lawfully pluck the clusters from my own vine, though he that walks by calls me thief.

But by the way, madam, you may see how much I differ from the morosity of those cynics who would not admit your sex into the communities of a noble friendship. I believe some wives have been the best friends in the world; and few stories can out-do the nobleness and piety of that lady¹ that sucked the poisonous purulent matter from the wound of our brave prince in the holy land, when an assassin had pierced him with a venomous arrow. And if it be told that women cannot retain counsel, and therefore can be no brave friends; I can best confute them by the story of Porcia, who being fearful of the weakness of her sex, stabbed herself into the thigh to try how she could bear pain; and finding herself constant enough to that sufferance, gently chid her Brutus for not daring to trust her, since now she perceived that no torment could wrest that secret from her, which she hoped might be intrusted

¹ Eleanor, queen of Edward I.

to her. If there were not more things to be said for your satisfaction, I could have made it disputable whether have been more illustrious in their friendships, men or women. I cannot say that women are capable of all those excellencies by which men can oblige the world ; and therefore a female friend in some cases is not so good a counsellor as a wise man, and cannot so well defend my honour, nor dispose of reliefs and assistances if she be under the power of another : but a woman can love as passionately, and converse as pleasantly, and retain a secret as faithfully, and be useful in her proper ministries ; and she can die for her friend as well as the bravest Roman knight ; and we find that some persons have engaged themselves as far as death upon a less interest than all this amounts to : such were the *εὐχολιμαῖοι*, as the Greeks call them, the *devoti* of a prince or general, the assassins among the Saracens, the *σιλόδουροι* amongst the old Galatians : they did as much as a friend could do ; and if the greatest services of a friend can be paid for by an ignoble price, we cannot grudge to virtuous and brave women that they be partners in a noble friendship, since their conversation and returns can add so many moments to the felicity of our lives : and therefore, though a knife cannot enter so far as a sword, yet a knife may be more useful to some purposes ; and in every thing, except it be against an enemy. A man is the best friend in trouble, but a woman may be equal to him in the days of joy : a woman can as well increase our comforts, but cannot so well lessen our sorrows : and therefore we do not carry women with us when we go to fight ; but in peaceful cities and times, virtuous women are the beauties of society and the prettinesses of friendship. And when we consider that few persons in the world have all those excellencies by which friendship can be useful and illustrious, we may as well allow women as men to be friends ; since they can have all that which can be necessary and essential to friendships, and these cannot have all by which friendships can be accidentally improved ; in all some abatements will be made ; and we shall do too much honour to women if we reject them from friendships because they are not

perfect : for if to friendships we admit imperfect men, because no man is perfect : he that rejects women does find fault with them because they are not more perfect than men, which either does secretly affirm that they ought and can be perfect, or else it openly accuses men of injustice and partiality.

A Discourse of Friendship.

THOMAS FULLER

(1608-61)

SEAMEN

SURELY Divine Providence did not make the vast body of the Sea for no other use, than for Fishes to disport themselves therein, or (as some do conceit) only for to quench and qualifie the drought and heat of the Sun with the moysture thereof : but it was for higher intendments. Chiefly, that, by sailing thereon, there may be the continuing of Commerce, the communicating of Learning and Religion (the last from Palestine, the Staple thereof), and the more speedy and convenient portage of burthens, seeing a *laden* Ship doth flie, in comparison of the creeping of an *empty* Waggon.

Now to speak what Envy cannot deny, our Englishmen, either for Fights or Discoveries, whether for *tame* Ships, Merchantsmen, or *wild* Ships, Men of War, carry away the garland from all Nations in the Christian World.

Learned Keckerman, who, being a German by birth, was unbiased in his judgment, and living in Dantz (a port of great trading, whither Seamen repaired from all parts), and writing a book *De re nauticâ* may be presumed skilful therein, alloweth the English the best Seamen, and next to them the Hollanders. And if the latter dare deny the truth hereof, let them remember the late Peace they *purchased* of the English, and thank God that they met with so conscientious chapmen, who set no higher price thereof.

Yea, let the Dutch know, that they are the Scholars to the English in some of their Discoveries : for I find the *four* first Circumnavigators of the World thus qualified for their Nativities :

1. Magellanus, a *Spaniard*.
2. Sir Francis Drake, an *Englishman*.
3. Sir Thomas Candish, an *Englishman*.
4. Oliver Noort, an *Hollander*.

But be it known, that the last of these had an Englishman, Captain Mellis by name, Pilot to conduct him.

Yet let not my commending of our English Seamen be misinterpreted, as if I did not refer all successe to the goodnesse of God, *the grand Admiral of the World*. The praising of *instruments* (by way of subordination) is no more detrimental to the honour of the Principal, than the praising of the *edge* of the *axe* is a disparagement to the *strength* of the *arm* which useth it. God, I confesse, by his Providence, ordereth all by Land and by Sea ; yea, he may be said to be the first *Shipwright* ; for I behold the *Arke* as a *Bird*, wholly hatcht, but utterly unfledg ; without any *feathers* of *masts* and *tackling*, it could only *float*, and not *sail* ; yet so, that therein was left pattern enough for humane ingenuity to improve it to Naval perfection.

The Worthies of England.

RICHARD BAXTER

(1615-91)

ENGLAND'S MERCIES

OUR affections and endeavours should bear some proportion to the talents which we have received, and means which we have enjoyed. It may well be expected that a horseman shall go faster than a footman ; and he that hath a swift horse, faster than he that hath a slow one : more work will be expected from a sound man, than from the sick ; and from a man at age, than from a child : and

to whom men commit much, from them they will expect the more. (Luke xii. 48.) Now the talents which we have received are many and great : the means which we have enjoyed are very much, and very precious. What people breathing on earth, have had plainer instructions, or more forcible persuasions, or constant admonitions, in season and out of season : sermons, till we have been weary of them ; and sabbaths, till we profaned them : excellent books in such plenty, that we knew not which to read ; but loathing them through abundance, have thrown by all. What people have had God so near them, as we have had ; or have seen Christ, as it were, crucified before their eyes, as we have done ? What people have had heaven and hell, as it were, opened unto them, as we ? scarcely a day wherein we have not had some spur to put us on. What speed then should such a people make for heaven ; and how should they fly that are thus winged : and how swiftly should they sail that have wind and tide to help them ! Believe it, brethren, God looks for more from England, than from most nations in the world ; and for more from you that enjoy those helps, than from the dark, untaught congregations of the land. A small measure of grace beseems not such a people ; nor will an ordinary diligence in the work of God excuse them.

The vigour of our affections and actions should be somewhat answerable to the great cost bestowed upon us, and to the deep engaging mercies which we have received from God. Surely, we owe more service to our master from whom we have our maintenance, than we do to a stranger to whom we were never beholden. Oh, the cost that God hath been at for our sakes ; the riches of sea and land, of heaven and earth, hath he poured out upon us ! All our lives have been filled up with mercies : we cannot look back upon one hour of it, or one passage in it, but we may behold mercy. We feed upon mercy, we wear mercy on our backs, we tread upon mercy ; mercy within us, common and special ; mercy without us, for this life, and for that to come ; oh, the rare deliverances that we have partaked of, both national and personal ! How oft, how seasonably,

how fully have our prayers been heard, and our fears removed ; what large catalogues of particular mercies can every Christian draw forth and rehearse ! To offer to number them, would be an endless task, as to number the stars, or the sands of the shore. If there be any difference betwixt hell, where we should have been, and earth, where we now are, yea, or heaven, which is offered us, then certainly we have received mercy. Yea, if the blood of the Son of God be mercy, then are we engaged to God by mercy ; for so much did it cost him to recover us to himself. And should a people of such deep engagements be lazy in their returns : shall God think nothing too much nor too good for us ; and shall we think all too much that we do for him ? Thou that art an observing, sensible man, who knowest how much thou art beholden to God ; I appeal to thee, is not a loitering performance of a few heartless duties, an unworthy requital of such admirable kindness ? For my own part, when I compare my slow and unprofitable life, with the frequent and wonderful mercies received, it shames me, it silenceth me, and leaves me inexcusable.

The Saint's Everlasting Rest.

HENRY KING, BISHOP OF CHICHESTER

(1592-1669)

A RENUNCIATION

WE, that did nothing study but the way
To love each other, with which thoughts the day
Rose with delight to us and with them set,
Must learn the hateful art, how to forget.
We, that did nothing wish that Heaven could give
Beyond ourselves, nor did desire to live
Beyond that wish, all these now cancel must,
As if not writ in faith, but words and dust.
Yet witness those clear vows which lovers make,
Witness the chaste desires that never brake

Into unruly heats ; witness that breast
 Which in thy bosom anchor'd his whole rest—
 'Tis no default in us : I dare acquite
 Thy maiden faith, thy purpose fair and white
 As thy pure self. Cross planets did envy
 Us to each other, and Heaven did untie
 Faster than vows could bind. Oh, that the stars,
 When lovers meet, should stand opposed in wars !

Since then some higher Destinies command,
 Let us not strive, nor labour to withstand
 What is past help. The longest date of grief
 Can never yield a hope of our relief :
 Fold back our arms ; take home our fruitless loves,
 That must new fortunes try, like turtle-doves
 Dislodgèd from their haunts. We must in tears
 Unwind a love knit up in many years.
 In this last kiss I here surrender thee
 Back to thyself.—So, thou again art free :
 Thou in another, sad as that, resend
 The truest heart that lover e'er did lend.
 Now turn from each : so fare our sever'd hearts
 As the divorced soul from her body parts.

JOHN WILMOT, EARL OF ROCHESTER

(1648–80)

RETURN

ABSENT from thee, I languish still ;
 Then ask me not, When I return ?
 The straying fool 'twill plainly kill
 To wish all day, all night to mourn.

Dear, from thine arms then let me fly,
 That my fantastic mind may prove
 The torments it deserves to try,
 That tears my fix'd heart from my love.

When, wearied with a world of woe,
To thy safe bosom I retire,
Where love, and peace, and truth does flow,
May I contented there expire !

Lest, once more wandering from that heaven,
I fall on some base heart unblest ;
Faithless to thee, false, unforgiven—
And lose my everlasting rest.

SAMUEL BUTLER

(1612-80)

THE PURITAN KNIGHT ERRANT

WHEN civil dudgeon first grew high
And men fell out they knew not why ;
When hard words, jealousies, and fears,
Set folks together by the ears,
And made them fight, like mad or drunk,
For dame Religion as for punk ;
Whose honesty they all durst swear for,
Though not a man of them knew wherefore ;
When gospel-trumpeter, surrounded
With long-ear'd rout, to battle sounded ;
And pulpit, drum ecclesiastic,
Was beat with fist instead of a stick ;
Then did Sir Knight abandon dwelling,
And out he rode a-colonelling.

* * * *

For his religion, it was fit
To match his learning and his wit :
'Twas Presbyterian true blue ;
For he was of that stubborn crew
Of errant saints, whom all men grant
To be the true Church Militant ;

Such as do build their faith upon
The holy text of pike and gun ;
Decide all controversies by
Infallible artillery ;
And prove their doctrine orthodox,
By Apostolic blows and knocks ;
Call fire and sword, and desolation,
A godly, thorough Reformation,
Which always must be carried on,
And still be doing, never done ;
As if Religion were intended
For nothing else but to be mended :
A sect whose chief devotion lies
In odd perverse antipathies ;
In falling out with that or this,
And finding somewhat still amiss ;
More peevish, cross, and splenetic,
Than dog distract, or monkey sick :
That with more care keep holyday
The wrong, than others the right way ;
Compound for sins they are inclin'd to,
By damning those they have no mind to :
Still so perverse and opposite,
As if they worshipp'd God for spite :
The self-same thing they will abhor
One way, and long another for :
Freewill they one way disavow,
Another, nothing else allow ;
All piety consists therein
In them, in other men all sin :
Rather than fail, they will defy
That which they love most tenderly ;
Quarrel with minc'd-pies, and disparage
Their best and dearest friend, plum-porridge ;
Fat pig and goose itself oppose,
And blaspheme custard through the nose.
Th' apostles of this fierce religion,
Like Mahomet's, were ass and widgeon,
To whom our Knight, by fast instinct

Of wit and temper, was so linkt,
As if hypocrisy and nonsense
Had got th' advowson of his conscience.

Hudibras.

SAMUEL PEPYS

(1633-1703)

DIARY, JANUARY 1663-4

January 18th. Abroad to White Hall, where the court all in mourning for the Duchess of Savoy. By coach to the 'Change, after having been at the Coffee-house, where I hear Turner is found guilty of felony and burglary; and strange stories of his confidence at the barr, but yet great indiscretion in his argueing. All desirous of his being hanged.

19th. My eyes began to fail me, and to be in pain, which I never felt to now-a-days.

20th. To my Lord Sandwich's, and I walked with him to the Tennis Court, and there left him, seeing the King play. My Lord Sandwich did also seal a lease for the house he is now taking in Lincoln's Inn Fields, which stands him in £250 per annum rent. To my brother's, whom I find not well in bed, sick, they say, of a consumption. To Mr. Commander's, in Warwicke Lane, to speak to him about drawing up my will. Sir Richard Ford told me, that Turner is to be hanged to-morrow, and with what impudence he hath carried out his trial; but that last night, when he brought him news of his death, he began to be sober, and shed some tears, and he hopes will die a penitent; he having already confessed all the thing, but says it was partly done for a joke, and partly to get an occasion of obliging the old man by his care in getting him his things again, he having some hopes of being the better by him in his estate at his death. Mr. Pierce tells me, that my Lady Castlemaine is not at all set by, by the King, but that he do doat upon Mrs. Stewart only, and that, to the leaving

of all business in the world, and to the open slighting of the Queen ; that he values not who sees him, or stands by him while he dallies with her openly ; and then privately in her chamber below, where the very sentrys observe him going in and out ; and that so commonly, that the Duke, or any of the Nobles, when they would ask where the King is, they will ordinarily say, " Is the King above or below ? " meaning with Mrs. Stewart ; that the King do not openly disown my Lady Castlemaine, but that she comes to Court ; but that my Lord FitzHarding and the Hambletons, and sometimes my Lord Sandwich, they say, intrigue with her. But he says my Lord Sandwich will lead her from her lodgings in the darkest and obscurest manner, and leave her at the entrance into the Queen's lodgings, that he might be the least observed : that the Duke of Monmouth the King do still doat on beyond measure, insomuch that the King only, the Duke of York, and Prince Rupert, and the Duke of Monmouth, do now wear deep mourning, that is, long cloaks, for the Duchess of Savoy ; so that he mourns as a Prince of the Blood, while the Duke of York do no more, and all the Nobles of the land not so much ; which gives great offence. But that the Duke of York do give himself up to business, and is like to prove a noble prince ; and so indeed I do from my heart think he will. He says that it is believed, as well as hoped, that care is taken to lay up a hidden treasure of money by the King against a bad day. I pray God it may be so ! but I should be more glad that the King himself would look after business, which it seems he do not in the least. I am resolved to forbear my laying out my money upon a dinner, till I see my Lord in a better posture, and by grave and humble, though high deportment, to make him think I do not want him, and that will make him the readier to admit me to his friendship again—I believe the soonest of anything but downright impudence, and thrusting myself, as others do, upon him, and imposing upon him, which yet I cannot do, nor will not endeavour. To bed, after I had by candle-light shaved myself and cut off all my beard.

21st. Up, and after sending my wife to my aunt Wight's, to get a place to see Turner hanged, I to the 'Change ; and seeing people flock in the City, I enquired, and found that Turner was not yet hanged. So I went among them to Leadenhall Street, at the end of Lyme Street, near where the robbery was done ; and to St. Mary Axe, where he lived. And there I got for a shilling to stand upon the wheel of a cart, in great pain, above an hour before the execution was done ; he delaying the time by long discourses and prayers, one after another, in hopes of a reprieve ; but none come, and at last he was flung off the ladder in his cloak. A comely-looking man he was, and kept his countenance to the end : I was sorry to see him. It was believed there were at least 12 to 14,000 people in the street. To the Coffee-house, and heard the full of Turner's discourse on the cart, which was chiefly to clear himself of all things laid to his charge but this fault, for which he now suffers, which he confesses. He deplored the condition of his family, but his chief design was to lengthen time, believing still a reprieve would come, though the sheriff advised him to expect no such thing, for the King was resolved to grant none. To my aunt Wight's, where Dr. Burnett did tell me how poorly the sheriffs did endeavour to get one jewell returned by Turner, after he was convicted, as a due to them, and not to give it to Mr. Tryon, the true owner, but ruled against them, to their great dishonour.

22d. To Deptford, and there viewed Sir W. Petty's vessel ; which hath an odd appearance, but not such as people do make of it.

24th. (*Lord's day.*) To my office, and there fell on entering, out of a bye-book, part of my second journall-book, which hath lay these two years and more unentered. This evening also I drew up a rough draught of my last will.

25th. Troubled a little in mind, to think that my Lord Sandwich should continue this strangeness to me.

26th. Tom Killigrew told us of a fire last night in my Lady Castlemaine's lodging, where she bid £40 for one

to adventure the fetching of a cabinet out, which at last was got to be done ; and the fire at last quenched, without doing much wrong.

27th. At the Coffee-house, where I sat with Sir G. Ascue and William Petty, who in discourse is, methinks, one of the most rational men that ever I heard speak with a tongue, having all his notions the most distinct and clear, and did, among other things, (saying, that in all his life these three books were the most esteemed and generally cried up for wit in the world—*Religio Medici*, Osborne's *Advice to a Son*, and *Hudibras*), say that in these—the two first principally—the wit lies, and confirming some pretty sayings, which are generally like paradoxes, by some argument smartly and pleasantly urged, which takes with people who do not trouble themselves to examine the force of an argument, which pleases them in the delivery, upon a subject which they like ; whereas, as by many particular instances of mine, and others, out of Osborne, he did really find fault and weaken the strength of many of Osborne's arguments, so as that in downright disputation they would not bear weight—at least, so far but that they might be weakened, and better found in their rooms to confirm what is there said. He shewed finely whence it happens that good writers are not admired by the present age ; because there are but few in any age that do mind any thing that is abstruse and curious ; and so longer before any body do put the true praise, and set it on foot in the world, the generality of mankind pleasing themselves in the easy delights of the world, as eating, drinking, dancing, hunting, fencing, which we see the meanest men do the best—those that profess it. A gentleman never dances so well as the dancing-master ; and an ordinary fiddler makes better musick for a shilling than a gentleman will do after spending forty. And so in all the delights of the world almost. To Covent Garden, to buy a maske at the French House, Madame Charett's, for my wife ; in the way observing the street full of coaches at the new play, at *The Indian Queene* ; which for show, they say, exceeds *Henry the Eighth*. Called to see my brother Tom, who was not at

home, though they say he is in a deep consumption, and will not live two months.

29th. To the Fleece in Cornhill, by appointment, to meet my Lord Marlborough, a serious and worthy gentleman, who begun to talk of the state of the Dutch in India, which is like to be in a little time without any controll; for we are lost there, and the Portuguese as bad.

30th. The day kept solemnly for the King's murder. In the evening signed and sealed my last will and testament, which is to my mind, and I hope to the liking of God Almighty. This evening I tore some old papers; among others, a romance which, under the title of *Love a Cheate*, I begun ten years ago at Cambridge: and, reading it over to-night, I liked it very well, and wondered a little at myself, at my vein at that time when I wrote it, doubting that I cannot do so well now if I would try.

31st. (*Lord's day*.) I did perfectly prepare a state of my estate, and annexed it to my last will and testament, which now is perfect, and find that I am worth £858 clear, which is the greatest sum I ever yet was master of. My head very full of thoughts to provide for answering to the Exchequer for my uncle's being Generall-Receiver in the year 1647, which I am at present wholly unable to do.

IZAAK WALTON

(1593-1683)

MR. DONNE'S VISION

AT this time of Mr. Donne's and his wife's living in Sir Robert's house, the Lord Hay was, by King James, sent upon a glorious embassy to the then French King, Henry the Fourth; and Sir Robert put on a sudden resolution to accompany him to the French Court, and to be present at his audience there. And Sir Robert put on a sudden resolution, to solicit Mr. Donne to be his companion in that journey. And this desire was suddenly made known to his

wife, who was then with child, and otherwise under so dangerous a habit of body as to her health, that she professed an unwillingness to allow him any absence from her; saying, "Her divining soul boded her some ill in his absence"; and therefore desired him not to leave her. This made Mr. Donne lay aside all thoughts of the journey, and really to resolve against it. But Sir Robert became restless in his persuasions for it, and Mr. Donne was so generous as to think he had sold his liberty, when he received so many charitable kindnesses from him; and told his wife so; who did therefore, with an unwilling-willingness, give a faint consent to the journey, which was proposed to be but for two months; for about that time they determined their return. Within a few days after this resolve, the Ambassador, Sir Robert, and Mr. Donne, left London; and were the twelfth day got all safe to Paris. Two days after their arrival there, Mr. Donne was left alone in that room, in which Sir Robert, and he, and some other friends had dined together. To this place Sir Robert returned within half an hour; and as he left, so he found, Mr. Donne alone; but in such an ecstasy, and so altered as to his looks, as amazed Sir Robert to behold him; insomuch that he earnestly desired Mr. Donne to declare what had befallen him in the short time of his absence. To which Mr. Donne was not able to make a present answer: but, after a long and perplexed pause, did at last say, "I have seen a dreadful vision since I saw you: I have seen my dear wife pass twice by me through this room, with her hair hanging about her shoulders, and a dead child in her arms: this I have seen since I saw you." To which Sir Robert replied, "Sure, Sir, you have slept since I saw you; and this is the result of some melancholy dream, which I desire you to forget, for you are now awake." To which Mr. Donne's reply was: "I cannot be surer that I now live, than that I have not slept since I saw you: and am as sure, that at her second appearing, she stopped, and looked me in the face, and vanished."—Rest and sleep had not altered Mr. Donne's opinion the next day: for he then affirmed this vision with a more deliberate, and so confirmed a confidence,

that he inclined Sir Robert to a faint belief that the vision was true.—It is truly said, that desire and doubt have no rest ; and it proved so with Sir Robert ; for he immediately sent a servant to Drewry-House, with a charge to hasten back, and bring him word, whether Mrs. Donne were alive : and, if alive, in what condition she was as to her health. The twelfth day the messenger returned with this account —That he found and left Mrs. Donne very sad, and sick in her bed ; and that, after a long and dangerous labour, she had been delivered of a dead child. And, upon examination, the abortion proved to be the same day, and about the very hour, that Mr. Donne affirmed he saw her pass by him in his chamber.

This is a relation that will beget some wonder, and it well may ; for most of our world are at present possessed with an opinion, that Visions and Miracles are ceased. And, though it is most certain, the two lutes being both strung and tuned to an equal pitch, and then one played upon, the other, that is not touched, being laid upon a table at a fit distance, will—like an echo to a trumpet—warble a faint audible harmony in answer to the same tune ; yet many will not believe there is any such thing as a sympathy of souls ; and I am well pleased, that every Reader do enjoy his own opinion.

Lives.

SIR CHARLES SEDLEY

(1639-1701)

TO CELIA

Not, Celia, that I juster am
Or better than the rest !
For I would change each hour, like them,
Were not my heart at rest.

But I am tied to very thee
By every thought I have ;
Thy face I only care to see,
Thy heart I only crave.

All that in woman is adored
In thy dear self I find—
For the whole sex can but afford
The handsome and the kind.

Why then should I seek further store,
And still make love anew ?
When change itself can give no more,
'Tis easy to be true !

THOMAS TRAHERNE

(1636?–1674)

THE CHILD'S VISION OF THE WORLD

CERTAINLY Adam in Paradise had not more sweet and curious apprehensions of the world than I when I was a child. . . .

The corn was orient and immortal wheat which never should be reaped nor was ever sown. I thought it had stood from everlasting to everlasting. The dust and stones of the street were as precious as gold : the gates were at first the end of the world. The green trees when I saw them first through one of the gates transported and ravished me ; their sweetness and unusual beauty made my heart to leap, and almost mad with ecstasy, they were such strange and wonderful things. The Men ! O what venerable and reverend creatures did the aged seem ! Immortal Cherubims ! And young men glittering and sparkling angels, and maids strange seraphic pieces of life and beauty ! Boys and girls tumbling in the street were moving jewels : I knew not that they were born or should die. But all things abided eternally as they were in their proper places. Eternity was manifest in the Light of the Day, and something infinite behind everything appeared, which talked with my expectation and moved my desire. The City seemed to stand in Eden or to be built in Heaven. The streets were

mine, the temple was mine, the people were mine, their clothes and gold and silver were mine, as much as their sparkling eyes, fair skins, and ruddy faces. The skies were mine, and so were the sun and moon and stars, and all the world was mine ; and I the only spectator and enjoyer of it. I knew no churlish proprieties, nor bounds nor divisions ; but all proprieties and divisions were mine, all treasures and the possessors of them. So that with much ado I was corrupted, and made to learn the dirty devices of the world, which now I unlearn, and become, as it were, a little child again that I may enter into the Kingdom of God.

Centuries of Meditations.

WONDER

How like an Angel came I down !
How bright are all things here !
When first among his works I did appear
O how their Glory me did crown !
The world resembled his *Eternity*,
In which my soul did walk ;
And every thing that I did see
Did with me talk.

The skies in their magnificence,
The lively, lovely air,
Oh how divine, how soft, how sweet, how fair !
The stars did entertain my sense,
And all the works of God, so bright and pure,
So rich and great did seem,
As if they ever must endure
In my esteem.

A native health and innocence
Within my bones did grow,
And while my God did all his Glories show,
I felt a vigour in my sense

That was all Spirit. I within did flow
With seas of life, like wine ;
I nothing in the world did know
But 'twas divine.

Harsh ragged objects were concealed,
Oppressions, tears and cries,
Sins, griefs, complaints, dissensions, weeping eyes
Were hid, and only things revealed
Which heavenly Spirits and the Angels prize.
The state of Innocence
And bliss, not trades and poverties,
Did fill my sense.

The streets were paved with golden stones,
The boys and girls were mine,
Oh how did all their lovely faces shine !
The sons of men were holy ones,
In joy and beauty they appeared to me,
And every thing which here I found,
While like an Angel I did see
Adorned the ground.

Rich diamond and pearl and gold
In every place was seen ;
Rare splendours, yellow, blue, red, white and green,
Mine eyes did everywhere behold.
Great Wonders clothed with glory did appear,
Amazement was my bliss,
That and my wealth was everywhere ;
No joy to this !

Cursed and devised proprieties,
With envy, avarice
And fraud, those fiends that spoil even Paradise,
Flew from the splendour of mine eyes.
And so did hedges, ditches, limits, bounds,
I dreamed not aught of those,
But wandered over all men's grounds,
And found repose.

Proprieties themselves were mine,
And hedges ornaments ;
Walls, boxes, coffers, and their rich contents
Did not divide my joys, but all combine.
Clothes, ribbons, jewels, laces, I esteemed
My joys by others worn :
For me they all to wear them seemed
When I was born.

JOHN MILTON (III)

(1608-74)

THE EXILES

He ended ; and thus Adam last replied :
“ How soon hath thy prediction, Seër blest,
Measured this transient world, the race of time,
Till time stand fixed ! beyond is all abyss,
Eternity, whose end no eye can reach :
Greatly instructed I shall hence depart,
Greatly in peace of thought, and have my fill
Of knowledge, what this vessel can contain ;
Beyond which was my folly to aspire.
Henceforth I learn that to obey is best,
And love with fear the only God, to walk
As in his presence, ever to observe
His providence, and on him sole depend,
Merciful over all his works, with good
Still overcoming evil ; and by small
Accomplishing great things, by things deemed weak
Subverting worldly strong, and worldly wise
By simple meek ; that suffering for truth's sake
Is fortitude to highest victory,
And to the faithful, death the gate of life ;
Taught this by his example, whom I now
Acknowledge my Redeemer ever blest.”

To whom thus also th' angel last replied :
" This having learned, thou hast attained the sum
Of wisdom ; hope no higher, though all the stars
Thou knew'st by name, and all th' ethereal powers,
All secrets of the deep, all Nature's works,
Or works of God in heaven, air, earth, or sea,
And all the riches of this world enjoy'dst,
And all the rule, one empire ; only add
Deeds to thy knowledge answerable, add faith
Add virtue, patience, temperance, add love
By name to come called charity, the soul
Of all the rest ; then wilt thou not be loth
To leave this Paradise, but shalt possess
A paradise within thee, happier far.
Let us descend now, therefore, from this top
Of speculation ; for the hour precise
Exacts our parting hence ; and see the guards,
By me encamped on yonder hill, expect
Their motion, at whose front a flaming sword,
In signal of remove, waves fiercely round ;
We may no longer stay : go, waken Eve ;
Her also I with gentle dreams have calmed
Portending good, and all her spirits composed
To meek submission : thou at season fit
Let her with thee partake what thou hast heard.
Chiefly what may concern her faith to know,
The great deliverance by her seed to come,
For by the woman's seed, on all mankind.
That ye may live, which will be many days,
Both in one faith unanimous, though sad
With cause for evils past ; yet much more cheered
With meditation on the happy end."

He ended, and they both descend the hill :
Descended, Adam to the bower, where Eve
Lay sleeping, ran before, but found her waked ;
And thus with words not sad she him received :

" Whence thou return'st and whither went'st, I know ;
For God is also in sleep, and dreams advise,
Which he hath sent propitious, some great good

Presaging, since with sorrow and heart's distress
Wearied I fell asleep : but now lead on ;
In me is no delay ; with thee to go
Is to stay here ; without thee here to stay
Is to go hence unwilling ; thou to me
Art all things under heaven, all places thou,
Who for my wilful crime art banished hence.
This further consolation yet secure
I carry hence ; though all by me is lost,
Such favour I unworthy am vouchsafed,
By me the Promised Seed shall all restore."

So spake our mother Eve, and Adam heard
Well pleased, but answered not ; for now too nigh
Th' archangel stood, and from the other hill
To their fixed station all in bright array
The cherubim descended ; on the ground
Gliding meteorous, as evening mist
Ris'n from a river o'er the marish glides,
And gathers ground fast at the labourer's heel
Homeward returning. High in front advanced
The brandished sword of God before them blazed
Fierce as a comet ; which with torrid heat,
And vapour as the Libyan air adust,
Began to parch that temperate clime : whereat
In either hand the hast'ning angel caught
Our ling'ring parents, and to th' eastern gate
Led them direct, and down the cliff as fast
To the subjected plain ; then disappeared.
They looking back all th' eastern side beheld
Of Paradise, so late their happy seat,
Waved over by that flaming brand ; the gate
With dreadful faces thronged and fiery arms :
Some natural tears they dropped, but wiped them soon ;
The world was all before them, where to choose
Their place of rest, and Providence their guide.
They, hand in hand, with wand'ring steps and slow
Through Eden took their solitary way.

Paradise Lost, Book XII.

CONSOLATION

Manoah. Come, come, no time for lamentation now,
Nor much more cause : Samson hath quit himself
Like Samson, and heroic'ly hath finished
A life heroic, on his enemies
Fully revenged ; hath left them years of mourning,
And lamentation to the sons of Caphtor
Through all Philistian bounds. To Israel
Honour hath left and freedom, let but them
Find courage to lay hold on this occasion ;
To himself and father's house eternal fame ;
And, which is best and happiest yet, all this
With God not parted from him, as was feared,
But favouring and assisting to the end.
Nothing is here for tears, nothing to wail
Or knock the breast, no weakness, no contempt,
Dispraise, or blame, nothing but well and fair,
And what may quiet us in a death so noble.
Let us go find the body where it lies
Soaked in his enemies' blood, and from the stream
With lavers pure and cleansing herbs wash off
The clotted gore. I, with what speed the while,
(Gaza is not in plight to say us nay,)
Will send for all my kindred, all my friends,
To fetch him hence, and solemnly attend
With silent obsequy and funeral train
Home to his father's house : there will I build him
A monument, and plant it round with shade
Of laurel ever green, and branching palm,
With all his trophies hung, and acts enrolled
In copious legend, or sweet lyric song.
Thither shall all the valiant youth resort,
And from his memory inflame their breasts
To matchless valour and adventures high :
The virgins also shall on feastful days
Visit his tomb with flowers, only bewailing

His lot unfortunate in nuptial choice,
From whence captivity and loss of eyes,
Chorus. All is best, though we oft doubt,
What th' unsearchable dispose
Of Highest Wisdom brings about,
And ever best found in the close.
Oft he seems to hide his face,
But unexpectedly returns,
And to his faithful champion hath in place
Bore witness gloriously ; whence Gaza mourns
And all that band them to resist
His uncontrollable intent :
His servants he, with new acquist
Of true experience from this great event,
With peace and consolation hath dismissed,
And calm of mind, all passion spent.

Samson Agonistes.

ON HIS BLINDNESS

WHEN I consider how my light is spent,
Ere half my days, in this dark world and wide,
And that one Talent which is death to hide,
Lodg'd with me useless, though my Soul more bent
To serve therewith my Maker, and present
My true account, least he returning chide,
Doth God exact day-labour, light deny'd,
I fondly ask ; But patience to prevent
That murmur, soon replies, God doth not need
Either man's work or his own gifts, who best
Bear his milde yোক, they serve him best, his State
Is Kingly. Thousands at his bidding speed
And post o're Land and Ocean without rest :
They also serve who only stand and waite.

JOHN BUNYAN

(1628-88)

TO HIS READER

THIS book it chalketh out before thine eyes
The man that seeks the everlasting prize ;
It shows you whence he comes, whither he goes ;
What he leaves undone, also what he does ;
It also shows you how he runs and runs,
Till he unto the gate of glory comes.

It shows, too, who set out for life amain,
As if the lasting crown they would obtain ;
Here also you may see the reason why
They lose their labour, and like fools do die.

This book will make a traveller of thee,
If by its counsel thou wilt rulèd be ;
It will direct thee to the Holy Land,
If thou wilt its directions understand :
Yea, it will make the slothful active be ;
The blind also delightful things to see.

Art thou for something rare and profitable ?
Wouldest thou see a truth within a fable ?
Art thou forgetful ? Wouldest thou remember
From New Year's day to the last of December ?
Then read my fancies ; they will stick like burs,
And may be, to the helpless, comforters.

This book is writ in such a dialect
As may the minds of listless men affect :
It seems a novelty, and yet contains
Nothing but sound and honest gospel strains.

Wouldst thou divert thyself from melancholy ?
Wouldst thou be pleasant, yet be far from folly ?
Wouldst thou read riddles, and their explanation ?
Or else be drownèd in thy contemplation ?
Dost thou love picking meat ? Or wouldst thou see
A man i' the clouds, and hear him speak to thee ?

Wouldst thou be in a dream, and yet not sleep ?
Or wouldst thou in a moment laugh and weep ?
Wouldest thou lose thyself and catch no harm,
And find thyself again without a charm ?
Wouldst read thyself, and read thou knowst not what,
And yet know whether thou art blest or not,
By reading the same lines ? Oh, then come hither,
And lay my book, thy head, and heart together.

THE TRIAL OF FAITHFUL

THEN proclamation was made, that they that had aught to say for their lord the king against the prisoner at the bar, should forthwith appear and give in their evidence. So there came in three witnesses, to wit, Envy, Superstition, and Pickthank. They were then asked if they knew the prisoner at the bar ; and what they had to say for their lord the king against him.

Then stood forth Envy, and said to this effect : My Lord, I have known this man a long time, and will attest upon my oath before this honourable bench that he is——

Judge. Hold ! Give him his oath. (So they swore him.) Then he said :

Envy. My Lord, this man, notwithstanding his plausible name, is one of the vilest men in our country. He neither regardeth prince nor people, law nor custom ; but doth all that he can to possess all men with certain of his disloyal notions, which he in the general calls principles of faith and holiness. And, in particular, I heard him once myself affirm that Christianity and the customs of our town of Vanity were diametrically opposite, and could not be reconciled. By which saying, my Lord, he doth at once not only condemn all our laudable doings, but us in the doing of them.

Judge. Then did the Judge say to him, Hast thou any more to say ?

Envy. My Lord, I could say much more, only I would not be tedious to the court. Yet, if need be, when the other

gentlemen have given in their evidence, rather than anything shall be wanting that will despatch him, I will enlarge my testimony against him. So he was bid to stand by.

Then they called Superstition, and bid him look upon the prisoner. They also asked, what he could say for their lord the king against him. Then they swore him ; so he began.

Super. My Lord, I have no great acquaintance with this man, nor do I desire to have further knowledge of him ; however, this I know, that he is a very pestilent fellow, from some discourse that, the other day, I had with him in this town ; for then, talking with him, I heard him say, that our religion was nought, and such by which a man could by no means please God. Which sayings of his, my Lord, your Lordship very well knows, what necessarily thence will follow, to wit, that we do still worship in vain, are yet in our sins, and finally shall be damned ; and this is that which I have to say.

Then was Pickthank sworn, and bid say what he knew, in behalf of their lord the king, against the prisoner at the bar.

Pick. My Lord, and you gentlemen all, This fellow I have known of a long time, and have heard him speak things that ought not to be spoke ; for he hath railed on our noble prince Beelzebub, and hath spoken contemptibly of his honourable friends, whose names are the Lord Old Man, the Lord Carnal Delight, the Lord Luxurious, the Lord Desire of Vain Glory, my old Lord Lechery, Sir Having Greedy, with all the rest of our nobility ; and he hath said, moreover, That if all men were of his mind, if possible, there is not one of these noblemen should have any longer a being in this town. Besides, he hath not been afraid to rail on you, my Lord, who are now appointed to be his judge, calling you an ungodly villain, with many other such like vilifying terms, with which he hath bespattered most of the gentry of our town.

When this Pickthank had told his tale, the Judge directed his speech to the prisoner at the bar, saying, Thou runagate, heretic, and traitor, hast thou heard what these honest gentlemen have witnessed against thee ?

Faith. May I speak a few words in my own defence ?

Judge. Sirrah ! Sirrah ! thou deservest to live no longer, but to be slain immediately upon the place ; yet, that all men may see our gentleness towards thee, let us hear what thou, vile runagate, hast to say.

Faith. 1. I say, then, in answer to what Mr. Envy hath spoken, I never said aught but this, That what rule, or laws, or customs, or people, were flat against the Word of God, are diametrically opposite to Christianity. If I have said amiss in this, convince me of my error, and I am ready here before you to make my recantation.

2. As to the second, to wit, Mr. Superstition, and his charge against me, I said only this, That in the worship of God there is required a Divine faith ; but there can be no Divine faith without a Divine revelation of the will of God. Therefore, whatever is thrust into the worship of God that is not agreeable to Divine revelation, cannot be done but by a human faith, which faith will not be profitable to eternal life.

3. As to what Mr. Pickthank hath said, I say (avoiding terms, as that I am said to rail, and the like), that the prince of this town, with all the rabblement, his attendants, by this gentleman named, are more fit for a being in hell, than in this town and country : and so, the Lord have mercy upon me !

Then the Judge called to the jury (who all this while stood by, to hear and observe) : Gentlemen of the jury, you see this man about whom so great an uproar hath been made in this town. You have also heard what these worthy gentlemen have witnessed against him. Also you have heard his reply and confession. It lieth now in your breasts to hang him or save his life ; but yet I think meet to instruct you into our law.

There was an Act made in the days of Pharaoh the Great, servant to our prince, that lest those of a contrary religion should multiply and grow too strong for him, their males should be thrown into the river. (Exod. i. 22.) There was also an Act made in the days of Nebuchadnezzar the Great, another of his servants, that whosoever would not fall down

and worship his golden image, should be thrown into a fiery furnace. (Dan. iii. 6.) There was also an Act made in the days of Darius, that whoso, for some time, called upon any god but him, should be cast into the lions' den. (Dan. vi.) Now the substance of these laws this rebel has broken, not only in thought (which is not to be borne), but also in word and deed ; which must therefore needs be intolerable.

For that of Pharaoh, his law was made upon a supposition, to prevent mischief, no crime being yet apparent ; but here is a crime apparent. For the second and third, you see he disputeth against our religion ; and for the treason he hath confessed, he deserveth to die the death.

Then went the jury out, whose names were, Mr. Blind-man, Mr. No-good, Mr. Malice, Mr. Love-lust, Mr. Live-loose, Mr. Heady, Mr. High-mind, Mr. Enmity, Mr. Liar, Mr. Cruelty, Mr. Hate-light, and Mr. Implacable ; who every one gave in his private verdict against him among themselves, and afterwards unanimously concluded to bring him in guilty before the Judge. And first, among themselves, Mr. Blind-man, the foreman, said, I see clearly that this man is a heretic. Then said Mr. No-good, Away with such a fellow from the earth. Ay, said Mr. Malice, for I hate the very looks of him. Then said Mr. Love-lust, I could never endure him. Nor I, said Mr. Live-loose, for he would always be condemning my way. Hang him, hang him, said Mr. Heady. A sorry scrub, said Mr. High-mind. My heart riseth against him, said Mr. Enmity. He is a rogue, said Mr. Liar. Hanging is too good for him, said Mr. Cruelty. Let us despatch him out of the way, said Mr. Hate-light. Then said Mr. Implacable, Might I have all the world given me, I could not be reconciled to him ; therefore, let us forthwith bring him in guilty of death. And so they did ; therefore he was presently condemned to be had from the place where he was, to the place from whence he came, and there to be put to the most cruel death that could be invented.

They, therefore, brought him out, to do with him according to their law ; and, first, they scourged him, then they buffeted him, then they lanced his flesh with knives ;

after that, they stoned him with stones, then pricked him with their swords ; and, last of all, they burned him to ashes at the stake. Thus came Faithful to his end.

THE CROSSING OF THE RIVER

Now the day drew on that Christiana must be gone. So the road was full of people to see her take her journey. But, behold, all the banks beyond the river were full of horses and chariots, which were come down from above to accompany her to the city gate. So she came forth, and entered the river, with a beckon of farewell to those that followed her to the river side. The last words that she was heard to say here were, I come, Lord, to be with thee, and bless thee.

So her children and friends returned to their place, for that those that waited for Christiana had carried her out of their sight. So she went and called, and entered in at the gate with all the ceremonies of joy that her husband Christian had done before her.

At her departure her children wept ; but Mr. Great-heart and Mr. Valiant played upon the well-tuned cymbal and harp for joy. So all departed to their respective places.

In process of time there came a post to the town again, and his business was with Mr. Ready-to-halt. So he inquired him out, and said to him, I am come to thee in the name of him whom thou hast loved and followed, though upon crutches ; and my message is to tell thee, that he expects thee at his table to sup with him, in his kingdom, the next day after Easter ; wherefore prepare thyself for this journey.

Then he also gave him a token that he was a true messenger, saying, I have broken thy golden bowl, and loosed thy silver cord. (Eccles. xii. 6.)

After this, Mr. Ready-to-halt called for his fellow-pilgrims, and told them, saying, I am sent for, and God shall surely visit you also. So he desired Mr. Valiant to make his will ; and because he had nothing to bequeath

to them that should survive him but his crutches and his good wishes, therefore thus he said, These crutches I bequeath to my son that shall tread in my steps, with a hundred warm wishes that he may prove better than I have done.

Then he thanked Mr. Great-heart for his conduct and kindness, and so addressed himself to his journey. When he came at the brink of the river, he said, Now I shall have no more need of these crutches, since yonder are chariots and horses for me to ride on. The last words he was heard to say was, Welcome life ! So he went his way.

After this, Mr. Feeble-mind had tidings brought him, that the post sounded his horn at his chamber-door. Then he came in, and told him, saying, I am come to tell thee that thy Master hath need of thee ; and that, in very little time, thou must behold his face in brightness. And take this as a token of the truth of my message, " Those that look out of the windows shall be darkened." (Eccles. xii. 3.)

Then Mr. Feeble-mind called for his friends, and told them what errand had been brought unto him, and what token he had received of the truth of the message. Then he said, Since I have nothing to bequeath to any, to what purpose should I make a will ? As for my feeble mind, that I will leave behind me, for that, I have no need of that in the place whither I go. Nor is it worth bestowing upon the poorest pilgrim ; wherefore, when I am gone, I desire that you, Mr. Valiant, would bury it in a dunghill. This done, and the day being come in which he was to depart, he entered the river as the rest. His last words were, Hold out, faith and patience. So he went over to the other side.

When days had many of them passed away, Mr. Despondency was sent for ; for a post was come, and brought this message to him : Trembling man, these are to summon thee to be ready with thy King by the next Lord's day, to shout for joy for thy deliverance from all thy doubtings.

And, said the messenger, that my message is true, take this for a proof ; so he gave him the grasshopper to be a burden unto him. (Eccles. xii. 5.) Now, Mr. Despondency's daughter, whose name was Much-afraid, said, when she

heard what was done, that she would go with her father. Then Mr. Despondency said to his friends, Myself and my daughter, you know what we have been, and how troublesome we have behaved ourselves in every company. My will and my daughter's is, that our desponds and slavish fears be by no man ever received, from the day of our departure, for ever ; for I know that after my death they will offer themselves to others. For, to be plain with you, they are ghosts the which we entertained when we first began to be pilgrims, and could never shake them off after ; and they will walk about and seek entertainment of the pilgrims ; but, for our sakes, shut ye the doors upon them.

When the time was come for them to depart, they went to the brink of the river. The last words of Mr. Despondency were, Farewell night, welcome day. His daughter went through the river singing, but none could understand what she said.

Then it came to pass, a while after, that there was a post in the town that inquired for Mr. Honest. So he came to his house where he was, and delivered to his hand these lines : Thou art commanded to be ready against this day seven-night, to present thyself before the Lord, at his Father's house. And for a token that my message is true, " All the daughters of music shall be brought low." (Eccles. xii. 4.) Then Mr. Honest called for his friends, and said unto them, I die, but shall make no will. As for my honesty, it shall go with me ; let him that comes after be told of this. When the day that he was to be gone was come, he addressed himself to go over the river. Now the river at that time overflowed the banks in some places ; but Mr. Honest in his lifetime had spoken to one Good-conscience to meet him there, the which he also did, and lent him his hand, and so helped him over. The last words of Mr. Honest were, Grace reigns. So he left the world.

After this it was noised abroad, that Mr. Valiant-for-truth was taken with a summons by the same post as the other ; and had this for a token that the summons was true, " That his pitcher was broken at the fountain." (Eccles. xii. 6.) When he understood it, he called for his

friends, and told them of it. Then, said he, I am going to my Father's; and though with great difficulty I am got hither, yet now I do not repent me of all the trouble I have been at to arrive where I am. My sword I give to him that shall succeed me in my pilgrimage, and my courage and skill to him that can get it. My marks and scars I carry with me, to be a witness for me, that I have fought his battle who now will be my rewarder. When the day that must go hence was come, many accompanied him to the river side, into which as he went he said, "Death, where is thy sting?" And as he went down deeper, he said, "Grave, where is thy victory?" So he passed over, and all the trumpets sounded for him on the other side.

Then there came forth a summons for Mr. Stand-fast—this Mr. Stand-fast was he that the rest of the pilgrims found upon his knees in the Enchanted Ground—for the post brought it him open in his hands. The contents whereof were, that he must prepare for a change of life, for his Master was not willing that he should be so far from him any longer. At this Mr. Stand-fast was put into a muse. Nay, said the messenger, you need not doubt the truth of my message, for here is a token of the truth thereof: "Thy wheel is broken at the cistern." (Eccles. xii. 6.) Then he called unto him Mr. Great-heart, who was their guide, and said unto him, Sir, although it was not my hap to be much in your good company in the days of my pilgrimage; yet, since the time I knew you, you have been profitable to me. When I came from home, I left behind me a wife and five small children; let me entreat you, at your return (for I know that you will go and return to your Master's house, in hopes that you may yet be a conductor to more of the holy pilgrims), that you send to my family, and let them be acquainted with all that hath or shall happen unto me. Tell them, moreover, of my happy arrival to this place, and of the present [and] late blessed condition that I am in. Tell them also of Christian, and Christiana his wife, and how she and her children came after her husband. Tell them also of what a happy end she made, and whither she has gone. I have little or nothing to send to my family, except

it be prayers and tears for them ; of which it will suffice if thou acquaint them, if peradventure they may prevail.

When Mr. Stand-fast had thus set things in order, and the time being come for him to haste him away, he also went down to the river. Now there was a great calm at that time in the river ; wherefore Mr. Stand-fast, when he was about half-way in, stood awhile, and talked to his companions that had waited upon him thither ; and he said, This river has been a terror to many ; yea, the thoughts of it also have often frightened me. Now, methinks, I stand easy, my foot is fixed upon that upon which the feet of the priests that bare the ark of the covenant stood, while Israel went over this Jordan. (Jos. iii. 17.) The waters, indeed, are to the palate bitter, and to the stomach cold : yet the thoughts of what I am going to, and of the conduct that waits for me on the other side, doth lie as a glowing coal at my heart.

I see myself now at the end of my journey, my toilsome days are ended. I am going now to see that head that was crowned with thorns, and that face that was spit upon for me.

I have formerly lived by hearsay and faith ; but now I go where I shall live by sight, and shall be with him in whose company I delight myself.

I have loved to hear my Lord spoken of ; and wherever I have seen the print of his shoe in the earth, there I have coveted to set my foot too.

His name has been to me as a civet-box ; yea, sweeter than all perfumes. His voice to me has been most sweet ; and his countenance I have more desired than they that have most desired the light of the sun. His word I did use to gather for my food, and for antidotes against my faintings. " He has held me, and hath kept me from mine iniquities ; yea, my steps hath he strengthened in his way."

Now, while he was thus in discourse, his countenance changed, his strong man bowed under him ; and after he had said, Take me, for I come unto thee, he ceased to be seen of them.

But glorious it was to see how the open region was filled

with horses and chariots, with trumpeters and pipers, with singers and players on stringed instruments, to welcome the pilgrims as they went up, and followed one another in at the beautiful gate of the city.

The Pilgrim's Progress.

JOHN DRYDEN

(1631-1700)

ON CHAUCER

HE must have been a man of a most wonderful comprehensive nature, because, as it has been truly observed of him, he has taken into the compass of his *Canterbury Tales* the various manners and humours (as we now call them) of the whole English nation in his age. Not a single character has escaped him. All his pilgrims are severally distinguished from each other ; and not only in their inclinations, but in their very physiognomies and persons. Baptista Porta could not have described their natures better, than by the marks which the poet gives them. The matter and manner of their tales, and of their telling, are so suited to their different educations, humours, and callings, that each of them would be improper in any other mouth. Even the grave and serious characters are distinguished by their several sorts of gravity : their discourses are such as belong to their age, their calling, and their breeding ; such as are becoming of them, and of them only. Some of his persons are vicious, and some virtuous ; some are unlearn'd, or (as Chaucer calls them) lewd, and some are learn'd. Even the ribaldry of the low characters is different : the Reeve, the Miller, and the Cook, are several men, and distinguished from each other as much as the mincing Lady-Prioress and the broad-speaking, gap-toothed Wife of Bath. But enough of this ; there is such a variety of game springing up before me that I am distracted in my choice, and know not which to follow. 'Tis sufficient to say, according to the proverb, that *here is God's plenty*.

We have our forefathers and great-grand-dames all before us, as they were in Chaucer's days : their general characters are still remaining in mankind, and even in England, though they are called by other names than those of Monks, and Friars, and Canons, and Lady Abbesses, and Nuns ; for mankind is ever the same, and nothing lost out of Nature, though everything is altered. May I have leave to do myself the justice (since my enemies will do me none, and are so far from granting me to be a good poet, that they will not allow me so much as to be a Christian, or a moral man), may I have leave, I say, to inform my reader that I have confined my choice to such tales of Chaucer as savour nothing of immodesty. If I had desired more to please than to instruct, the *Reeve*, the *Miller*, the *Shipman*, the *Merchant*, the *Sumner*, and, above all, the *Wife of Bath*, in the Prologue to her *Tale*, would have procured me as many friends and readers as there are beaux and ladies of pleasure in the town. But I will no more offend against good manners : I am sensible as I ought to be of the scandal I have given by my loose writings ; and make what reparation I am able, by this public acknowledgment. If anything of this nature, or of profaneness be crept into these poems, I am so far from defending it that I disown it. *Totum hoc indictum volo*. Chaucer makes another manner of apology for his broad speaking, and Boccace makes the like ; but I will follow neither of them. Our countryman, in the end of his *Characters*, before the *Canterbury Tales*, thus excuses the ribaldry, which is very gross in many of his novels :

But firste, I pray you, of your courtesy,
That ye ne arrete it not my villany,
Though that I plainly speak in this mattere,
To tellen you her words, and eke her chere :
Ne though I speak her words properly,
For this ye knowen as well as I,
Who shall tellen a tale after a man,
He mote rehearse as nye as ever he can :
Everich word of it ben in his charge,
All speke he, never so rudely, ne large :
Or else he mote tellen his tale untrue,
Or feine things, or find words new :
He may not spare, altho he were his brother,
He mote as wel say o word as another.

Crist spake himself ful broad in holy Writ,
 And well I wote no villany is it,
 Eke Plato saith, who so can him rede,
 The words mote been cousin to the dede.

Yet if a man should have inquired of Boccace or of Chaucer what need they had of introducing such characters, where obscene words were proper in their mouths, but very indecent to be heard ; I know not what answer they could have made ; for that reason, such tales shall be left untold by me. You have here a specimen of Chaucer's language, which is so obsolete, that his sense is scarce to be understood ; and you have likewise more than one example of his unequal numbers, which were mentioned before. Yet many of his verses consist of ten syllables, and the words not much behind our present English : as for example, these two lines, in the description of the Carpenter's young wife :

Wincing she was, as is a jolly colt,
 Long as a mast, and upright as a bolt.

I have almost done with Chaucer, when I have answered some objections relating to my present work. I find some people are offended that I have turned these tales into modern English ; because they think them unworthy of my pains, and look on Chaucer as a dry, old-fashioned wit, not worth reviving. I have often heard the late Earl of Leicester say that Mr. Cowley himself was of that opinion ; who, having read him over at my Lord's request, declared he had no taste of him. I dare not advance my opinion against the judgment of so great an author ; but I think it fair, however, to leave the decision to the public. Mr. Cowley was too modest to set up for a dictator ; and being shocked perhaps with his old style, never examined into the depth of his good sense. Chaucer, I confess, is a rough diamond, and must first be polished ere he shines. I deny not likewise, that, living in our early days of poetry, he writes not always of a piece ; but sometimes mingles trivial things with those of greater moment. Sometimes also, though not often, he runs riot, like Ovid, and knows not when he has said enough. But there are more great wits

besides Chaucer, whose fault is their excess of conceits, and those ill sorted. An author is not to write all he can, but only all he ought. Having observed this redundancy in Chaucer (as it is an easy matter for a man of ordinary parts to find a fault in one of greater), I have not tied myself to a literal translation; but have often omitted what I judged unnecessary, or not of dignity enough to appear in the company of better thoughts. I have presumed further, in some places, and added somewhat of my own where I thought my author was deficient, and had not given his thoughts their true lustre, for want of words in the beginning of our language. And to this I was the more emboldened, because (if I may be permitted to say it of myself) I found I had a soul congenial to his, and that I had been conversant in the same studies. Another poet, in another age, may take the same liberty with my writings; if at least they live long enough to deserve correction. It was also necessary sometimes to restore the sense of Chaucer, which was lost or mangled in the errors of the press. Let this example suffice at present: in the story of *Palamon and Arcite*, where the temple of Diana is described, you find these verses in all the editions of our author:

There saw I Danè turned unto a tree,
I mean not the goddess Diane,
But Venus daughter, which that hight Danè.

Which, after a little consideration, I knew was to be reformed into this sense, that *Daphne*, the daughter of Peneus, was turned into a tree. I durst not make thus bold with Ovid, lest some future Milbourne should arise and say I varied from my author because I understood him not.

But there are other judges who think I ought not to have translated Chaucer into English, out of a quite contrary notion: they suppose there is a certain veneration due to his old language, and that it is little less than profanation and sacrilege to alter it. They are farther of opinion, that somewhat of his good sense will suffer in this transfusion, and much of the beauty of his thoughts will infallibly be lost, which appear with more grace in their old habit. Of this opinion was that excellent person, whom I mentioned,

the late Earl of Leicester, who valued Chaucer as much as Mr. Cowley despised him. My Lord dissuaded me from this attempt (for I was thinking of it some years before his death) and his authority prevailed so far with me, as to defer my undertaking while he lived, in deference to him : yet my reason was not convinced with what he urged against it. If the first end of a writer be to be understood, then, as his language grows obsolete, his thoughts must grow obscure :

*Multa renascentur, quæ nunc cecidere ; cadentque
Quæ nunc sunt in honore vocabula, si volet usus,
Quem penes arbitrium est et jus et norma loquendi.*

When an ancient word, for its sound and significancy, deserves to be revived, I have that reasonable veneration for antiquity to restore it. All beyond this is superstition. Words are not like landmarks, so sacred as never to be removed ; customs are changed, and even statutes are silently repealed, when the reason ceases for which they were enacted. As for the other part of the argument, that his thoughts will lose of their original beauty by the innovation of words ; in the first place, not only their beauty, but their being is lost, where they are no longer understood, which is the present case. I grant that something must be lost in all transfusion, that is, in all translations ; but the sense will remain, which would otherwise be lost, or at least be maimed, when it is scarce intelligible, and that but to a few. How few are there who can read Chaucer so as to understand him perfectly ? And if imperfectly, then with less profit, and no pleasure. It is not for the use of some old Saxon friends that I have taken these pains with him : let them neglect my version, because they have no need of it. I made it for their sakes, who understand sense and poetry as well as they, when that poetry and sense is put into words which they understand. I will go farther, and dare to add, that what beauties I lose in some places, I give to others which had them not originally : but in this I may be partial to myself ; let the reader judge, and I submit to his decision. Yet I think I have just occasion to complain of them, who because they understand Chaucer,

would deprive the greater part of their countrymen of the same advantage, and hoard him up, as misers do their grandam gold, only to look on it themselves, and hinder others from making use of it. In sum, I seriously protest, that no man ever had, or can have, a greater veneration for Chaucer than myself. I have translated some part of his works, only that I might perpetuate his memory, or at least refresh it, amongst my countrymen. If I have altered him anywhere for the better, I must at the same time acknowledge that I could have done nothing without him. *Facile est inventis addere* is no great commendation; and I am not so vain to think I have deserved a greater. I will conclude what I have to say of him singly, with this one remark: A lady of my acquaintance, who keeps a kind of correspondence with some authors of the fair sex in France, has been informed by them that Mademoiselle de Scudery, who is as old as Sibyl, and inspired like her by the same God of Poetry, is at this time translating Chaucer into modern French. From which I gather that he has been formerly translated into the old Provençal; for how she should come to understand old English, I know not. But the matter of fact being true, it makes me think that there is something in it like fatality; that, after certain periods of time, the fame and memory of great Wits should be renewed, as Chaucer is both in France and England. If this be wholly chance, 'tis extraordinary; and I dare not call it more, for fear of being taxed with superstition.

Boccace comes last to be considered, who, living in the same age with Chaucer, had the same genius, and followed the same studies. Both writ novels, and each of them cultivated his mother tongue. But the greatest resemblance of our two modern authors being in their familiar style and pleasing way of relating comical adventures, I may pass it over, because I have translated nothing from Boccace of that nature. In the serious part of poetry, the advantage is wholly on Chaucer's side, for though the Englishman has borrowed many tales from the Italian, yet it appears that those of Boccace were not generally of his own making, but taken from authors of former ages, and by him only

modelled ; so that what there was of invention, in either of them, may be judged equal. But Chaucer has refined on Boccace, and has mended the stories, which he has borrowed, in his way of telling ; though prose allows more liberty of thought, and the expression is more easy when unconfined by numbers. Our countryman carries weight, and yet wins the race at disadvantage. I desire not the reader should take my word ; and, therefore, I will set two of their discourses, on the same subject, in the same light, for every man to judge betwixt them. I translated Chaucer first, and, amongst the rest, pitched on *The Wife of Bath's Tale* ; not daring, as I have said, to adventure on her Prologue, because 'tis too licentious. There Chaucer introduces an old woman, of mean parentage, whom a youthful knight, of noble blood, was forced to marry, and consequently loathed her. The crone being in bed with him on the wedding-night, and finding his aversion, endeavours to win his affection by reason, and speaks a good word for herself (as who could blame her ?) in hopes to mollify the sullen bridegroom. She takes her topics from the benefits of poverty, the advantages of old age and ugliness, the vanity of youth, and the silly pride of ancestry and titles, without inherent virtue, which is the true nobility. When I had closed Chaucer, I returned to Ovid, and translated some more of his fables ; and, by this time, had so far forgotten *The Wife of Bath's Tale*, that, when I took up Boccace, unawares I fell on the same argument, of preferring virtue to nobility of blood and titles, in the story of *Sigismonda* ; which I had certainly avoided, for the resemblance of the two discourses, if my memory had not failed me. Let the reader weigh them both ; and, if he thinks me partial to Chaucer, 'tis in him to right Boccace.

I prefer, in our countryman, far above all his other stories, the noble poem of *Palamon and Arcite*, which is of the epic kind, and perhaps not much inferior to the *Ilias*, or the *Æneis*. The story is more pleasing than either of them, the manners as perfect, the diction as poetical, the learning as deep and various, and the disposition full as artful : only it concludes a greater length of time, as taking

up seven years at least ; but Aristotle has left undecided the duration of the action ; which yet is easily reduced into the compass of a year, by a narration of what preceded the return of Palamon to Athens. I had thought, for the honour of our narration, and more particularly for his, whose laurel, though unworthy, I have worn after him, that this story was of English growth, and Chaucer's own : but I was undeceived by Boccace ; for, casually looking on the end of his seventh *Giornata*, I found Dioneo (under which name he shadows himself), and Fiametta (who represents his mistress, the natural daughter of Robert, King of Naples), of whom these words are spoken : *Dioneo e Fiametta gran pezza cantarono insieme d' Arcita, e di Palemone* ; by which it appears that this story was written before the time of Boccace ; but the name of its author being wholly lost, Chaucer is now become an original ; and I question not but the poem has received many beauties, by passing through his noble hands.

ZIMRI ¹

SOME of their chiefs were princes of the land ;
In the first rank of these did Zimri stand,
A man so various that he seemed to be
Not one, but all mankind's epitome :
Stiff in opinions, always in the wrong,
Was everything by starts and nothing long ;
But in the course of one revolving moon
Was chymist, fiddler, statesman, and buffoon ;
Then all for women, painting, rhyming, drinking,
Besides ten thousand freaks that died in thinking.
Blest madman, who could every hour employ
With something new to wish or to enjoy !
Railing and praising were his usual themes,
And both, to show his judgment, in extremes :
So over violent or over civil
That every man with him was God or Devil.

¹ Zimri = George Villiers, Duke of Buckingham.

In squandering wealth was his peculiar art ;
 Nothing went unrewarded but desert.
 Beggared by fools whom still he found too late,
 He had his jest, and they had his estate.
 He laughed himself from Court ; then sought relief
 By forming parties, but could ne'er be chief :
 For spite of him, the weight of business fell
 On Absalom and wise Achitophel ;
 Thus wicked but in will, of means bereft,
 He left not faction, but of that was left.

Absalom and Achitophel, Part I.

A SONG FOR ST. CECILIA'S DAY,

22ND NOVEMBER, 1687

FROM harmony, from heavenly harmony
 This universal frame began ;
 When Nature underneath a heap
 Of jarring atoms lay,
 And could not heave her head,
 The tuneful voice was heard from high,
 Arise, ye more than dead.

Then cold and hot and moist and dry
 In order to their stations leap,
 And Music's power obey.
 From harmony, from heavenly harmony,
 This universal frame began :
 From harmony to harmony
 Through all the compass of the notes it ran,
 The diapason closing full in Man.

What passion cannot Music raise and quell ?
 When Jubal struck the chorded shell,
 His listening brethren stood around,
 And, wondering, on their faces fell
 To worship that celestial sound :

Less than a god they thought there could not dwell
Within the hollow of that shell,
That spoke so sweetly, and so well.
What passion cannot Music raise and quell ?

The trumpet's loud clangor
Excites us to arms
With shrill notes of anger
And mortal alarms.
The double double double beat
Of the thundering drum
Cries, hark ! the foes come ;
Charge, charge, 'tis too late to retreat.
The soft complaining flute
In dying notes discovers
The woes of hopeless lovers,
Whose dirge is whispered by the warbling lute.

Sharp violins proclaim
Their jealous pangs and desperation,
Fury, frantic indignation,
Depth of pains and height of passion,
For the fair, disdainful dame.

But oh ! what art can teach,
What human voice can reach
The sacred organ's praise ?
Notes inspiring holy love,
Notes that wing their heavenly ways
To mend the choirs above.

Orpheus could lead the savage race,
And trees unrooted left their place,
Sequacious of the lyre ;
But bright Cecilia raised the wonder higher :
When to her organ vocal breath was given.
An angel heard, and straight appeared,
Mistaking earth for heaven.

Grand Chorus

As from the power of sacred lays
 The spheres began to move,
 And sung the great Creator's praise
 To all the blessed above ;
 So when the last and dreadful hour
 This crumbling pageant shall devour,
 The trumpet shall be heard on high,
 The dead shall live, the living die,
 And Music shall untune the sky.

TO MY FRIEND, MR. CONGREVE, 1693

IN easy dialogue is Fletcher's praise ;
 He moved the mind, but had not power to raise.
 Great Jonson did by strength of judgment please,
 Yet, doubling Fletcher's force, he wants his ease.
 In differing talents both adorned their age,
 One for the study, t' other for the stage.
 But both to Congreve justly shall submit.
 One matched in judgment, both o'ermatched in wit,
 In him all beauties of this age we see,
 Etherege his courtship, Southern's purity,
 The satire, wit, and strength of manly Wycherly.
 All this in blooming youth you have achieved,
 Nor are your foiled contemporaries grieved.
 So much the sweetness of your manners move,
 We cannot envy you, because we love.
 Fabius might joy in Scipio, when he saw
 A beardless Consul made against the law,
 And join his suffrage to the votes of Rome,
 Though he with Hannibal was overcome.
 Thus old Romano bowed to Raphael's fame,
 And scholar to the youth he taught became.
 O that your brows my laurel had sustained !
 Well had I been deposed, if you had reigned :

The father had descended for the son,
For only you are lineal to the throne.
Thus, when the State one Edward did depose,
A greater Edward in his room arose :
But now, not I, but poetry is curst ;
For Tom the second reigns like Tom the first.
But let them not mistake my patron's part
Nor call his charity their own desert.
Yet this I prophesy,—Thou shalt be seen,
Though with some short parenthesis between,
High on the throne of wit, and, seated there,
Not mine—that's little—but thy laurel wear.
Thy first attempt an early promise made ;
That early promise this has more than paid.
So bold, yet so judiciously you dare,
That your least praise is to be regular.
Time, place, and action may with pains be wrought,
But genius must be born, and never can be taught.
This is your portion, this your native store :
Heaven, that but once was prodigal before,
To Shakespeare gave as much ; she could not give him more.
Maintain your post : that's all the fame you need ;
For 'tis impossible you should proceed.
Already I am worn with cares and age,
And just abandoning the ungrateful stage :
Unprofitably kept at Heaven's expense,
I live a rent-charge on His providence :
But you, whom every Muse and grace adorn,
Whom I foresee to better fortune born,
Be kind to my remains ; and oh, defend,
Against your judgment, your departed friend !
Let not the insulting foe my fame pursue,
But shade those laurels which descend to you :
And take for tribute what these lines express ;
You merit more, nor could my love do less.

GEORGE SAVILE,
MARQUESS OF HALIFAX

(1630-95)

THE TRIMMER

THEY should consider, there is a soul in that great body the people, which may for a time be drowsy and unactive, but when the leviathan is roused, it moves like an angry creature, and will neither be convinced nor resisted. The people can never agree to show their united powers, till they are extremely tempted and provoked to it ; so that to apply cupping-glasses to a great beast naturally disposed to sleep, and to force the tame thing, whether it will or no, to be valiant, must be learnt out of some other book than Machiavil, who would never have prescribed such a preposterous method. It is to be remembered, that if princes have law and authority on their sides, the people on theirs may have Nature, which is a formidable adversary. Duty, Justice, Religion, nay, even human prudence too, bids the people suffer anything rather than resist ; but uncorrected Nature, where'er it feels the smart, will run to the nearest remedy. Men's passions, in this case, are to be considered as well as their duty, let it be never so strongly enforced ; for if their passions are provoked, they being as much a part of us as our limbs, they lead men into a short way of arguing, that admits no distinction ; and from the foundation of self-defence, they will draw inferences that will have miserable effects upon the quiet of a government.

Our Trimmer therefore dreads a general discontent, because he thinks it differs from a rebellion, only as a spotted fever does from the plague, the same species under a lower degree of malignity ; it works several ways, sometimes like a slow poison that has its effects at a great distance from the time it was given ; sometimes like dry flag prepared to catch at the first fire, or like seed in the ground ready to sprout up on the first shower : In every shape

'tis fatal, and our Trimmer thinks no pains or precaution can be so great as to prevent it.

In short, he thinks himself in the right, grounding his opinion upon that truth, which equally hates to be under the oppressions of wrangling sophistry on the one hand, or the short dictates of mistaken authority on the other.

Our Trimmer adores the goddess Truth, though in all ages she has been scurvily used, as well as those that worshipped her : 'Tis of late became such a ruining virtue, that Mankind seems to be agreed to commend and avoid it ; yet the want of practice, which repeals the other laws, has no influence upon the law of truth, because it has root in Heaven, and an intrinsic value in itself, that can never be impaired : She shows her greatness in this, that her enemies, even when they are successful, are ashamed to own it. Nothing but power full of truth has the prerogative of triumphing, not only after victories, but in spite of them, and to put conquest herself out of countenance. She may be kept under and suppressed, but her dignity still remains with her, even when she is in chains. Falsehood with all her impudence, has not enough to speak ill of her before her face : such majesty she carries about her, that her most prosperous enemies are fain to whisper their treason ; all the power upon the earth can never extinguish her : she has lived in all ages ; and let the mistaken zeal of prevailing authority christen any opposition to it with what name they please, she makes it not only an ugly and unmannerly, but a dangerous thing to persist : She has lived very retired indeed, nay, sometimes so buried, that only some few of the discerning part of Mankind could have a glimpse of her ; with all that, she has eternity in her, she knows not how to die, and from the darkest clouds that shade and cover her, she breaks from time to time with triumph for her friends, and terror to her enemies.

Our Trimmer therefore, inspired by this divine virtue, thinks fit to conclude with these assertions, that our climate is a Trimmer, between that part of the world where men are roasted, and the other where they are frozen : That our church is a Trimmer, between the frenzy of platonic

visions, and the lethargic ignorance of popish dreams : That our laws are Trimmers, between the excess of unbounded power, and the extravagance of liberty not enough restrained : That true virtue hath ever been thought a Trimmer, and to have its dwelling in the middle between the two extremes : That even God Almighty himself is divided between his two great attributes, his Mercy and his Justice.

In such company, our Trimmer is not ashamed of his name, and willingly leaves to the bold champions of either extreme, the honour of contending with no less adversaries than Nature, Religion, Liberty, Prudence, Humanity, and Common Sense.

Miscellanies.

JOHN EVELYN

(1620-1726)

DIARY, 1688

25th February. I went to Kensington, which King William had bought of Lord Nottingham, and altered, but as yet a patched building, but with the garden, however, it is a very sweet villa, having to it the park and a straight new way through this park.

7th March. I dined with Mr. Pepys, late Secretary to the Admiralty, where was that excellent shipwright and seaman (for so he had been, and also a Commission of the Navy), Sir Anthony Deane. Amongst other discourse, and deploring the sad condition of our navy, as now governed by inexperienced men since this Revolution, he mentioned what exceeding advantage we of this nation had by being the first who built frigates, the first of which ever built was that vessel which was afterwards called *The Constant Warwick*, and was the work of Pett of Chatham, for a trial of making a vessel that would sail swiftly ; it was built with low decks, the guns lying near the water, and was so

light and swift of sailing, that in a short time he told us she had, ere the Dutch war was ended, taken as much money from privateers as would have laden her ; and that more such being built, did in a year or two scour the Channel from those of Dunkirk and others which had exceedingly infested it. He added that it would be the best and only infallible expedient to be masters of the sea, and able to destroy the greatest navy of any enemy if, instead of building huge great ships and second and third rates, they would leave off building such high decks, which were for nothing but to gratify gentlemen-commanders, who must have all their effeminate accommodations, and for pomp ; that it would be the ruin of our fleets, if such persons were continued in command, they neither having experience nor being capable of learning, because they would not submit to the fatigue and inconvenience which those who were bred seamen would undergo, in those so otherwise useful swift frigates. These being to encounter the greatest ships would be able to protect, set on, and bring off, those who should manage the fire-ships ; and the Prince who should first store himself with numbers of such fire-ships would, through the help and countenance of such frigates, be able to ruin the greatest force of such vast ships as could be sent to sea, by the dexterity of working those light, swift ships to guard the fire-ships. He concluded there would shortly be no other method of sea-fight ; and that great ships and men-of-war, however stored with guns and men, must submit to those who should encounter them with far less number. He represented to us the dreadful effect of these fire-ships ; that he continually observed in our late maritime war with the Dutch that, when an enemy's fire-ship approached, the most valiant commander and common sailors were in such consternation, that though then, of all times, there was most need of the guns, bombs, etc., to keep the mischief off, they grew pale and astonished, as if of a quite other mean soul, that they slunk about, forsook their guns and work as if in despair, every one looking about to see which way they might get out of their ship, though sure to be drowned if they did so. This he said

was likely to prove hereafter the method of sea-fight, likely to be the misfortune of England if they continued to put gentlemen-commanders over experienced seamen, on account of their ignorance, effeminacy, and insolence.

JOHN LOCKE

(1632-1704)

OF THE ASSOCIATION OF IDEAS

MANY Children imputing the Pain they endured at School to their Books they were corrected for, so join those *Ideas* together, that a Book becomes their Aversion, and they are never reconciled to the Study and Use of them all their Lives after; and thus Reading becomes a Torment to them, which otherwise possibly they might have made the great Pleasure of their Lives. There are Rooms convenient enough, that some Men cannot study in, and Fashions of Vessels, which though never so clean and commodious, they cannot Drink out of, and that by Reason of some accidental *Ideas* which are annexed to them, and make them offensive; and who is there that hath not observed some Man to flag at the Appearance, or in the Company of some certain Person not otherwise superior to him, but because having once on some occasion got the Ascendant, the *Idea* of Authority and Distance goes along with that of the Person, and he that has been thus subjected, is not able to separate them.

Instances of these kinds are so plentiful everywhere, that if I add one more, it is only for the pleasant Oddness of it. It is of a young Gentleman, who having learnt to Dance, and that to great Perfection, there happened to stand an old Trunk in the Room where he learnt. The *Idea* of this remarkable piece of Houshold-Stuff, had so mixed it self with the Turns and Steps of all his Dances, that though in that Chamber he could Dance excellently well, yet it was only whilst that Trunk was there, nor could he perform well in any other place, unless that, or some

such other Trunk had its due Position in the Room. If this Story shall be suspected to be dressed up with some comical Circumstances, a little beyond precise Nature ; I answer for my self, that I had it some Years since from a very sober and worthy Man, upon his own Knowledge, as I report it ; and I dare say, there are very few inquisitive Persons, who read this, who have not met with Accounts, if not Examples, of this Nature, that may parallel, or at least justify this.

Intellectual Habits and Defects this way contracted, are not less frequent and powerful, though less observed. Let the *Ideas* of Being and Matter be strongly joined either by Education or much Thought, whilst these are still combined in the Mind, what Notions, what Reasonings, will there be about separate Spirits ? Let Custom from the very Childhood, have join'd Figure and Shape to the Idea of God, and what Absurdities will that Mind be liable to about the Deity ?

Let the *Idea* of Infallibility be inseparably join'd to any Person, and these two constantly together possess the Mind, and then one Body, in two Places at once, shall unexamined be swallowed for a certain Truth, by an implicit Faith, when ever that imagin'd infallible Person dictates and demands Assent without Enquiry.

An Essay concerning Human Understanding.

WILLIAM CONGREVE

(1670-1729)

ST. JAMES'S PARK IN 1700

MIRABELL and MRS. FAINALL. *To them enter* MRS. MILLAMANT, MINCING (*her maid*) and WITWOUND

Mir. Here she comes, i' faith, full sail, with her fan spread and her streamers out, and a shoal of fools for tenders ; ha, no, I cry her mercy !

Mrs. Fain. I see but one poor empty sculler ; and he tows her woman after him.

Mir. [*To Mrs. Millamant.*] You seem to be unattended, madam—you used to have the *beau monde* throng after you ; and a flock of gay fine perukes hovering round you.

Wit. Like moths about a candle.—I had like to have lost my comparison for want of breath.

Mrs. Mil. O I have denied myself airs to-day, I have walked as fast through the crowd——

Wit. As a favourite just disgraced ; and with as few followers.

Mrs. Mil. Dear Mr. Witwoud, truce with your similitudes ; for I'm as sick of 'em——

Wit. As a physician of a good air.—I cannot help it, madam, though 'tis against myself.

Mrs. Mil. Yet, again ! Mincing, stand between me and his wit.

Wit. Do, Mrs. Mincing, like a screen before a great fire.—I confess, I do blaze to-day, I am too bright.

Mrs. Fain. But, dear Millamant, why were you so long ?

Mrs. Mil. Long ! Lord, have I not made violent haste ; I have asked every living thing I met for you ; I have inquired after you, as after a new fashion.

Wit. Madam, truce with your similitudes.—No, you met her husband, and did not ask him for her.

Mrs. Mil. By your leave, Witwoud, that were like inquiring after an old fashion, to ask a husband for his wife.

Wit. Hum, a hit ! a hit ! a palpable hit ! I confess it.

Mrs. Fain. You were dressed before I came abroad.

Mrs. Mil. Ay, that's true.—O but then I had—Mincing, what had I ? why was I so long ?

Min. O mem, your la'ship stayed to peruse a packet of letters.

Mrs. Mil. O ay, letters—I had letters—I am persecuted with letters—I hate letters—Nobody knows how to write letters, and yet one has 'em, one does not know why. They serve one to pin up one's hair.

Wit. Is that the way ? Pray, madam, do you pin up your hair with all your letters ? I find I must keep copies.

Mrs. Mil. Only with those in verse, Mr. Witwoud, I never pin up my hair with prose.—I think I tried once, Mincing.

Min. O mem, I shall never forget it.

Mrs. Mil. Ay, poor Mincing tift and tift all the morning.

Min. Till I had the cramp in my fingers, I'll vow, mem : and all to no purpose. But when your la'ship pins it up with poetry, it sits so pleasant the next day as anything, and is so pure and so crips.

Wit. Indeed, so crips ?

Min. You're such a critic, Mr. Witwoud.

Mrs. Mil. Mirabell, did you take exceptions last night ?

O ay, and went away.—Now I think on 't I'm angry—no, now I think on 't I'm pleased—for I believe I gave you some pain.

Mir. Does that please you ?

Mrs. Mil. Infinitely ; I love to give pain.

Mir. You would affect a cruelty which is not in your nature ; your true vanity is in the power of pleasing.

Mrs. Mil. Oh I ask you pardon for that—one's cruelty is one's power ; and when one parts with one's cruelty, one parts with one's power, and when one has parted with that, I fancy one's old and ugly.

Mir. Ay, ay, suffer your cruelty to ruin the object of your power, to destroy your lover—and then how vain, how lost a thing you'll be ! Nay, 'tis true : you are no longer handsome when you've lost your lover ; your beauty dies upon the instant ; for beauty is the lover's gift, 'tis he bestows your charms—your glass is all a cheat. The ugly and the old, whom the looking-glass mortifies, yet after commendation can be flattered by it, and discover beauties in it ; for that reflects our praises, rather than your face.

Mrs. Mil. O the vanity of these men !—Fainall, d'ye hear him ? If they did not commend us, we were not handsome ! Now you must know they could not commend one, if one was not handsome. Beauty the lover's gift !—Lord, what is a lover, that it can give ? Why, one makes lovers as fast as one pleases, and they live as long as one pleases, and they die as soon as one pleases ; and then, if one pleases, one makes more.

Wit. Very pretty. Why, you make no more of making of lovers, madam, than of ^fmaking so many card-matches.

Mrs. Mil. One no more owes one's beauty to a lover, than one's wit to an echo. They can but reflect what we look and say ; vain empty things if we are silent or unseen, and want a being.

Mir. Yet to those two vain empty things you owe the two greatest pleasures of your life.

Mrs. Mil. How so ?

Mir. To your lover you owe the pleasure of hearing yourselves praised ; and to an echo the pleasure of hearing yourselves talk.

Wit. But I know a lady that loves talking so incessantly, she won't give an echo fair play ; she has that everlasting rotation of tongue, that an echo must wait till she dies, before it can catch her last words.

Mrs. Mil. O fiction !—Fainall, let us leave these men.

The Way of the World, Act II. Scene ii.

ISAAC WATTS

(1674-1748)

THE DAY OF JUDGEMENT

WHEN the fierce North-wind with his airy forces
Rears up the Baltic to a foaming fury ;
And the red lightning with a storm of hail comes
Rushing amain down ;

How the poor sailors stand amazed and tremble,
While the hoarse thunder, like a bloody trumpet,
Roars a loud onset to the gaping waters
Quick to devour them.

Such shall the noise be, and the wild disorder
(If things eternal may be like these earthly),
Such the dire terror when the great Archangel
Shakes the creation ;

Tears the strong pillars of the vault of Heaven,
Breaks up old marble, the repose of princes,
Sees the graves open, and the bones arising,
Flames all around them.

Hark, the shrill outcries of the guilty wretches !
Lively bright horror and amazing anguish
Stare thro' their eyelids, while the living worm lies
Gnawing within them.

Thoughts, like old vultures, prey upon their heart-strings,
And the smart twinges, when the eye beholds the
Lofty Judge frowning, and a flood of vengeance
Rolling afore him.

Hopeless immortals ! how they scream and shiver,
While devils push them to the pit wide-yawning
Hideous and gloomy, to receive them headlong
Down to the centre !

Stop here, my fancy : (all away, ye horrid
Doleful ideas !) come, arise to Jesus,
How He sits God-like ! and the saints around Him
Throned, yet adoring !

O may I sit there when He comes triumphant,
Dooming the nations ! then ascend to glory,
While our Hosannas all along the passage
Shout the Redeemer.

SIR RICHARD STEELE

(1672-1729)

LETTERS

To MRS. SCURLOCK, Smith Street, Westminster

1707.

MADAM,—I lay down last night with your image in my thoughts, and have awakened this morning in the same contemplation. The pleasing transport, with which I am delighted, has a sweetness in it attended with a train of ten thousand soft desires, anxieties, and cares. The day arises on my hopes with new brightness; youth, beauty, and innocence are the charming objects that steal me from myself, and give me joys above the reach of ambition, pride, or glory. Believe me, fair one, to throw myself at your feet is giving myself the highest bliss I know on earth. Oh, hasten, ye minutes! bring on the happy morning wherein to be ever hers will make me look down on thrones! —Dear Molly, I am passionately, faithfully thine,

RICH. STEELE.

To MRS. SCURLOCK

MADAM,—It is the hardest thing in the world to be in love, and yet attend to business. As for me, all who speak to me find me out, and I must lock myself up, or other people will do it for me.

A gentleman asked me this morning, "What news from Lisbon?" and I answered, "She is exquisitely handsome." Another desired to know when I had been last at Hampton Court. I replied, "It will be on Tuesday come se'nnight." Pr'ythee, allow me at least to kiss your hand before that day, that my mind may be in some composure. O love!

A thousand torments dwell about thee!
Yet who would live to live without thee?

Me thinks I could write a volume to you; but all the language on earth would fail in saying how much, and with what disinterested passion, I am ever yours,

RICH. STEELE.

TO MRS. STEELE (lately MRS. SCURLOCK)

Dec. 22, 1707.

MY DEAR, DEAR WIFE,—I write to let you know I do not come home to dinner, being obliged to attend to some business abroad, of which I shall give you an account (when I see you in the evening), as becomes your dutiful and obedient husband,

RICH. STEELE.

TO MRS. STEELE

Eleven at Night, Jan. 5, 1708.

DEAR PRUE,—I was going home two hours ago, but was met by Mr. Griffith, who has kept me ever since meeting me, as he came from Mr. Lambert's. I will come within a pint of wine.

RICH. STEELE.

We drank your health, and Mr. Griffith is your servant.

TO MRS. STEELE

June 7, 1708.

DEAR PRUE,—I enclose you a guinea for your pocket. I dine with Lord Halifax.

I wish I knew how to court you into good humour, for two or three quarrels more will despatch me quite. If you have any love for me, believe I am always pursuing our mutual good. Pray consider that all my little fortune is to [be] settled this month, and that I have inadvertently made myself liable to impatient people, who take all advantages. If you have [not] patience, I shall transact my business rashly, and lose a very great sum to quicken the time of your being rid of all people you do not like. Yours ever,

RICH. STEELE.

TO MRS. STEELE

Aug. 12, 1708.

MADAM,—I have your letter, wherein you let me know that the little dispute we have had is far from being a trouble to you ; nevertheless, I assure you any disturbance between us is the greatest affliction to me imaginable. You talk of the judgment of the world ; I shall never govern my actions

by it, but by the rules of morality and right reason. I love you better than the light of my eyes, or the life-blood in my heart ; but when I have let you know that, you are also to understand that neither my sight shall be so far enchanted, nor my affection so much master of me, as to make me forget our common interest. To attend my business as I ought, and improve my fortune, it is necessary that my time and my will should be under no direction but my own. Pray give my most humble service to Mrs. Binns. I write all this rather to explain my own thoughts to you, than to answer your letter distinctly. I enclose it to you that, upon second thoughts, you may see the disrespectful manner in which you treat your affectionate, faithful husband,

RICH. STEELE.

TO MRS. STEELE

Aug. 13, 1708.

MADAM,—I hope this will find you in good health, as I am at this present writing, thanks be to God for it.

I have not only rebelled against you, but all the rest of my governors, from yourself, whom I acknowledge to have the right of partnership, to the lowest person who had to do with me. I have a very just sense of your merit, and think when I have put you into the proper methods which you ought to follow, I shall be the happiest man living in being your most affectionate husband and humble servant,

RICH. STEELE.

TO MRS. STEELE

Sept. 13, 1708.

DEAR PRUE,—I write to you in obedience to what you ordered me, but there are not words to express the tenderness I have for you. Love is too harsh a word for it ; but if you knew how my heart aches when you speak an unkind word to me, and springs with joy when you smile upon me, I am sure you would place your glory rather in preserving my happiness, like a good wife, than tormenting me like a peevish beauty. Good Prue, write me word you shall be overjoyed at my return to you, and pity the awkward figure

I make when I pretend to resist you, by complying always with the reasonable demands of your enamoured husband,

RICH. STEELE.

P.S. I am Mrs. Binns's servant.

TO MRS. STEELE

Monday, seven at night,
Sept. 27, 1708.

DEAR PRUE,—You see you are obeyed in everything, and that I write over-night for the following day. I shall now in earnest, by Mr. Clay's good conduct, manage my business with that method as shall make me easy. The news, I am told, you had last night, of the taking of Lille, does not prove true ; but I hope we shall have it soon. I shall send by to-morrow's coach.—I am, dear Prue, a little in drink, but at all times your faithful husband, RICH. STEELE.

TO MRS. STEELE, at Mrs. Bradshaw's house, at Sandyend, over against the Bull Alehouse in Fulham Road

Berry Street, half hour after six,
Wednesday, Aug. 9, 1710.

DEAR PRUE,—Thou art such a foolish tender thing that there is no living with thee.

I broke my rest last night, because I knew you would be such a fool as not to sleep. Pray come home by this morning's coach, if you are impatient ; but, if you are not here before noon, I will come down to you in the evening ; but I must make visits this morning, to hear what is doing.

Yours ever,

RICH. STEELE.

TO MRS. STEELE

July 13, 1713.

DEAR TYRANT,—I have seen Carpenter this morning, and he says it is all one to him, we may keep the woman in the house ; so that what you have to do, is only to get linen, etc., bundled up against evening. You shall hear from me again about five o'clock. I beg of you to govern me as gently as you can, for you have full power over your affectionate, constant, obedient husband, RICH. STEELE.

JONATHAN SWIFT

(1667-1745)

JOURNAL TO STELLA ¹

CHELSEA, June, 1711.

29. *Steele* has had the assurance to write to me, that I would engage my lord treasurer to keep a friend of his in an employment : I believe I told you how he and *Addison* served me for my good offices in *Steele's* behalf ; and I promised lord treasurer never to speak for either of them again. Sir *Andrew Fountain* and I dined to-day at Mrs. *Vanhomrigh's*. *Dilly Ashe* has been in town this fortnight : I saw him twice ; he was four days at lord *Pembroke's* in the country, punning with him ; his face is very well. I was this evening two or three hours at lord treasurer's, who called me doctor *Thomas Swift* twenty times ; that's his way of teasing. I left him at nine, and got home by ten, like a gentleman ; and to-morrow morning I'll answer your little letter, sirrahs.

30. *Morning*. I am terrible sleepy always in a morning ; I believe it is my walk over-night that disposes me to sleep ; faith 'tis now striking eight, and I am but just awake. *Patrick* comes early, and wakes me five or six times, but I have excuses, though I am three parts asleep. I tell him I sat up late, or slept ill in the night, and often it is a lie. I have now got little *MD's* letter before me, N. 16, no more, nor no less, no mistake. *Dingley* says, " This letter won't be above six lines," and I was afraid it was true, though I saw it filled on both sides. The bishop of *Clogher* writ me word you were in the country, and that he heard you were well : I am glad at heart *MD* rides, and rides, and rides. Our hot weather ended in *May*, and all this month has been moderate : it was then so hot, I was not able to endure it ; I was miserable every moment, and found

¹ In these letters *Presto* (Swift) stands for the writer himself ; *MD* for the two ladies in Ireland to whom they were addressed—namely, Stella (Mrs. Johnson) and Mrs. Dingley.

myself disposed to be peevish and quarrelsome ; I believe a very hot country would make me stark mad.—Yes, my head continues pretty tolerable, and I impute it to walking. Does *Stella* eat fruit ? I eat a little ; but I always repent, and resolve against it. No, in very hot weather I always go to town by water ; but I constantly walk back, for then the sun is down. And so Mrs. *Proby* goes with you to Wexford ; she's admirable company : you'll grow plaguy wise with those you frequent. Mrs. *Taylor*, and Mrs. *Proby* ; take care of infection. I believe my two hundred pounds will be paid ; but that Sir *Alexander Cairnes* is a scrupulous puppy : I left the bill with Mr. *Stratford*, who is to have the money. Now, madam *Stella*, what say you ? you ride every day ; I know that already, sirrah ; and if you rid every day for a twelvemonth, you would be still better and better. No, I hope *Parvisol* will not have the impudence to make you stay an hour for the money ; if he does, I'll unparvisol him ; pray let me know. O Lord, how hasty we are, *Stella* can't stay writing and writing ; she must write and go a cock-horse, pray now. Well ; but the horses are not come to the door ; the fellow can't find the bridle ; your stirrup is broken ; where did you put the whips, *Dingley* ? *Marg'et*, where have you laid Mrs. *Johnson's* ribband to tie about her ? reach me my mask : sup up this before you go. So, so, a gallop, a gallop : sit fast, sirrah, and don't ride upon the stones.—Well, now *Stella* is gone, tell me, *Dingley*, is she a good girl ? and what news is that you are to tell me ?—No, I believe the box is not lost : *Sterne* says, it is not.—No faith, you must go to *Wexford* without seeing your duke of *Ormond*, unless you stay on purpose ; perhaps you may be so wise.—I tell you this is your sixteenth letter ; will you never be satisfied ? No, no, I'll walk late no more ; I ought less to venture it than other people, and so I was told : but I'll return to lodge in town next *Thursday*. When you come from *Wexford* I would have you send a letter of attorney to Mr. *Benjamin Tooke*, bookseller in *London*, directed to me ; and he shall manage your affair. I have your parchment safely lockt up in *London*.—O madam *Stella*, welcome

home ; was it pleasant riding ? did your horse stumble ? how often did the man light to settle your stirrup ? ride nine miles ? faith you have galloped indeed. Well, but where's the fine thing you promised me ? I have been a good boy, ask *Dingley* else. I believe you did not meet the fine-thing man : faith you are a cheat. So you'll see *Raymond* and his wife in town. Faith that riding to *Laracor* gives me short sighs, as well as you. All the days I have passed here, have been dirt to those. I have been gaining enemies by the scores, and friends by the couples, which is against the rules of wisdom ; because they say, one enemy can do more hurt, than ten friends can do good. But I have had my revenge at least, if I get nothing else. And so let *Fate* govern.—Now I think your letter is answered ; and mine will be shorter than ordinary, because it must go to-day. We have had a great deal of scattering rain for some days past, yet it hardly keeps down the dust.—We have plays acted in our town, and *Patrick* was at one of them, oh ho. He was damnably mauled one day when he was drunk ; he was at cuffs with a brother footman, who dragged him along the floor upon his face, which lookt for a week after as if he had the leprosy ; and I was glad enough to see it. I have been ten times sending him over to you ; yet now he has new cloaths, and a laced hat, which the hatter brought by his orders, and he offered to pay for the lace out of his wages.—I am to dine to-day with *Dilly* at Sir *Andrew Fountain's*, who has bought a new house, and will be weary of it in half a year. I must rise and shave, and walk to town, unless I go with the dean in his chariot at twelve, which is too late : and I have not seen that lord *Peterborow* yet. The duke of *Shrewsbury* is almost well again, and will be abroad in a day or two : what care you ? There it is now ; you don't care for my friends. Farewell, my dearest lives, and delights, I love you better than ever, if possible, as hope saved, I do, and ever will. God Almighty bless you ever, and make us happy together : I pray for this twice every day ; and I hope God will hear my poor hearty prayers.—Remember if I am used ill and ungratefully, as I have formerly been,

'tis what I am prepared for, and shall not wonder at it. Yet, I am now envied, and thought in high favour, and have every day numbers of considerable men teasing me to solicit for them. And the ministry all use me perfectly well, and all that know them, say they love me. Yet I can count upon nothing, nor will, but upon *MD's* love and kindness.—They think me useful; they pretended they were afraid of none but me; and that they resolved to have me; they have often confessed this: yet all makes little impression on me.—Pox of these speculations! They give me the spleen; and that is a disease I was not born to. Let me alone, sirrahs, and be satisfied: I am, as long as *MD* and *Presto* are well; Little wealth, And much health, And a life by stealth: that is all we want; and so farewell, dearest *MD*; *Stella*, *Dingley*, *Presto*, all together, now and for ever all together. Farewell again and again.

THE BROBDINGNAG VIEW OF EUROPE

AFTER this decisive conclusion, I entreated to be heard a word or two. I applied myself to the King, and assured his Majesty, that I came from a country which abounded with several millions of both sexes, and of my own stature; where the animals, trees, and houses were all in proportion, and where by consequence I might be as able to defend myself, and to find sustenance, as any of his Majesty's subjects could do here; which I took for a full answer to those gentlemen's arguments. To this they only replied with a smile of contempt, saying, that the farmer had instructed me very well in my lesson. The King, who had a much better understanding, dismissing his learned men, sent for the farmer, who by good fortune was not yet gone out of town. Having therefore first examined him privately, and then confronted him with me and the young girl, his Majesty began to think that what we told him might possibly be true. He desired the Queen to order that a particular care should be taken of me, and was of opinion that

Glumdalclitch should still continue in her office of tending me, because he observed we had a great affection for each other. A convenient apartment was provided for her at court: she had a sort of governess appointed to take care of her education, a maid to dress her, and two other servants for menial offices ; but the care of me was wholly appropriated to herself. The Queen commanded her own cabinet-maker to contrive a box that might serve me for a bed-chamber, after the model that Glumdalclitch and I should agree upon. This man was a most ingenious artist, and according to my directions, in three weeks finished for me a wooden chamber of sixteen foot square, and twelve high, with sash-windows, a door, and two closets, like a London bed-chamber. The board that made the ceiling was to be lifted up and down by two hinges, to put in a bed ready furnished by her Majesty's upholsterer, which Glumdalclitch took out every day to air, made it with her own hands, and letting it down at night, locked up the roof over me. A nice workman, who was famous for little curiosities, undertook to make me two chairs, with backs and frames, of a substance not unlike ivory, and two tables, with a cabinet to put my things in. The room was quilted on all sides, as well as the floor and the ceiling, to prevent any accident from the carelessness of those who carried me, and to break the force of a jolt when I went in a coach. I desired a lock for my door, to prevent rats and mice from coming in : the smith, after several attempts, made the smallest that ever was seen among them, for I have known a larger at the gate of a gentleman's house in England. I made a shift to keep the key in a pocket of my own, fearing Glumdalclitch might lose it. The Queen likewise ordered the thinnest silks that could be gotten, to make me clothes, not much thicker than an English blanket, very cumbersome till I was accustomed to them. They were after the fashion of the kingdom, partly resembling the Persian, and partly the Chinese, and are a very grave and decent habit.

The Queen became so fond of my company, that she could not dine without me. I had a table placed upon the same at which her Majesty eat, just at her left elbow, and

a chair to sit on. Glumdalclitch stood upon a stool on the floor, near my table, to assist and take care of me. I had an entire set of silver dishes and plates, and other necessities, which, in proportion to those of the Queen, were not much bigger than what I have seen of the same kind in a London toy-shop, for the furniture of a baby-house : these my little nurse kept in her pocket, in a silver box, and gave me at meals as I wanted them, always cleaning them herself. No person dined with the Queen but the two Princesses Royal, the elder sixteen years old, and the younger at that time thirteen and a month. Her Majesty used to put a bit of meat upon one of my dishes, out of which I carved for myself, and her diversion was to see me eat in miniature. For the Queen (who had indeed but a weak stomach) took up at one mouthful, as much as a dozen English farmers could eat at a meal, which to me was for some time a very nauseous sight. She would craunch the wing of a lark, bones and all, between her teeth, although it were nine times as large as that of a full-grown turkey ; and put a bit of bread into her mouth, as big as two twelve-penny loaves. She drank out of a golden cup, above a hogshead at a draught. Her knives were twice as long as a scythe set straight upon the handle. The spoons, forks, and other instruments were all in the same proportion. I remember when Glumdalclitch carried me out of curiosity to see some of the tables at court, where ten or a dozen of these enormous knives and forks were lifted up together, I thought I had never till then beheld so terrible a sight.

It is the custom that every Wednesday (which, as I have before observed, was their Sabbath) the King and Queen, with the royal issue of both sexes, dine together in the apartment of his Majesty, to whom I was now become a great favourite ; and at these times my little chair and table were placed at his left hand, before one of the salt-cellars. This prince took a pleasure in conversing with me, enquiring into the manners, religion, laws, government, and learning of Europe ; wherein I gave him the best account I was able. His apprehension was so clear, and his judgment so exact, that he made very wise reflections and obser-

vations upon all I said. But, I confess, that after I had been a little too copious in talking of my own beloved country, of our trade, and wars by sea and land, of our schisms in religion, and parties in the state; the prejudices of his education prevailed so far, that he could not forbear taking me up in his right hand, and stroking me gently with the other, after an hearty fit of laughing, asked me, whether I were a Whig or a Tory. Then turning to his first minister, who waited behind him with a white staff, near as tall as the mainmast of the *Royal Sovereign*, he observed how contemptible a thing was human grandeur, which could be mimicked by such diminutive insects as I: and yet, said he, I dare engage, these creatures have their titles and distinctions of honour, they contrive little nests and burrows, that they call houses and cities; they make a figure in dress and equipage; they love, they fight, they dispute, they cheat, they betray. And thus he continued on, while my colour came and went several times, with indignation to hear our noble country, the mistress of arts and arms, the scourge of France, the arbitress of Europe, the seat of virtue, piety, honour and truth, the pride and envy of the world, so contemptuously treated.

But as I was not in a condition to resent injuries, so, upon mature thoughts, I began to doubt whether I were injured or no. For, after having been accustomed several months to the sight and converse of this people, and observed every object upon which I cast my eyes, to be of proportionable magnitude, the horror I had first conceived from their bulk and aspect was so far worn off, that if I had then beheld a company of English lords and ladies in their finery and birth-day clothes, acting their several parts in the most courtly manner, of strutting, and bowing, and prating; to say the truth, I should have been strongly tempted to laugh as much at them as the King and his grantees did at me. Neither indeed could I forbear smiling at myself, when the Queen used to place me upon her hand towards a looking-glass, by which both our persons appeared before me in full view together; and there could be nothing more ridiculous than the comparison; so that I really

began to imagine myself dwindled many degrees below my usual size.

Nothing angered and mortified me so much as the Queen's dwarf, who being of the lowest stature that was ever in that country (for I verily think he was not full thirty foot high) became insolent at seeing a creature so much beneath him, that he would always affect to swagger and look big as he passed by me in the Queen's antechamber, while I was standing on some table talking with the lords or ladies of the court, and he seldom failed of a smart word or two upon my littleness; against which I could only revenge myself by calling him brother, challenging him to wrestle, and such repartees as are usual in the mouths of court pages. One day at dinner this malicious little cub was so nettled with something I had said to him, that raising himself upon the frame of her Majesty's chair, he took me up by the middle, as I was sitting down, not thinking any harm, and let me drop into a large silver bowl of cream, and then ran away as fast as he could. I fell over head and ears, and if I had not been a good swimmer, it might have gone very hard with me; for Glumdalclitch in that instant happened to be at the other end of the room, and the Queen was in such a fright that she wanted presence of mind to assist me. But my little nurse ran to my relief, and took me out, after I had swallowed above a quart of cream. I was put to bed; however I received no other damage than the loss of a suit of clothes, which was utterly spoiled. The dwarf was soundly whipped, and as a farther punishment, forced to drink up the bowl of cream, into which he had thrown me: neither was he ever restored to favour: for, soon after the Queen bestowed him on a lady of high quality, so that I saw him no more, to my very great satisfaction; for I could not tell to what extremity such a malicious urchin might have carried his resentment.

A Voyage to Brobdingnag (Gulliver's Travels).

TO MR. POPE

DUBLIN, Nov. 17, 1726.

I AM just come from answering a Letter of Mrs. H—'s writ in such mystical terms, that I should never have found out the meaning, if a Book had not been sent me called *Gulliver's Travels*, of which you say so much in yours. I read the Book over, and in the second volume observe several passages, which appear to be patch'd and altered, and the style of a different sort (unless I am much mistaken). Dr. Arbuthnot likes the Projectors least; others, you tell me, the Flying island; some think it wrong to be so hard upon whole Bodies or Corporations, yet the general opinion is, that reflections on particular persons are most to be blam'd: so that in these cases, I think the best method is to let censure and opinion take their course. A Bishop here said, that the book was full of improbable lies, and for his part, he hardly believed a word of it; and so much for Gulliver.

Going to England is a very good thing, if it were not attended with an ugly circumstance of returning to Ireland. It is a shame you do not persuade your Ministers to keep me on that side, if it were but by a court expedient of keeping me in prison for a Plotter; but at the same time I must tell you, that such journeys very much shorten my life, for a month here is longer than six at Twickenham.

MR. GAY TO DR. SWIFT

Nov. 17, 1726.

ABOUT ten days ago a Book was publish'd here of the Travels of one Gulliver, which hath been the conversation of the whole town ever since: the whole impression sold in a week; and nothing is more diverting than to hear the different opinions people give of it, though all agree in liking it extremely. 'Tis generally said that you are the Author; but I am told, the Bookseller declares, he knows not from what hand it came. From the highest to the lowest

it is universally read, from the Cabinet-council to the Nursery. The Politicians to a man agree, that it is free from particular reflections, but that the Satire on general societies of men is too severe. Not but we now and then meet with people of greater perspicuity, who are in search for particular applications in every leaf; and 'tis highly probable we shall have keys published to give light into Gulliver's design. Lord — is the person who least approves it, blaming it as a design of evil consequence to depreciate human nature, at which it cannot be wondered that he takes most offence, being himself the most accomplish'd of his species, and so losing more than any other of that praise which is due both to the dignity and virtue of a man. Your friend, my Lord Harcourt, commends it very much, though he thinks in some places the matter too far carried. The Duchess Dowager of Marlborough is in raptures at it; she says she can dream of nothing else since she read it: she declares, that she hath now found out, that her whole life hath been lost in caressing the worst part of mankind, and treating the best as her foes; and that if she knew Gulliver, tho' he had been the worst enemy she ever had, she would give up her present acquaintance for his friendship. You may see by this, that you are not much injur'd by being supposed the Author of this piece. If you are, you have disobligh'd us, and two or three of your best friends, in not giving us the least hint of it while you were with us; and in particular Dr. Arbuthnot, who says it is ten thousand pities he had not known it, he could have added such abundance of things upon every subject. Among Lady-critics, some have found out that Mr. Gulliver had a particular malice to Maids of honour. Those who frequent the Church, say, his design is impious, and that it is depreciating the works of the Creator. Notwithstanding, I am told the Princess hath read it with great pleasure. As to other Critics, they think the flying island is the least entertaining; and so great an opinion the town have of the impossibility of Gulliver's writing at all below himself, 'tis agreed that part was not writ by the same hand, tho' this hath its defenders too. It hath pass'd Lords and Commons, *nemine*

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contradicente ; and the whole town, men, women, and children, are quite full of it.

Perhaps I may all this time be talking to you of a Book you have never seen, and which hath not yet reach'd Ireland ; if it hath not, I believe what we have said will be sufficient to recommend it to your reading, and that you will order me to send it to you.

But it will be much better to come over your self, and read it here, where you will have the pleasure of a variety of commentators, to explain the difficult passages to you.

We all rejoice that you have fixed the precise time of your coming to be *cum hirundine prima* ; which we modern naturalists pronounce ought to be reckon'd, contrary to Pliny, in this northern latitude of fifty-two degrees, from the end of February, Styl. Greg., at farthest. But to us your friends, the coming of such a black swallow as you, will make a summer in the worst of seasons. We are no less glad at your mention of Twickenham and Dawley ; and in town you know you have a lodging at Court.

The Princess is cloath'd in Irish silk ; pray give our service to the Weavers. We are strangely surpriz'd to hear that the Bells in Ireland ring without your money. I hope you do not write the thing that is not. We are afraid that B—— hath been guilty of that crime, that you (like Houynhnm) have treated him as a Yahoo, and discarded him your service. I fear you do not understand these modish terms, which every creature now understands but yourself.

You tell us your Wine is bad, and that the Clergy do not frequent your house, which we look upon to be tautology. The best advice we can give you is, to make them a present of Your wine, and come away to better.

You fancy we envy you, but you are mistaken ; we envy those you are with, for we cannot envy the man we love. Adieu.

JOSEPH ADDISON

(1672-1719)

HYMN

THE spacious firmament on high,
 With all the blue ethereal sky,
 And spangled heavens, a shining frame,
 Their great Original proclaim.
 Th' unwearied Sun from day to day
 Does his Creator's power display ;
 And publishes to every land
 The work of an Almighty hand.

Soon as the evening shades prevail,
 The Moon takes up the wondrous tale ;
 And nightly to the listening Earth
 Repeats the story of her birth :
 While all the stars that round her burn,
 And all the planets in their turn,
 Confirm the tidings as they roll,
 And spread the truth from pole to pole.

What though in solemn silence all
 Move round the dark terrestrial ball ;
 What though nor real voice nor sound
 Amidst their radiant orbs be found ?
 In Reason's ear they all rejoice,
 And utter forth a glorious voice ;
 For ever singing as they shine,
 " The Hand that made us is divine."

THE OPERA

*Spectatum admissi risum teneatis ?*HORACE, *Ars Poetica*, ver. 5.

Admitted to the sight would you not laugh ?

AN opera may be allowed to be extravagantly lavish in its decorations, as its only design is to gratify the senses, and keep up an indolent attention in the audience. Common

sense however requires, that there should be nothing in the scenes and machines, which may appear childish and absurd. How would the wits of King Charles's time have laughed, to have seen Nicolini exposed to a tempest in robes of ermine, and sailing in an open boat upon a sea of paste-board? What a field of raillery would they have been led into, had they been entertained with painted dragons spitting wildfire, enchanted chariots drawn by Flanders mares, and real cascades in artificial landscapes? A little skill in criticism would inform us, that shadows and realities ought not to be mixed together in the same piece; and that the scenes which are designed as the representations of nature should be filled with resemblances, and not with the things themselves. If one would represent a wide champaign country, filled with herds and flocks, it would be ridiculous to draw the country only upon the scenes, and to crowd several parts of the stage with sheep and oxen. This is joining together inconsistencies, and making the decoration partly real, and partly imaginary. I would recommend what I have here said to the directors, as well as to the admirers, of our modern opera.

As I was walking in the streets about a fortnight ago, I saw an ordinary fellow carrying a cage full of little birds upon his shoulder; and, as I was wondering with myself what use he would put them to, he was met very luckily by an acquaintance, who had the same curiosity. Upon his asking what he had upon his shoulder, he told him that he had been buying sparrows for the opera. "Sparrows for the opera," says his friend, licking his lips; "what, are they to be roasted?"—"No, no," says the other, "they are to enter towards the end of the first act, and to fly about the stage."

This strange dialogue awakened my curiosity so far, that I immediately bought the opera, by which means I perceived the sparrows were to act the part of singing birds in a delightful grove; though upon a nearer enquiry I found the sparrows put the same trick upon the audience, that Sir Martin Mar-all practised upon his mistress: for though they flew in sight, the music proceeded from a

concert of flagelets and bird-calls, which were planted behind the scenes. At the same time I made this discovery, I found by the discourse of the actors, that there were great designs on foot for the improvement of the opera ; that it had been proposed to break down a part of the wall, and to surprise the audience with a party of an hundred horse, and that there was actually a project of bringing the New-river into the house, to be employed in jetteaus and water-works. This project, as I have since heard, is postponed till the summer season ; when it is thought the coolness that proceeds from fountains and cascades will be more acceptable and refreshing to people of quality. In the mean time, to find out a more agreeable entertainment for the winter-season, the opera of *Rinaldo* is filled with thunder and lightning, illuminations and fire-works ; which the audience may look upon without catching cold, and indeed without much danger of being burnt ; or there are several engines filled with water, and ready to play at a minute's warning, in case any such accident should happen. However, as I have a very great friendship for the owner of this theatre, I hope that he has been wise enough to insure his house before he would let this opera be acted in it.

It is no wonder that those scenes should be very surprising, which were contrived by two poets of different nations, and raised by two magicians of different sexes. Armida (as we are told in the argument) was an Amazonian enchantress, and poor Signior Cassani (as we learn from the persons represented) a Christian conjuror (*Mago Cristiano*). I must confess I am very much puzzled to find how an Amazon should be versed in the black art, or how a good Christian, for such is the part of the magician, should deal with the devil.

To consider the poet after the conjurors, I shall give you a taste of the Italian from the first lines of his preface : “ *Eccoti, benigno lettore, un parto di poche sere, che se ben nato di notte, non è però aborto di tenebre, ma si farà conoscere figlio d' Apollo con qualche raggio di Parnasso.* ” “ Behold, gentle reader, the birth of a few evenings, which, though

it be the offspring of the night, is not the abortive of darkness, but will make itself known to be the son of Apollo, with a certain ray of Parnassus." He afterwards proceeds to call Mynheer Handel the Orpheus of our age, and to acquaint us in the same sublimity of style, that he composed this opera in a fortnight. Such are the wits to whose tastes we so ambitiously conform ourselves. The truth of it is, the finest writers among the modern Italians express themselves in such a florid form of words, and such tedious circumlocutions, as are used by none but pedants in our own country; and at the same time fill their writings with such poor imaginations and conceits as our youths are ashamed of, before they have been two years at the university. Some may be apt to think that it is the difference of genius which produces this difference in the works of the two nations; but to shew that there is nothing in this, if we look into the writings of the old Italians, such as Cicero and Virgil, we shall find that the English writers, in their way of thinking and expressing themselves, resemble those authors much more than the modern Italians pretend to do. And as for the poet himself, from whom the dreams of this opera are taken, I must entirely agree with Monsieur Boileau, that one verse in Virgil is worth all the clinquant or tinsel of Tasso.

But to return to the sparrows: there have been so many flights of them let loose in this opera, that it is feared the house will never get rid of them; and that in other plays they may make their entrance in very wrong and improper scenes, so as to be seen flying into a lady's bed-chamber, or perching upon a king's throne; besides the inconveniences which the heads of the audience may sometimes suffer from them. I am credibly informed, that there was once a design of casting into an opera the story of Whittington and his Cat, and that in order to it, there had been got together a great quantity of mice; but Mr. Rich, the proprietor of the playhouse, very prudently considered that it would be impossible for the cat to kill them all, and that consequently the princes of the stage might be as much infested with mice, as the prince of the island was before

the cat's arrival upon it; for which reason he would not permit it to be acted in his house, and indeed I cannot blame him: for, as he said very well upon that occasion, I do not hear that any of the performers in our opera pretend to equal the famous pied piper, who made all the mice of a great town in Germany follow his music, and by that means cleared the place of those little noxious animals.

Before I dismiss this paper, I must inform my reader, that I hear there is a treaty on foot between London and Wise¹ (who will be appointed gardeners of the playhouse) to furnish the opera of *Rinaldo and Armida* with an orange-grove; and that the next time it is acted, the singing-birds will be personated by tom-tits, the undertakers being resolved to spare neither pains nor money for the gratification of the audience.

The Spectator, No. 5, Tuesday, 6th March, 1710-11.

SIR ROGER AND PARTY SPIRIT

*Ne pueri, ne tanta animis assuescite bella :
Neu patriæ validas in viscera vertite vires.*

VIRGIL, *Æneid*, vi. 832.

This thirst of kindred blood, my sons, detest,
Nor turn your force against your country's breast.

DRYDEN.

My worthy friend Sir Roger, when we are talking of the malice of parties, very frequently tells us an accident that happened to him when he was a school-boy, which was at the time when the feuds ran high between the Round heads and Cavaliers. This worthy knight, being then but a stripling, had occasion to inquire which was the way to St. Anne's Lane, upon which the person whom he spoke to, instead of answering his question, called him a young popish cur, and asked him who made Anne a saint? The boy, being in some confusion, inquired of the next he met, which was the way to Anne's Lane; but was called a prick-eared cur for his pains, and instead of being shewn the way, was told that she had been a saint before he was born, and

¹ London and Wise were the Queen's gardeners at this time.

would be one after he was hanged. "Upon this," says Sir Roger, "I did not think fit to repeat the former question, but going into every lane of the neighbourhood, asked what they called the name of that lane." By which ingenious artifice he found out the place he inquired after, without giving offence to any party. Sir Roger generally closes this narrative with reflections on the mischief that parties do in the country; how they spoil good neighbourhood, and make honest gentlemen hate one another; besides that they manifestly tend to the prejudice of the land-tax, and the destruction of the game.

There cannot a greater judgment befall a country than such a dreadful spirit of division as rends a government into two distinct people, and makes them greater strangers and more averse to one another, than if they were actually two different nations. The effects of such a division are pernicious to the last degree, not only with regard to those advantages which they give the common enemy, but to those private evils which they produce in the heart of almost every particular person. This influence is very fatal both to men's morals and their understandings; it sinks the virtue of a nation, and not only so, but destroys even common sense.

A furious party spirit, when it rages in its full violence, exerts itself in civil war and bloodshed; and when it is under its greatest restraints naturally breaks out in falsehood, detraction, calumny, and a partial administration of justice. In a word, it fills a nation with spleen and rancour, and extinguishes all the seeds of good-nature, compassion, and humanity.

Plutarch says very finely, that a man should not allow himself to hate even his enemies, "because," says he, "if you indulge this passion in some occasions, it will rise of itself in others; if you hate your enemies, you will contract such a vicious habit of mind, as by degrees will break out upon those who are your friends, or those who are indifferent to you." I might here observe how admirably this precept of morality (which derives the malignity of hatred from the passion itself, and not from its object)

answers to that great rule which was dictated to the world about an hundred years before this philosopher wrote ; but instead of that, I shall only take notice, with a real grief of heart, that the minds of many good men among us appear soured with party-principles, and alienated from one another in such a manner, as seems to me altogether inconsistent with the dictates either of reason or religion. Zeal for a public cause is apt to breed passions in the hearts of virtuous persons, to which the regard of their own private interest would never have betrayed them.

If this party-spirit has so ill an effect on our morals, it has likewise a very great one upon our judgments. We often hear a poor insipid paper or pamphlet cried up, and sometimes a noble piece depreciated, by those who are of a different principle from the author. One who is actuated by this spirit is almost under an incapacity of discerning either real blemishes or beauties. A man of merit in a different principle, is like an object seen in two different mediums, that appears crooked or broken, however straight and entire it may be in itself. For this reason there is scarce a person of any figure in England, who does not go by two contrary characters, as opposite to one another as light and darkness. Knowledge and learning suffer in a particular manner from this strange prejudice, which at present prevails amongst all ranks and degrees in the British nation. As men formerly became eminent in learned societies by their parts and acquisitions, they now distinguish themselves by the warmth and violence with which they espouse their respective parties.—Books are valued upon the like considerations. An abusive scurrilous style passes for satire, and a dull scheme of party notions is called fine writing.

There is one piece of sophistry practised by both sides, and that is the taking any scandalous story that has been ever whispered or invented of a private man, for a known undoubted truth, and raising suitable speculations upon it. Calumnies that have been never proved, or have been often refuted, are the ordinary postulatum of these infamous scribblers, upon which they proceed as upon first

principles granted by all men, though in their hearts they know they are false, or at best very doubtful. When they have laid these foundations of scurrility, it is no wonder that their superstructure is every way answerable to them. If this shameless practice of the present age endures much longer, praise and reproach will cease to be motives of action in good men.

There are certain periods of time in all governments when this inhuman spirit prevails. Italy was long torn in pieces by the Guelfes and Gibellines, and France by those who were for and against the league : but it is very unhappy for a man to be born in such a stormy and tempestuous season. It is the restless ambition of artful men that thus breaks a people into factions, and draws several well-meaning persons to their interest by a specious concern for their country. How many honest minds are filled with uncharitable and barbarous notions, out of their zeal for the public good ? What cruelties and outrages would they not commit against men of an adverse party, whom they would honour and esteem, if, instead of considering them as they are represented, they knew them as they are ? Thus are persons of the greatest probity seduced into shameful errors and prejudices, and made bad men even by that noblest of principles, " the love of their country." I cannot here forbear mentioning the famous Spanish proverb, " If there were neither fools nor knaves in the world, all people would be of one mind."

For my own part I could heartily wish that all honest men would enter into an association, for the support of one another against the endeavours of those whom they ought to look upon as their common enemies, whatsoever side they may belong to. Were there such an honest body of neutral forces, we should never see the worst of men in great figures of life, because they are useful to a party ; nor the best unregarded, because they are above practising those methods which would be grateful to their faction. We should then single every criminal out of the herd, and hunt him down, however formidable and overgrown he might appear : on the contrary, we should shelter dis-

tressed innocence, and defend virtue, however beset with contempt or ridicule, envy or defamation. In short, we should not any longer regard our fellow subjects as whigs or tories, but should make the man of merit our friend, and the villain our enemy.

The Spectator, No. 125, Tuesday, 24th July, 1711.

ALEXANDER POPE

(1688-1734)

THE RAPE OF THE LOCK

(*First Edition*)

CANTO I

WHAT dire offence from am'rous causes springs,
What mighty contests rise from trivial things,
I sing—This verse to CARYL, Muse ! is due :
This, ev'n Belinda may vouchsafe to view :
Slight is the subject, but not so the praise,
If She inspire, and He approve my lays.

Say what strange motive, Goddess ! could compel
A well-bred Lord t' assault a gentle Belle ?
Oh say what stranger cause, yet unexplor'd,
Could make a gentle Belle reject a Lord ?
And dwells such rage in softest bosoms then,
And lodge such daring Souls in little Men ?

Sol thro' white curtains did his beams display,
And ope'd those eyes which brighter shone than they ;
Shock just had giv'n himself the rousing shake,
And Nymphs prepar'd their Chocolate to take ;
Thrice the wrought slipper knock'd against the ground,
And striking watches the tenth hour resound.

Not with more glories, in th' etherial plain,
The Sun first rises o'er the purpled main,
Than, issuing forth, the rival of his beams
Launch'd on the bosom of the silver Thames.

Fair Nymphs, and well-drest Youths around her shone,
 But ev'ry eye was fix'd on her alone.
 On her white breast a sparkling Cross she wore,
 Which Jews might kiss, and Infidels adore.
 Her lively looks a sprightly mind disclose,
 Quick as her eyes, and as unfix'd as those :
 Favour to none, to all she smiles extends ;
 Oft she rejects, but never once offends.
 Bright as the sun, her eyes the gazers strike,
 And, like the sun, they shine on all alike.
 Yet graceful ease, and sweetness void of pride
 Might hide her faults, if Belles had faults to hide :
 If to her share some female errors fall,
 Look on her face, and you'll forget 'em all.
 This Nymph, to the destruction of mankind,
 Nourish'd two Locks, which graceful hung behind
 In equal curls, and well conspir'd to deck
 With shining ringlets the smooth iv'ry neck.
 Love in these labyrinths his slaves detains,
 And mighty hearts are held in slender chains.
 With hairy springes we the birds betray,
 Slight lines of hair surprize the finny prey,
 Fair tresses man's imperial race insnare,
 And beauty draws us with a single hair.

Th' advent'rous Baron the bright locks admir'd ;
 He saw, he wish'd, and to the prize aspir'd.
 Resolv'd to win, he meditates the way,
 By force to ravish, or by fraud betray ;
 For when success a Lover's toil attends,
 Few ask, if fraud or force attain'd his ends.
 For this, ere Phœbus rose, he had implor'd
 Propitious heav'n, and ev'ry pow'r ador'd,
 But chiefly Love—to Love an Altar built,
 Of twelve vast French Romances, neatly gilt,
 There lay three garters, half a pair of gloves ;
 And all the trophies of his former loves ;
 With tender Billet-doux he lights the pyre,
 And breathes three am'rous sighs to raise the fire.
 Then prostrate falls, and begs with ardent eyes

Soon to obtain, and long possess the prize :
The pow'rs gave ear, and granted half his pray'r,
The rest, the winds dispers'd in empty air.

CANTO II

Close by those meads, for ever crown'd with flow'rs,
Where Thames with pride surveys his rising tow'rs,
There stands a structure of majestic frame,
Which from the neighb'ring Hampton takes its name.
Here Britain's statesmen oft the fall foredoom
Of foreign Tyrants, and of Nymphs at home ;
Here thou, great ANNA ! whom three realms obey,
Dost sometimes counsel take—and sometimes Tea.

Hither the heroes and the nymphs resort,
To taste awhile the pleasures of a Court ;
In various talk the chearful hours they past,
Of, who was bit, or who capotted last.
One speaks the glory of the British Queen,
And one describes a charming Indian screen ;
A third interprets motions, looks, and eyes ;
At ev'ry word a reputation dies.

Snuff, or the fan, supply each pause of chat,
With singing, laughing, ogling, *and all that*.

Mean while, declining from the noon of day,
The sun obliquely shoots his burning ray ;
The hungry Judges soon the sentence sign,
And wretches hang that jury-men may dine ;
The merchant from th' Exchange returns in peace,
And the long labours of the Toilet cease.

Sudden the board with cups and spoons is crown'd,
The berries crackle, and the mill turns round ;
On shining Altars of Japan they raise
The silver lamp ; the fiery spirits blaze :
From silver spouts the grateful liquors glide,
While China's earth receives the smoaking tide :
At once they gratify their scent and taste,
And frequent cups prolong the rich repast.
Coffee, (which makes the politician wise,

And see thro' all things with his half-shut eyes)
 Sent up in vapours to the Baron's brain
 New stratagems, the radiant Lock to gain.
 Ah cease, rash youth ! desist ere 'tis too late,
 Fear the just Gods, and think of Scylla's fate !
 Chang'd to a bird, and sent to flit in air,
 She dearly pays for Nisus' injur'd hair !

But when to mischief mortals bend their will,
 How soon they find fit instruments of ill ?
 Just then, Clarissa drew with tempting grace
 A two-edg'd weapon from her shining case :
 So Ladies in Romance assist their Knight,
 Present the spear, and arm him for the fight.
 He takes the gift with rev'rence, and extends
 The little engine on his fingers' ends ;
 This just behind Belinda's neck he spread,
 As o'er the fragrant steams she bends her head.
 First he expands the glitt'ring forfex wide
 T' inclose the Lock ; then joins it to divide :
 The meeting points the sacred hair dissever,
 From the fair head, for ever and for ever.

Then flash'd the living lightning from her eyes,
 And screams of horror rend th' affrighted skies.
 Not louder shrieks to pitying heav'n are cast,
 When husbands, or when lapdogs breathe their last ;
 Or when rich China vessels fall'n from high,
 In glitt'ring dust, and painted fragments lie !

Let wreaths of triumph now my temples twine,
 (The Victor cry'd) the glorious Prize is mine !
 While fish in streams, or birds delight in air,
 Or in a coach and six the British Fair,
 As long as Atalantis shall be read,
 Or the small pillow grace a Lady's bed,
 While visits shall be paid on solemn days,
 When num'rous wax-lights in bright order blaze,
 While nymphs take treats, or assignations give,
 So long my honour, name, and praise shall live !
 What Time would spare, from Steel receives its date,
 And monuments, like men, submit to fate !

Steel could the labour of the Gods destroy,
And strike to dust th' imperial tow'rs of Troy ;
Steel could the works of mortal pride confound,
And hew triumphal arches to the ground.
What wonder then, fair nymph ! thy hairs should feel
The conqu'ring force of unresisted steel ?

But anxious cares the pensive nymph oppress'd,
And secret passions labour'd in her breast.
Not youthful kings in battle seiz'd alive,
Not scornful virgins who their charms survive,
Not ardent lovers robb'd of all their bliss,
Not ancient ladies when refus'd a kiss,
Not tyrants fierce that unrepenting die,
Not Cynthia when her manteau's pinn'd awry,
E'er felt such rage, resentment, and despair,
As thou, sad Virgin ! for thy ravish'd Hair.
While her rack'd Soul repose and peace requires,
The fierce Thalestris fans the rising fires.
O wretched maid ! she spread her hands, and cry'd,
(While Hampton's echoes, wretched maid ! reply'd)
Was it for this you took such constant care
The bodkin, comb, and essence to prepare ?
For this your locks in paper durance bound,
For this with tort'ring irons wreath'd around ?
For this with fillets strain'd your tender head,
And bravely bore the double loads of lead ?
Gods ! shall the ravisher display your hair,
While the Fops envy, and the Ladies stare !
Honour forbid ! at whose unrival'd shrine
Ease, pleasure, virtue, all our sex resign.
Methinks already I your tears survey,
Already hear the horrid things they say,
Already see you a degraded toast,
And all your honour in a whisper lost !
How shall I, then, your helpless fame defend ?
'Twill then be infamy to seem your friend !
And shall this prize, th' inestimable prize,
Expos'd thro' crystal to the gazing eyes,
And heighten'd by the diamond's circling rays,

On that rapacious hand for ever blaze ?
 Sooner shall grass in Hyde-park Circus grow,
 And wits take lodgings in the sound of Bow ;
 Sooner let earth, air, sea, to Chaos fall,
 Men, monkeys, lap-dogs, parrots, perish all !

She said, then raging to Sir Plume repairs,
 And bids her Beau demand the precious hairs :
 (Sir Plume of amber snuff-box justly vain,
 And the nice conduct of a clouded cane)
 With earnest eyes, and round unthinking face,
 He first the snuff-box open'd, then the case,
 And thus broke out—" My Lord, why, what the devil ?
 Z—ds ! damn the lock ! 'fore Gad, you must be civil !
 Plague on 't ! 'tis past a jest—nay prithee, pox !
 Give her the hair "—he spoke,—and rapp'd his box.

It grieves me much (reply'd the Peer again)
 Who speaks so well should ever speak in vain.
 But by this Lock, this sacred Lock I swear,
 (Which never more shall join its parted hair ;
 Which never more its honours shall renew,
 Clip'd from the lovely head where late it grew)
 That while my nostrils draw the vital air,
 This hand, which won it, shall for ever wear.
 He spoke, and speaking, in proud triumph spread
 The long-contended honours of her head.

Then see ! the nymph in beauteous grief appears,
 Her eyes half-languishing, half-drown'd in tears ;
 On her heav'd bosom hung her drooping head,
 Which, with a sigh, she rais'd ; and thus she said :

For ever curs'd be this detested day,
 Which snatch'd my best, my fav'rite curl away !
 Happy ! ah ten times happy had I been,
 If Hampton-Court these eyes had never seen !
 Yet am not I the first mistaken maid
 By love of Courts to num'rous ills betray'd.
 Oh had I rather un-admir'd remain'd
 In some lone isle, or distant Northern land ;
 Where the gilt Chariot never marks the way,
 Where none learn Ombre, none e'er taste Bohea !

There kept my charms conceal'd from mortal eye,
Like roses, that in deserts bloom and die.
What mov'd my mind with youthful Lords to roam ?
O had I stay'd, and said my pray'rs at home !
'Twas this, the morning omens seem'd to tell,
Thrice from my trembling hand the patch-box fell ;
The tott'ring China shook without a wind,
Nay, Poll sat mute, and Shock was most unkind !
See the poor remnants of these slighted hairs !
My hands shall rend what ev'n thy rapine spares :
These in two sable ringlets taught to break,
Once gave new beauties to the snowy neck ;
The sister-lock now sits uncouth, alone,
And in its fellow's fate foresees its own ;
Uncurl'd it hangs, the fatal sheers demands,
And tempts once more, thy sacrilegious hands.
Oh hadst thou, cruel ! been content to seize
Hair less in sight, or any hairs but these !

She said : the pitying audience melt in tears.
But Fate and Jove had stopp'd the Baron's ears.
In vain Thalestris with reproach assails,
For who can move when fair Belinda fails ?
Not half so fix'd the Trojan could remain,
While Anna begg'd and Dido rag'd in vain.
To arms, to arms ! the fierce Virago cries,
And swift as lightning to the combat flies.
All side in parties, and begin th' attack ;
Fans clap, silks ruffle, and tough whalebones crack ;
Heroes' and Heroines' shouts confus'dly rise,
And base, and treble voices strike the skies.
No common weapons in their hands are found,
Like Gods they fight, nor dread a mortal wound.

So when bold Homer makes the Gods engage,
And heav'nly breasts with human passions rage ;
'Gainst Pallas, Mars ; Latona, Hermes arms ;
And all Olympus rings with loud alarms :
Jove's thunder roars, heav'n trembles all around,
Blue Neptune storms, the bellowing deeps resound :
Earth shakes her nodding tow'rs, the ground gives way,

And the pale ghosts start at the flash of day !

While thro' the press enrag'd Thalestris flies,
And scatters death around from both her eyes,
A Beau and Witling perish'd in the throng,
One dy'd in metaphor, and one in song.
" Oh cruel nymph ! a living death I bear,"
Cry'd Dapperwit, and sunk beside his chair.
A mournful glance Sir Fopling upwards cast,
" Those eyes are made so killing "—was his last.
Thus on Mæander's flow'ry margin lies
Th' expiring Swan, and as he sings he dies.

Now Jove suspends the golden scales in air,
Weighs the Men's wit against the Lady's hair ;
The doubtful beam long nods from side to side ;
At length the wits mount up, the hair subside.

See fierce Belinda on the Baron flies,
With more than usual lightning in her eyes :
Nor fear'd the Chief th' unequal fight to try,
Who sought no more than on his foe to die.
But this bold Lord with manly strength endu'd,
She with one finger and a thumb subdu'd :
Just where the breath of life his nostrils drew,
A charge of snuff the wily virgin threw ;
Sudden, with starting tears each eye o'erflows,
And the high dome re-echoes to his nose.

Now meet thy fate, incens'd Belinda cry'd,
And drew a deadly bodkin from her side,
(The same, his ancient personage to deck,
Her great great grandsire wore about his neck,
In three seal-rings ; which after, melted down,
Form'd a vast buckle for his widow's gown :
Her infant grandame's whistle next it grew,
The bells she jingled, and the whistle blew ;
Then in a bodkin grac'd her mother's hairs,
Which long she wore, and now Belinda wears.)

Boast not my fall (he cry'd) insulting foe !
Thou by some other shalt be laid as low.
Nor think, to die dejects my lofty mind :
All that I dread is leaving you behind !

Rather than so, ah let me still survive,
And burn in Cupid's flames,—but burn alive.

Restore the Lock ! she cries ; and all around
Restore the Lock ! the vaulted roofs rebound.
Not fierce Othello in so loud a strain
Roar'd for the handkerchief that caus'd his pain.
But see how oft ambitious aims are cross'd,
And chiefs contend 'till all the prize is lost !
The Lock, obtain'd with guilt, and kept with pain,
In ev'ry place is sought, but sought in vain :
With such a prize, no mortal must be blest,
So heav'n decrees ! with heav'n who can contest ?

Some thought it mounted to the Lunar sphere,
Since all things lost on earth are treasur'd there.
There Hero's wits are kept in pond'rous vases,
And Beau's snuff-boxes and tweezer-cases.
There broken vows, and death-bed alms are found,
And lovers' hearts with ends of ribband bound,
The courtier's promises, and sick man's pray'rs,
The smiles of harlots, and the tears of heirs,
Cages for gnats, and chains to yoak a flea,
Dry'd butterflies, and tomes of casuistry.

But trust the Muse—she saw it upward rise,
Tho' mark'd by none, but quick, poetic eyes :
(So Rome's great founder to the heav'ns withdrew,
To Proculus alone confess'd in view)
A sudden Star, it shot thro' liquid air,
And drew behind a radiant trail of hair.
Not Berenice's Locks first rose so bright,
The heav'ns bespangling with dishevel'd light.

This the Beau monde shall from the Mall survey,
And hail with music its propitious ray.
This the blest Lover shall for Venus take,
And send up vows from Rosamonda's lake,
This Partridge soon shall view in cloudless skies,
When next he looks thro' Galilæo's eyes ;
And hence th' egregious wizzard shall foredoom
The fate of Louis, and the fall of Rome.

Then cease, bright Nymph ! to mourn thy ravish'd hair,

Which adds new glory to the shining sphere !
 Not all the tresses that fair head can boast,
 Shall draw such envy as the Lock you lost.
 For, after all the murders of your eye,
 When, after millions slain, yourself shall die ;
 When those fair suns shall set, as set they must,
 And all those tresses shall be laid in dust,
 This Lock, the Muse shall consecrate to fame,
 And 'midst the stars inscribe Belinda's name.

TO H. ST. JOHN, LORD BOLINGBROKE

(EPISTLE I)

AWAKE, my St. John ! leave all meaner things
 To low ambition, and the pride of Kings.
 Let us (since Life can little more supply
 Than just to look about us and to die)
 Expatiate free o'er all this scene of Man ;
 A mighty maze ! but not without a plan ;
 A Wild, where weeds and flow'rs promiscuous shoot ;
 Or Garden, tempting with forbidden fruit.
 Together let us beat this ample field,
 Try what the open, what the covert yield ;
 The latent tracts, the giddy heights, explore
 Of all who blindly creep, or sightless soar ;
 Eye Nature's walks, shoot Folly as it flies,
 And catch the Manners living as they rise ;
 Laugh where we must, be candid where we can ;
 But vindicate the ways of God to Man.

* * * * *

Heav'n from all creatures hides the book of Fate,
 All but the page prescrib'd, their present state :
 From brutes what men, from men what spirits know :
 Or who could suffer Being here below ?
 The lamb thy riot dooms to bleed to-day,
 Had he thy Reason, would he skip and play ?
 Pleas'd to the last, he crops the flow'ry food,

And licks the hand just rais'd to shed his blood.
 Oh blindness to the future ! kindly given,
 That each may fill the circle mark'd by Heav'n :
 Who sees with equal eye, as God of all,
 A hero perish, or a sparrow fall,
 Atoms or systems into ruin hurl'd,
 And now a bubble burst, and now a world.

Hope humbly then ; with trembling pinions soar ;
 Wait the great teacher Death ; and God adore.
 What future bliss, he gives not thee to know,
 But gives that Hope to be thy blessing now.
 Hope springs eternal in the human breast :
 Man never Is, but always To be blest :
 The soul, uneasy and confin'd from home,
 Rests and expatiates in a life to come.

Lo, the poor Indian ! whose untutor'd mind
 Sees God in clouds, or hears him in the wind ;
 His soul, proud Science never taught to stray
 Far as the solar walk, or milky way ;
 Yet simple Nature to his hope has giv'n,
 Behind the cloud-topt hill, an humbler heav'n ;
 Some safer world in depth of woods embrac'd,
 Some happier island in the wat'ry waste,
 Where slaves once more their native land behold,
 No fiends torment, no Christians thirst for gold.
 To Be, contents his natural desire,
 He asks no Angel's wing, no Seraph's fire ;
 But thinks, admitted to that equal sky,
 His faithful dog shall bear him company.

* * * * *

What if the foot, ordain'd the dust to tread,
 Or hand, to toil, aspir'd to be the head ?
 What if the head, the eye, or ear repin'd
 To serve mere engines to the ruling Mind ?
 Just as absurd for any part to claim
 To be another, in this gen'ral frame :
 Just as absurd, to mourn the tasks or pains,
 The great directing MIND of ALL ordains.

All are but parts of one stupendous whole,
 Whose body Nature is, and God the soul ;
 That, chang'd thro' all, and yet in all the same ;
 Great in the earth, as in th' æthereal frame ;
 Warms in the sun, refreshes in the breeze,
 Glows in the stars, and blossoms in the trees,
 Lives thro' all life, extends thro' all extent,
 Spreads undivided, operates unspent ;
 Breathes in our soul, informs our mortal part,
 As full, as perfect, in a hair as heart ;
 As full, as perfect, in vile Man that mourns,
 As the rapt Seraph that adores and burns :
 To him no high, no low, no great, no small ;
 He fills, he bounds, connects, and equals all.

Cease then, nor ORDER Imperfection name :
 Our proper bliss depends on what we blame.
 Know thy own point : This kind, this due degree
 Of blindness, weakness, Heav'n bestows on thee.
 Submit—in this, or any other sphere,
 Secure to be as blest as thou canst bear :
 Safe in the hand of one disposing Pow'r,
 Or in the natal, or the mortal hour.
 All Nature is but Art, unknown to thee ;
 All Chance, Direction, which thou canst not see ;
 All Discord, Harmony not understood ;
 All partial Evil, universal Good :
 And, spite of Pride, in erring Reason's spite,
 One truth is clear, WHATEVER IS, IS RIGHT.

Essay on Man.

TO DR. SWIFT

June 20, 1716.

I CANNOT suffer a friend to cross the Irish seas without bearing a testimony from me of the constant esteem and affection I am both obliged and inclined to have for you. It is better he should tell you than I, how often you are in our thoughts and in our cups, and how I learn to sleep less and drink more, whenever you are named among us. I

look upon a friend in Ireland as upon a friend in the other world, whom (popishly speaking) I believe constantly well disposed towards me, and ready to do me all the good he can, in that state of separation, though I hear nothing from him, and make addresses to him but very rarely. A protestant divine cannot take it amiss that I treat him in the same manner with my patron Saint.

I can tell you no news, but what you will not sufficiently wonder at, that I suffer many things as an author militant : whereof in your days of probation, you have been a sharer, or you had not arrived to that triumphant state you now deservedly enjoy in the Church. As for me, I have not the least hopes of the Cardinalat, tho' I suffer for my Religion in almost every weekly paper. I have begun to take a pique at the Psalms of David (if the wicked may be credited, who have printed a scandalous one in my name). This report I dare not discourage too much, in a prospect I have at present of a post under the Marquis de Langallerie, wherein if I can but do some signal service against the Pope, I may be considerably advanced by the Turks, the only religious people I dare confide in. If it should happen hereafter that I should write for the holy law of Mahomet, I hope it may make no breach between you and me ; every one must live, and I beg you will not be the man to manage the controversy against me. The Church of Rome I judge (from many modern symptoms, as well as ancient prophecies) to be in a declining condition ; that of England will in a short time be scarce able to maintain her own family : so Churches sink as generally as Banks in Europe, and for the same reason ; that Religion and Trade, which at first were open and free, have been reduced into the Management of Companies, and the Roguery of Directors.

I don't know why I tell you all this, but that I always loved to talk to you ; but this is not a time for any man to talk to the purpose. Truth is a kind of contraband commodity, which I would not venture to export, and therefore the only thing tending that dangerous way which I shall say, is, that I am, and always will be, with the utmost sincerity,

Yours, etc.

TO A LADY

NOTHING could have more of that melancholy which once used to please me, than my last day's journey, for after having pass'd through my favourite woods in the forest, with a thousand reveries of past pleasures, I rid over hanging hills, whose tops were edged with groves, and whose feet water'd with winding rivers, listening to the falls of cataracts below, and the murmuring of the winds above. The gloomy verdure of Stonor succeeded to these; and then the shades of the evening overtook me. The moon rose in the clearest sky I ever saw, by whose solemn light I paced on slowly, without company, or any interruption to the range of my thoughts. About a mile before I reach'd Oxford, all the bells toll'd in different notes; the clocks of every college answer'd one another, and sounded forth (some in a deeper, some a softer tone) that it was eleven at night. All this was no ill preparation to the life I have led since, among those old walls, venerable galleries, stone porticos, studious walks and solitary scenes of the University. I wanted nothing but a black gown and a salary, to be as mere a book-worm as any there. I conform'd myself to the college hours, was roll'd up in books, lay in one of the most ancient, dusky parts of the University, and was as dead to the world as any hermit of the desert. If any thing was alive or awake in me, it was a little vanity, such as even those good men us'd to entertain, when the monks of *their own order* extoll'd their piety and abstraction. For I found myself receiv'd with a sort of respect, which this idle part of mankind, the Learned, pay to their own species; who are as considerable here, as the busy, the gay, and the ambitious are in your world.

Indeed I was treated in such a manner, that I could not but sometimes ask myself in my mind, what college I was founder of, or what library I had built? Methinks, I do very ill to return to the world again, to leave the only place where I make a figure, and, from seeing myself seated with dignity on the most conspicuous shelves of a library, put

myself into the abject posture of lying at a lady's feet in St. James's square.

I will not deny, but that, like Alexander, in the midst of my glory I am wounded, and find myself a mere man. To tell you from whence the dart comes, is to no purpose, since neither of you will take the tender care to draw it out of my heart, and suck the poison with your lips.

Here, at my Lord H——'s, I see a creature nearer an angel than a woman (tho' a woman be very near as good as an angel;) I think you have formerly heard me mention Mrs. T—— as a credit to the Maker of angels; she is a relation of his lordship's, and he gravely propos'd her to me for a wife; being tender of her interests, and knowing (what is a shame to Providence) that she is less indebted to fortune than I. I told him, 'twas what he could never have thought of, if it had not been his misfortune to be blind; and what I never could think of, while I had eyes to see both her and myself.

I must not conclude without telling you, that I will do the utmost in the affair you desire. It would be an inexpressible joy to me if I could serve you, and I will always do all I can to give myself pleasure. I wish as well for you as for myself; I am in love with you both, as much as I am with myself, for I find myself most so with either, when I least suspect it.

TO SIR RICHARD STEELE

Nov. 7, 1712.

I WAS the other day in company with five or six men of some learning; when chancing to mention the famous verses which the Emperor Adrian spoke on his death-bed, they were all agreed that it was a piece of gaiety unworthy of that Prince in those circumstances. I could not but differ from this opinion: methinks it was by no means a gay, but a very serious soliloquy to his soul, at the point of its departure; in which sense I naturally took the verses at my first reading them, when I was very young, and before

I knew what interpretation the world generally put upon them :

Animula vagula, blandula,
Hospes comesque corporis,
Quæ nunc abibis in loca ?
Pallidula, rigida, nudula,
Nec (ut soles) dabis joca ?

Alas, my soul ! thou pleasing companion of this body, thou fleeting thing that art now deserting it ! whither art thou flying ? to what unknown scene ? all trembling, fearful, and pensive ! what now is become of thy former wit and humour ? thou shalt jest and be gay no more.

I confess, I cannot apprehend where lies the trifling in all this : it is the most natural and obvious reflection imaginable to a dying man : and, if we consider the Emperor was a Heathen, that doubt concerning the future fate of his soul will seem so far from being the effect of want of thought, that it was scarce reasonable he should think otherwise ; not to mention that here is a plain confession included of his belief in its immortality. The diminutive epithets of *vagula*, *blandula*, and the rest, appear not to me as expressions of levity, but rather of endearment or concern ; such as we find in Catullus, and the authors of *Hendeca-syllabi* after him, where they are used to express the utmost love and tenderness for their mistresses.

If you think me right in my notion of the last words of Adrian, be pleased to insert it in the *Spectator* ; if not, to suppress it.

I am, etc.,

A. POPE.

FROM SIR RICHARD STEELE

Dec. 4, 1712.

THIS is to desire of you that you would please to make an ode as of a cheerful dying spirit ; that is to say, the Emperor Adrian's *animula vagula*, put into two or three stanzas for music. If you comply with this, and send me word so, you will very particularly oblige

Your, etc.,

RICH. STEELE.

TO SIR RICHARD STEELE

Dec. . . ., 1712.

I do not send you word I will do, but have already done the thing you desire of me. You have it (as Cowley calls it) just warm from the brain. It came to me the first moment I waked this morning : yet, you will see, it was not so absolutely inspiration, but that I had in my head not only the verses of Adrian, but the fine fragment of Sappho, etc.

THE DYING CHRISTIAN TO HIS SOUL

Vital spark of heavenly flame !
Quit, oh quit this mortal frame :
Trembling, hoping, lingering, flying.
Oh the pain, the bliss of dying !
Cease, fond Nature, cease thy strife,
And let me languish into life.

Hark ! they whisper ; Angels say,
Sister Spirit, come away !
What is this absorbs me quite,
Steals my senses, shuts my sight,
Drowns my spirits, draws my breath ?
Tell me, my soul, can this be Death ?

The world recedes ; it disappears !
Heaven opens on my eyes ! my ears
With sounds seraphic ring !
Lend, lend thy wings ! I mount ! I fly !
O Grave ! where is thy victory ?
O Death ! where is thy sting ?

JOHN GAY

(1685-1732)

THE QUIDNUNKIES :

A TALE

OCCASIONED BY THE DEATH OF THE DUKE REGENT
OF FRANCE

How vain are mortal man's endeavours ?
 (Said at Dame Elleot's ¹ Master Tr—)
 Good Orleans dead ! in truth 'tis hard :
 I do foresee (and for foreseeing
 He equals any man in being)
 The army ne'er can be disbanded.
 —I wish the King were safely landed.
 Ah ! Friends ! great changes threat the land ;
 All France and England at a stand !
 There's Meroweis—mark ! strange work !
 And there's the Czar, and there's the Turk—
 The Pope—An India merchant by
 Cut short the speech with this reply :
 All at a stand ! You see great changes !
 Ah ! Sir, you never saw the Ganges :
 There dwell the nations of Quidnunkies,
 (So Monomotapa calls monkies)
 On either bank, from bough to bough,
 They meet and chat (as we may now)
 Whispers go round ; they grin, they shrug,
 They bow, they snarl, they scratch, they hug ;
 And just as chance or whim provoke them,
 They either bite their friends or stroke them.

There have I seen some active prig,
 To shew his parts, bestride a twig :
 L—d how the chatt'ring tribe admire
 Not that he's wiser, but he's higher :

¹ A coffee house near St. James's.

All long to try the vent'rous thing,
(For pow'r is but to have one's swing)
From side to side he springs, he spurns,
And bangs his foes and friends by turns.
Thus as in giddy freaks he bounces,
Crack goes the twig, and in he flounces !
Down the swift stream the wretch is borne,
Never, ah ! never to return !

Z—ds ! what a fall had our dear brother !
Morbleu ! cries one, and, Damme ! th' other ;
The nations give a gen'ral screech,
None cocks his tail, none claws his breech ;
Each trembles for the public weal,
And for a while forgets to steal.

A while all eyes, intent and steady,
Pursue him whirling down the eddy ;
But out of mind when out of view,
Some other mounts the twig anew ;
And business, on each monkey shore,
Runs the same track it went before.

SWEET WILLIAM'S FAREWELL TO BLACK-EY'D SUSAN

ALL in the Downs the fleet was moor'd,
The streamers waving in the wind,
When Black-ey'd Susan came aboard :
Oh ! where shall I my true love find !
Tell me, ye jovial Sailors ! tell me true,
If my sweet William sails among the crew.

William, who high upon the yard
Rock'd with the billow to and fro,
Soon as her well-known voice he heard,
He sigh'd, and cast his eyes below :
The cord slides swiftly through his glowing hands,
And (quick as lightning) on the deck he stands.

So the sweet lark, high-pois'd in air,
Shuts close his pinions to his breast,
(If chance his mate's shrill call he hear)
And drops at once into her nest.
The noblest captain in the British fleet,
Might envy William's lip those kisses sweet.

O Susan ! Susan ! lovely dear,
My vows shall ever true remain ;
Let me kiss off that falling tear ;
We only part to meet again.
Change as ye list, ye Winds ! my heart shall be
The faithfull compass that still points to thee.

Believe not what the landmen say,
Who tempt with doubt thy constant mind ;
They'll tell thee sailors, when away,
In ev'ry port a mistress find.
Yes, yes, believe them when they tell thee so,
For thou art present wheresoe'er I go.

If to far India's coast we sail,
Thy eyes are seen in di'monds bright,
Thy breath is Afric's spicy gale,
Thy skin is ivory, so white,
Thus ev'ry beauteous object that I view,
Wakes in my soul some charm of lovely Sue.

Tho' battle call me from thy arms,
Let not my pretty Susan mourn ;
Tho' cannons roar, yet, safe from harms,
William shall to his dear return.
Love turns aside the balls that round me fly,
Lest precious tears should drop from Susan's eye.

The boatswain gave the dreadful word ;
The sails their swelling bosom spread ;
No longer must she stay aboard :
They kiss'd ; she sigh'd ; he hung his head :
Her less'ning boat unwilling rows to land :
Adieu ! she cries, and wav'd her lily hand.

BISHOP GEORGE BERKELEY

(1685-1753)

PHILOSOPHICAL SNUFF

O vitæ philosophia dux, virtutis indagatrix !—CICERO.

O philosophy, thou guide of life, and discoverer of virtue !

TO NESTOR IRONSIDE, ESQ.

Tuesday, April 21, 1713.

SIR,

I am a man who have spent great part of that time in rambling through foreign countries which young gentlemen usually pass at the university ; by which course of life, although I have acquired no small insight into the manners and conversation of men, yet I could not make proportionable advances in the way of science and speculation. In my return through France, as I was one day setting forth this my case to a certain gentleman of that nation with whom I had contracted a friendship, after some pause he conducted me into his closet, and, opening a little amber cabinet, took from thence a small box of Snuff, which he said was given him by an uncle of his, the author of *The Voyage to the World of Descartes* ; and, with many professions of gratitude and affection, made me a present of it—telling me at the same time, that he knew no readier way to furnish and adorn a mind with knowledge in the arts and sciences than that same Snuff rightly applied.

You must know, said he, that Descartes was the first who discovered a certain part of the brain, called by anatomists the Pineal Gland, to be the immediate receptacle of the soul, where she is affected with all sorts of perceptions, and exerts all her operations by the intercourse of the animal spirits which run through the nerves that are thence extended to all parts of the body. He added, that the same philosopher having considered the body as a machine or piece of clockwork, which performed all the vital operations

without the concurrence of the will, began to think a way may be found out for separating the soul for some time from the body, without any injury to the latter ; and that, after much meditation on that subject, the above-mentioned virtuoso composed the Snuff he then gave me ; which, if taken in a certain quantity, would not fail to disengage my soul from my body. Your soul (continued he) being at liberty to transport herself with a thought wherever she pleases, may enter into the Pineal Gland of the most learned philosopher ; and, being so placed, become spectator of all the ideas in his mind, which would instruct her in a much less time than the usual methods. I returned him thanks, and accepted his present, and with it a paper of directions.

You may imagine it was no small improvement and diversion to pass my time in the Pineal Glands of philosophers, poets, beaux, mathematicians, ladies, and statesmen. One while, to trace a theorem in mathematics through a long labyrinth of intricate turns and subtleties of thought ; another, to be conscious of the sublime ideas and comprehensive view of a philosopher, without any fatigue or wasting of my own spirits. Sometimes, to wander through perfumed groves, or enamelled meadows, in the fancy of a poet : at others, to be present when a battle or a storm raged, or a glittering palace rose in his imagination ; or to behold the pleasures of a country life, the passion of a generous love, or the warmth of devotion wrought up to rapture. Or (to use the words of a very ingenious author) to

Behold the raptures which a writer knows,
When in his breast a vein of fancy glows,
Behold his business while he works the mine,
Behold his temper when he sees it shine.

Essay on the Different Styles of Poetry.

These gave me inconceivable pleasure. Nor was it an unpleasant entertainment sometimes to descend from these sublime and magnificent ideas to the impertinences of a beau, the dry schemes of a coffee-house politician, or the tender images in the mind of a young lady. And as, in order to frame a right idea of human happiness, I thought it

expedient to make a trial of the various manners wherein men of different pursuits were affected ; I one day entered into the Pineal Gland of a certain person who seemed very fit to give me an insight into all that which constitutes the happiness of him who is called “ a man of pleasure.” But I found myself not a little disappointed in my notion of the pleasures which attend a voluptuary, who has shaken off the restraints of reason.

His intellectuals, I observed, were grown unserviceable by too little use, and his senses were decayed and worn out by too much. That perfect inaction of the higher powers prevented appetite in prompting him to sensual gratifications ; and the outrunning natural appetite produced a loathing instead of a pleasure. I there beheld the intemperate cravings of youth, without the enjoyments of it ; and the weakness of old age, without its tranquillity. When the passions were teased and roused by some powerful object, the effect was, not to delight or soothe the mind, but to torture it between the returning extremes of appetite and satiety. I saw a wretch racked, at the same time, with a painful remembrance of past miscarriages, a distaste of the present objects that solicit his senses, and a secret dread of futurity. And I could see no manner of relief or comfort in the soul of this miserable man, but what consisted in preventing his cure, by inflaming his passions and suppressing his reason. But, though it must be owned he had almost quenched that light which his Creator had set up in his soul, yet in spite of all his efforts, I observed at certain seasons frequent flashes of remorse strike through the gloom, and interrupt that satisfaction he enjoyed in hiding his own deformities from himself.

I was also present at the original formation or production of a certain book in the mind of a Free-thinker, and believing it may be not unacceptable to let you into the secret manner and internal principles by which that *phænomenon* was formed, I shall in my next give you an account of it. I am, in the mean time,

Your most obedient humble servant,

ULYSSES COSMOPOLITA.

N.B.—Mr. Ironside has lately received out of France ten pound avoirdupois weight of this philosophical Snuff, and gives notice that he will make use of it, in order to distinguish the real from the professed sentiments of all persons of eminence in court, city, town, and country.

The Guardian, No. xxxv.

MATTHEW PRIOR

(1664-1721)

ON MY BIRTHDAY, JULY 21

I, my dear, was born to-day—
 So all my jolly comrades say :
 They bring me music, wreaths, and mirth,
 And ask to celebrate my birth :
 Little, alas ! my comrades know
 That I was born to pain and woe ;
 To thy denial, to thy scorn,
 Better I had ne'er been born :
 I wish to die, even whilst I say—
 “ I, my dear, was born to-day.”
 I, my dear, was born to-day :
 Shall I salute the rising ray,
 Well-spring of all my joy and woe ?
 Clotilda, thou alone dost know.
 Shall the wreath surround my hair ?
 Or shall the music please my ear ?
 Shall I my comrades' mirth receive,
 And bless my birth, and wish to live ?
 Then let me see great Venus chase
 Imperious anger from thy face ;
 Then let me hear thee smiling say—
 “ Thou, my dear, wert born to-day.”

A LETTER

TO LADY MARGARET CAVENDISH HOLLES-HARLEY,
WHEN A CHILD

My noble, lovely, little Peggy,
Let this my First Epistle beg ye,
At dawn of morn, and close of even,
To lift your heart and hands to Heaven.
In double duty say your prayer :
Our Father first, then *Notre Père*.

And, dearest child, along the day,
In every thing you do and say,
Obey and please my lord and lady,
So God shall love and angels aid ye.

If to these precepts you attend,
No second letter need I send,
And so I rest your constant friend.

LADY MARY WORTLEY MONTAGU

(1689-1762)

TO MR. P—— [POPE]

ADRIANOPLE, 1st April (O.S.) [1717].

I DARE say you expect at least something very new in this letter, after I have gone a journey not undertaken by any Christian for some hundred years. The most remarkable accident that happened to me, was my being very near overturned into the Hebrus ; and, if I had much regard for the glories that one's name enjoys after death, I should certainly be sorry for having missed the romantic conclusion of

swimming down the same river in which the musical head of Orpheus repeated verses so many ages since :

Caput a cervice revulsum,
Gurgite cum medio portans Œagrius Hebrus
Volveret, Eurydicen vox ipsa, et frigida lingua,
Ah ! miseram Eurydicen ! anima fugiente vocabat,
Eurydicen toto referebant flumine ripæ.

[VIRGIL, *Georgics*, lib. iv.]

Who knows but some of your bright wits might have found it a subject affording many poetical turns, and have told the world, in an heroic elegy, that,

As equal were our souls, so equal were our fates ?

I despair of ever having so many fine things said of me, as so extraordinary a death would have given occasion for.

I am at this present writing in a house situated on the banks of the Hebrus, which runs under my chamber window. My garden is full of tall cypress-trees, upon the branches of which several couple of true turtles are saying soft things to one another from morning till night. How naturally do boughs and vows come into my head at this minute ! and must not you confess, to my praise, that 'tis more than an ordinary discretion that can resist the wicked suggestions of poetry, in a place where truth, for once, furnishes all the ideas of pastoral ? The summer is already far advanced in this part of the world ; and, for some miles round Adrianople, the whole ground is laid out in gardens, and the banks of the rivers set with rows of fruit-trees, under which all the most considerable Turks divert themselves every evening ; not with walking, that is not one of their pleasures, but a set party of them choose out a green spot, where the shade is very thick, and there they spread a carpet, on which they sit drinking their coffee, and generally attended by some slave with a fine voice, or that plays on some instrument. Every twenty paces you may see one of these little companies listening to the dashing of the river ; and this taste is so universal, that the very gardeners are not without it. I have often seen them and their children sitting on the banks, and playing on a rural instrument, perfectly answering the description of the ancient *fistula*,

being composed of unequal reeds, with a simple but agreeable softness in the sound.

Mr. Addison might here make the experiment he speaks of in his travels ; there not being one instrument of music among the Greek or Roman statues, that is not to be found in the hands of the people of this country. The young lads generally divert themselves with making garlands for their favourite lambs, which I have often seen painted and adorned with flowers, lying at their feet while they sung or played. It is not that they ever read romances, but these are the ancient amusements here, and as natural to them as cudgel-playing and foot-ball to our British swains ; the softness and warmth of the climate forbidding all rough exercises, which were never so much as heard of amongst them, and naturally inspiring a laziness and aversion to labour, which the great plenty indulges. These gardeners are the only happy race of country people in Turkey. They furnish all the city with fruit and herbs, and seem to live very easily. They are most of them Greeks, and have little houses in the midst of their gardens, where their wives and daughters take a liberty not permitted in the town, I mean, to go unveiled. These wenches are very neat and handsome, and pass their time at their looms under the shade of their trees.

I no longer look upon Theocritus as a romantic writer ; he has only given a plain image of the way of life amongst the peasants of his country ; who, before oppression had reduced them to want, were, I suppose, all employed as the better sort of them are now. I don't doubt, had he been born a Briton, his *Idylliums* had been filled with descriptions of threshing and churning, both which are unknown here, the corn being all trod out by oxen ; and butter (I speak it with sorrow) unheard of.

I read over your Homer here with an infinite pleasure, and find several little passages explained, that I did not before entirely comprehend the beauty of ; many of the customs, and much of the dress then in fashion, being yet retained, and I don't wonder to find more remains here of an age so distant, than is to be found in any other country,

the Turks not taking that pains to introduce their own manners as has been generally practised by other nations, that imagine themselves more polite. It would be too tedious to you to point out all the passages that relate to present customs. But I can assure you that the princesses and great ladies pass their time at their looms, embroidering veils and robes, surrounded by their maids, which are always very numerous, in the same manner as we find Andromache and Helen described. The description of the belt of Menelaus exactly resembles those that are now worn by the great men, fastened before with broad golden clasps, and embroidered round with rich work. The snowy veil that Helen throws over her face, is still fashionable ; and I never see (as I do very often) half a dozen of old pashas with their reverend beards, sitting basking in the sun, but I recollect good King Priam and his counsellors. Their manner of dancing is certainly the same that Diana is sung to have danced on the banks of the Eurotas. The great lady still leads the dance, and is followed by a troop of young girls, who imitate her steps, and, if she sings, make up the chorus. The tunes are extremely gay and lively, yet with something in them wonderfully soft. The steps are varied according to the pleasure of her that leads the dance, but always in exact time, and infinitely more agreeable than any of our dances, at least in my opinion. I sometimes make one in the train, but am not skilful enough to lead ; these are Grecian dances, the Turkish being very different.

DANIEL DEFOE

(1659-1731)

ROBINSON CRUSOE

It would have made a stoic smile, to have seen me and my little family sit down to dinner : there was my majesty, the prince and lord of the whole island ; I had the lives of all my subjects at my absolute command ; I could hang, draw, give liberty, and take it away ; and no rebels among

all my subjects. Then to see how like a king I dined too, all alone, attended by my servants : Poll, as if he had been my favourite, was the only person permitted to talk to me. My dog, who was now grown very old and crazy, and had found no species to multiply his kind upon, sat always at my right hand ; and two cats, one on one side of the table, and one on the other, expecting now and then a bit from my hand, as a mark of special favour.

But these were not the two cats which I brought on shore at first, for they were both of them dead, and had been interred near my habitation by my own hand ; but one of them having multiplied by I know not what kind of creature, these were two which I had preserved tame : whereas the rest ran wild in the woods, and became indeed troublesome to me at last ; for they would often come into my house, and plunder me too, till at last, I was obliged to shoot them, and did kill a great many : at length they left me. With this attendance, and in this plentiful manner, I lived ; neither could I be said to want anything but society ; and of that, some time after this, I was like to have too much.

I was somewhat impatient, as I have observed, to have the use of my boat, though very loth to run any more hazards ; and therefore, sometimes, I sat contriving ways to get her about the island, and, at other times, I sat myself down contented enough without her. But I had a strange uneasiness in my mind to go down to the point of the island where, as I have said in my last ramble, I went up to the hill to see how the shore lay, and how the current set, that I might see what I had to do : this inclination increased upon me every day, and, at length, I resolved to travel thither by land, following the edge of the shore. I did so ; but had any one in England been to meet such a man as I was, it must either have frightened him, or raised a great deal of laughter ; and, as I frequently stood still to look at myself, I could not but smile at the notion of my travelling through Yorkshire, with such an equipage, and in such a dress. Be pleased to take a sketch of my figure, as follows :

I had a great high shapeless cap, made of goat's skin, with a flap hanging down behind, as well to keep the sun

from me, as to shoot the rain off from running into my neck, nothing being so hurtful in these climates as the rain upon the flesh under the clothes.

I had a short jacket of goat's skin, the skirts coming down to about the middle of the thighs, and a pair of open-kneed breeches of the same; the breeches were made of the skin of an old he-goat, whose hair hung down such a length on either side, that, like pantaloons, it reached to the middle of my legs; stockings and shoes I had none, but had made me a pair of somethings, I scarce know what to call them, like buskins, to flap over my legs, and lace on either side like spatterdashes; but of a most barbarous shape, as indeed were all the rest of my clothes.

I had on a broad belt of goat's skin dried, which I drew together with two thongs of the same, instead of buckles; and, in a kind of frog on either side of this, instead of a sword and dagger, hung a little saw and a hatchet; one on one side, and one on the other. I had another belt, not so broad, and fastened in the same manner, which hung over my shoulder; and, at the end of it, under my left arm, hung two pouches, both made of goat's skin too; in one of which hung my powder, in the other my shot. At my back I carried my basket, and on my shoulder my gun; and over my head a great, clumsy, ugly goat's skin umbrella, but which, after all, was the most necessary thing I had about me, next to my gun. As for my face, the colour of it was really not so mulatto-like as one might expect for a man not at all careful of it, and living within nine or ten degrees of the equinox. My beard I had once suffered to grow till it was about a quarter of a yard long; but, as I had both scissors and razors sufficient, I had cut it pretty short, except what grew on my upper lip, which I had trimmed into a large pair of Mahometan whiskers, such as I had seen worn by some Turks at Sallee; for the Moors did not wear such, though the Turks did; of these moustachoes, or whiskers, I will not say they were long enough to hang my hat upon them, but they were of a length and shape monstrous enough, and such as in England would have passed for frightful.

But all this is by-the-by ; for, as to my figure, I had so few to observe me, that it was of no manner of consequence ; so I say no more to that part. In this kind of figure I went my new journey, and was out five or six days. I travelled first along the sea-shore, directly to the place where I first brought my boat to an anchor, to get upon the rocks : and, having no boat now to take care of, I went over the land, a nearer way, to the same height that I was upon before ; when, looking forward to the point of the rocks which lay out, and which I was obliged to double with my boat, as is said above, I was surprised to see the sea all smooth and quiet ; no rippling, no motion, no current, any more there than in any other places. I was at a strange loss to understand this, and resolved to spend some time in the observing it, to see if nothing from the sets of the tide had occasioned it ; but I was presently convinced how it was, viz., that the tide of ebb setting from the west, and joining with the current of waters from some great river on the shore, must be the occasion of this current ; and that, according as the wind blew more forcibly from the west, or from the north, this current came nearer, or went farther from the shore ; for, waiting thereabouts till evening, I went up to the rock again, and then the tide of ebb being made, I plainly saw the current again as before, only that it ran farther off, being near half a league from the shore ; whereas, in my case, it set close upon the shore, and hurried me and my canoe along with it ; which at another time it would not have done.

This observation convinced me, that I had nothing to do but to observe the ebbing and the flowing of the tide, and I might very easily bring my boat about the island again ; but, when I began to think of putting it in practice, I had such a terror upon my spirits at the remembrance of the danger I had been in, that I could not think of it again with any patience ; but, on the contrary, I took up another resolution, which was more safe, though more laborious ; and this was, that I would build, or rather make me, another periagua, or canoe ; and so have one for one side of the island and one for the other.

You are to understand, that now I had, as I may call it, two plantations in the island ; one, my little fortification, or tent, with the wall about it, under the rock, with the cave behind me, which, by this time, I had enlarged into several apartments or caves, one within another. One of these, which was the driest and largest, and had a door out behind my wall, or fortification, that is to say, beyond where my wall joined to the rock, was all filled up with the large earthen pots, of which I have given an account, and with fourteen or fifteen great baskets, which would hold five or six bushels each, where I laid up my stores of provision, especially my corn, some in the ear, cut off short from the straw, and the other rubbed out with my hands.

As for my wall, made as before, with long stakes or piles, those piles grew all like trees, and were, by this time, grown so big, and spread so very much, that there was not the least appearance, to any one's view, of any habitation behind them.

Near this dwelling of mine, but a little farther within the land, and upon lower ground, lay my two pieces of corn land, which I kept duly cultivated and sowed, and which duly yielded me their harvest in its season : and whenever I had occasion for more corn, I had more land adjoining as fit as that.

Besides this, I had my country seat ; and I had now a tolerable plantation there also ; for, first, I had my little bower, as I called it, which I kept in repair ; that is to say, I kept the hedge which encircled it in constantly fitted up to its usual height, the ladder standing always in the inside ; I kept the trees which at first were no more than my stakes, but were now grown very firm and tall, always cut, so that they might spread, and grow thick and wild, and make the more agreeable shade ; which they did effectually to my mind. In the middle of this I had my tent always standing, being a piece of a sail spread over poles, set up for that purpose, and which never wanted any repair, or renewing ; and under this I had made me a squab or couch, with the skins of the creatures I had killed, and with other soft things ; and a blanket laid on them, such

as belonged to our sea bedding, which I had saved, and a great watch-coat to cover me : and here, whenever I had occasion to be absent from my chief seat, I took up my country habitation.

JAMES THOMSON

(1700-48)

THE SNOWSTORM

THE keener tempests rise : and fuming dun
From all the livid east, or piercing north,
Thick clouds ascend ; in whose capacious womb
A vapoury deluge lies, to snow congeal'd.
Heavy they roll their fleecy world along ;
And the sky saddens with the gathered storm.
Thro' the hush'd air the whitening shower descends,
At first thin wavering, till at last the flakes
Fall broad, and wide, and fast, dimming the day,
With a continual flow. The cherish'd fields
Put on their winter-robe of purest white.
'Tis brightness all ; save where the new snow melts
Along the mazy current. Low, the woods
Bow their hoar head ; and, ere the languid sun
Faint from the west emits his evening ray.
Earth's universal face, deep hid, and chill,
Is one wild dazzling waste, that buries wide
The works of Man. Drooping, the labourer-ox
Stands cover'd o'er with snow, and then demands
The fruit of all his toil. The fowls of heaven,
Tam'd by the cruel season, crowd around
The winnowing store, and claim the little boon
Which PROVIDENCE assigns them. One alone,
The red-breast, sacred to the household gods,
Wisely regardful of th' embroiling sky,
In joyless fields, and thorny thickets, leaves
His shivering mates, and pays to trusted Man

His annual visit. Half-afraid, he first
Against the window beats ; then, brisk, alights
On the warm hearth ; then, hopping o'er the floor,
Eyes all the smiling family askance,
And pecks, and starts, and wonders where he is :
Till more familiar grown, the table crumbs
Attract his slender feet. The foodless wilds
Pour forth their brown inhabitants. The hare,
Tho' timorous of heart, and hard beset
By death in various forms, dark snares, and dogs,
And more unpitying Men, the garden seeks,
Urg'd on by fearless want. The bleating kind
Eye the bleak heaven, and next the glistening earth
With looks of dumb despair ; then, sad dispers'd,
Dig for the withered herb thro' heaps of snow.

Now, shepherds, to your helpless charge be kind,
Baffle the raging year, and fill their pens
With food at will ; lodge them below the storm,
And watch them strict : for from the bellowing east,
In this dire season, oft the whirlwind's wing
Sweeps on the border of whole wintry plains
At one wide waft, and o'er the hapless flocks,
Hid in the hollow of two neighbouring hills,
The billowy tempest whelms ; till, upward urg'd,
The valley to a shining mountain swells,
Tipt with a wreath high-curling in the sky.

As thus the snows arise ; and foul, and fierce,
All Winter drives along the darkened air ;
In his own loose-revolving fields, the swain
Disaster'd stands ; sees other hills ascend,
Of unknown joyless brow ; and other scenes,
Of horrid prospect, shag the trackless plain :
Nor finds the river, nor the forest, hid
Beneath the formless wild ; but wanders on
From hill to dale, still more and more astray ;
Impatient flouncing thro' the drifted heaps,
Stung with the thoughts of home ; the thoughts of home
Rush on his nerves, and call their vigour forth
In many a vain attempt. How sinks his soul !

What black despair, what horror fills his heart
When for the dusky spot, which fancy feign'd
His tufted cottage rising thro' the snow,
He meets the roughness of the middle waste,
Far from the track and blest abode of Man ;
While round him night resistless closes fast,
And every tempest, howling o'er his head,
Renders the savage wilderness more wild.
Then throng the busy shapes into his mind,
Of cover'd pits, unfathomably deep,
A dire descent ! beyond the power of frost ;
Of faithless bogs ; of precipices huge,
Smooth'd up with snow ; and, what is land, unknown,
What water, of the still unfrozen spring,
In the loose marsh or solitary lake,
Where the fresh fountain from the bottom boils.
These check his fearful steps ; and down he sinks
Beneath the shelter of the shapeless drift,
Thinking o'er all the bitterness of death,
Mix'd with the tender anguish Nature shoots
Thro' the wrung bosom of the dying Man,
His wife, his children, and his friends unseen.
In vain for him th' officious wife prepares
The fire fair-blazing, and the vestment warm ;
In vain his little children, peeping out
Into the mingling storm, demand their sire,
With tears of artless innocence. Alas !
Nor wife, nor children, more shall he behold,
Nor friends, nor sacred home. On every nerve
The deadly Winter seizes ; shuts up sense ;
And, o'er his inmost vitals creeping cold,
Lays him along the snows, a stiffened corse,
Stretch'd out, and bleaching in the northern blast.

Winter.

BISHOP JOSEPH BUTLER

(1692-1752)

ON RESENTMENT AND REVENGE

IN shewing the unlawfulness of revenge, it is not my present design to examine what is alleged in favour of it, from the tyranny of custom and false honour, but only to consider the nature and reason of the thing itself ; which ought to have prevented, and ought now to extirpate, every thing of that kind.

First, Let us begin with the supposition of that being innocent, which is pleaded for, and which shall be shewn to be altogether vicious, the supposition that we were allowed to *render evil for evil*, and see what would be the consequence. Malice or resentment towards any man hath plainly a tendency to beget the same passion in him who is the object of it ; and this again increases it in the other. It is of the very nature of this vice to propagate itself, not only by way of example, which it does in common with other vices, but in a peculiar way of its own ; for resentment itself, as well as what is done in consequence of it, is the object of resentment : hence it comes to pass, that the first offence, even when so slight as presently to be dropped and forgotten, becomes the occasion of entering into a long intercourse of ill offices : neither is it at all uncommon to see persons, in this progress of strife and variance, change parts ; and him, who was at first the injured person, become more injurious and blameable than the aggressor. Put the case then, that the law of retaliation was universally received, and allowed, as an innocent rule of life, by all ; and the observance of it thought by many (and then it would soon come to be thought by all) a point of honour : this supposes every man in private cases to pass sentence in his own cause ; and likewise, that anger or resentment is to be the judge. Thus, from the numberless partialities which we all have

for ourselves, every one would often think himself injured when he was not : and in most cases would represent an injury as much greater than it really is ; the imagined dignity of the person offended would scarce ever fail to magnify the offence. And, if bare retaliation, or returning just the mischief received, always begets resentment in the person upon whom we retaliate, what would that excess do ? Add to this, that he likewise has his partialities—there is no going on to represent this scene of rage and madness : it is manifest there would be no bounds, nor any end. If *the beginning of strife is as when one letteth out water*, what would it come to when allowed this free and unrestrained course ? *As coals are to burning coals, or wood to fire ; so would these contentious men be to kindle strife*. And, since the indulgence of revenge hath manifestly this tendency, and does actually produce these effects in proportion as it is allowed ; a passion of so dangerous a nature ought not to be indulged, were there no other reason against it.

Secondly, It hath been shewn that the passion of resentment was placed in man, upon supposition of, and as a prevention or remedy to, irregularity and disorder. Now whether it be allowed or not, that the passion itself and the gratification of it joined together are painful to the malicious person ; it must however be so with respect to the person towards whom it is exercised, and upon whom the revenge is taken. Now, if we consider mankind, according to that fine allusion of St. Paul, as *one body, and every one members one of another* ; it must be allowed that resentment is, with respect to society, a painful remedy. Thus then the very notion or idea of this passion, as a remedy or prevention of evil, and as in itself a painful means, plainly shews that it ought never to be made use of, but only in order to produce some greater good.

It is to be observed, that this argument is not founded upon an allusion or simile ; but that it is drawn from the very nature of the passion itself, and the end for which it was given us. We are obliged to make use of words taken from sensible things, to explain what is the most remote from them : and every one sees from whence the words

Prevention and Remedy are taken. But, if you please, let these words be dropped : the thing itself, I suppose, may be expressed without them.

That mankind is a community, that we all stand in a relation to each other, that there is a public end and interest of society which each particular is obliged to promote, is the sum of morals. Consider then the passion of resentment, as given to this one body, as given to society. Nothing can be more manifest, than that resentment is to be considered as a secondary passion, placed in us upon supposition, upon account of, and with regard, to injury ; not, to be sure, to promote and further it, but to render it, and the inconveniences and miseries arising from it, less and fewer than they would be without this passion. It is as manifest, that the indulgence of it is, with regard to society, a painful means of obtaining these ends. Considered in itself, it is very undesirable, and what society must very much wish to be without. It is in every instance absolutely an evil in itself, because it implies producing misery : and consequently must never be indulged or gratified for itself, by any one who considers mankind as a community or family, and himself as a member of it.

Sermon Upon Forgiveness of Injuries.

HENRY ST. JOHN, VISCOUNT BOLINGBROKE

(1678-1751)

LEADERS OF MEN

It seems to me, that in order to maintain the moral system of the world at a certain point, far below that of ideal perfection, (for we are made capable of conceiving what we are incapable of attaining) but however sufficient upon the whole to constitute a state easy and happy, or at the worst tolerable : I say, it seems to me, that the Author of nature

has thought fit to mingle, from time to time, among the societies of men, a few, and but a few of those, on whom he is graciously pleased to bestow a larger proportion of the ethereal spirit, than is given in the ordinary course of his providence to the sons of men. These are they who engross almost the whole reason of the species ; who are born to instruct, to guide, and to preserve ; who are designed to be the tutors and the guardians of human kind. When they prove such, they exhibit to us examples of the highest virtue, and the truest piety : and they deserve to have their festivals kept, instead of that pack of *Anachorites* and *Enthusiasts*, with whose names the calendar is crowded and disgraced. When these men apply their talents to other purposes, when they strive to be great and despise being good, they commit a most sacrilegious breach of trust ; they pervert the means, they defeat, as far as lies in them, the designs of providence, and disturb, in some sort, the system of infinite wisdom. To misapply these talents is the most diffused, and, therefore, the greatest of crimes in its nature and consequences ; but to keep them unexerted, and unemployed, is a crime too. Look about you, my Lord, from the palace to the cottage ; you will find that the bulk of mankind is made to breathe the air of this atmosphere, to roam about this globe, and to consume, like the courtiers of *Alcinous*, the fruits of the earth. *Nos numerus sumus et fruges consumere nati*. When they have trod this insipid round a certain number of years, and begot others to do the same after them, they have lived : and if they have performed, in some tolerable degree, the ordinary moral duties of life, they have done all they were born to do. Look about you again, my Lord, nay look into your own breast, and you will find that there are superior spirits, men who shew even from their infancy, tho' it be not always perceived by others, perhaps not always felt by themselves, that they were born for something more, and better. These are the men to whom the part I mentioned is assigned. Their talents denote their *general designation* : and the opportunities of conforming themselves to it, that arise in the course of things, or that

are presented to them by any circumstances of rank and situation in the society to which they belong, denote the *particular vocation*, which it is not lawful for them to resist nor even to neglect. The duration of the lives of such men as these is to be determined, I think, by the length and importance of the parts they act, not by the number of years that pass between their coming into the world, and their going out of it. Whether the piece be of three, or five acts, the part may be long : and he, who sustains it thro' the whole, may be said to die in the fulness of years ; whilst he, who declines it sooner, may be said not to live out half his days.

On the Spirit of Patriotism.

SAMUEL RICHARDSON

(1689-1761)

THE VIRTUOUS LADY'S MAID

LETTER VII

DEAR FATHER,

Since my last, my master gave me more fine things. He called me up to my late lady's closet, and pulling out her drawers, he gave me two suits of fine Flanders laced head-clothes ; three pair of fine silk shoes, two hardly the worse, and just fit for me (for my lady had a very little foot,) and the other with wrought silver buckles in them, and several ribbands and top-knots of all colours ; four pair of white cotton stockings, three pair of fine silk ones, and two pair of rich stays. I was quite astonished, and unable to speak for a while ; but yet I was inwardly ashamed to take the stockings, for Mrs. Jervis was not there : if she had, it would have been nothing. I believe I received them very awkwardly ; for he smiled at my awkwardness, and said, " Don't blush, Pamela ; dost think I don't know pretty maids should wear shoes and stockings ? "

I was so confounded at these words, you might have beat me down with a feather. For you must think there was no answer to be made to this : so, like a fool, I was ready to cry, and went away curtsying and blushing, I am sure, up to the ears ; for, though there was no harm in what he said, yet I did not know how to take it. But I went and told all to Mrs. Jervis, who said, God put it into his heart to be good to me ; and I must double my diligence. It looked to her, she said, as if he would fit me in dress for a waiting-maid's place on Lady Daver's own person.

But still your kind fatherly cautions came into my head, and made all these gifts nothing near to me what they would have been. But yet, I hope, there is no reason ; for what good could it do to him to harm such a simple maiden as me ? Besides, to be sure no lady would look upon him, if he should so disgrace himself. So I will make myself easy ; and, indeed, I should never have been otherwise, if you had not put it into my head, for my good, I know very well. But may be, without these uneasinesses to mingle with these benefits, I might be too much puffed up : so I conclude all that happens is for our good ; and God bless you, my dear father and mother : I know you constantly pray for a blessing upon me, who am, and shall always be, *your dutiful daughter.*

LETTER VIII

DEAR PAMELA,

I cannot but renew my cautions on your master's kindness, and his free expressions about the stockings. Yet there may not be, and I hope there is not, any thing in it. But when I reflect, that there *possibly* may, and that if there should, no less depends upon it than my child's everlasting happiness in this world and the next, it is enough to make one fearful for you. Arm yourself, my dear child, for the worst, and resolve to lose your life sooner than your virtue. Though the doubts I filled you with lessen the pleasure you would have had in your master's kindness ; yet what

signify the delights that arise from a few fine clothes, in comparison with a good conscience ?

These are very great favours he heaps upon you, but so much the more to be suspected ; and when you say he looked so amiable and like an angel, how afraid I am that they should make too great an impression upon you ! For, though you are blessed with sense and prudence above your years, yet I tremble to think what a sad hazard a poor maiden of little more than fifteen years of age stands against the temptations of this world, and a designing gentleman, if he should prove so, who has so much *power* to oblige, and has a kind of *authority* to command as your master.

I charge you, my dear child, on both our blessings, poor as we are, to be on your guard : there can be no harm in that. And since Mrs. Jervis is so good a gentlewoman, and so kind to you, I am easier a great deal, and so is your mother ; and we hope you will hide nothing from her, and take her counsel in every thing. So, with our blessings and assured prayers for you, more than for ourselves, we remain *your loving father and mother*.

Be sure you don't let people's telling you, you are pretty, puff you up ; for you did not make yourself, and so can have no praise due to you for it. It is virtue and goodness only that make the true beauty. Remember that, Pamela.

SAMUEL JOHNSON

(1709-84)

ADDISON

To teach the minuter decencies and inferior duties, to regulate the practice of daily conversation, to correct those depravities which are rather ridiculous than criminal, and remove those grievances which, if they produce no lasting calamities, impress hourly vexation, was first attempted by Casa in his book of *Manners*, and Castiglione in his

Courtier ; two books yet celebrated in Italy for purity and elegance, and which, if they are now less read, are neglected only because they have effected that reformation which their authors intended, and their precepts now are no longer wanted. Their usefulness to the age in which they were written, is sufficiently attested by the translations which almost all the nations of Europe were in haste to obtain.

This species of instruction was continued, and perhaps advanced, by the French ; among whom La Bruyère's *Manners of the Age*, though, as Boileau remarked, it is written without connection, certainly deserves great praise, for liveliness of description and justness of observation.

Before the *Tatler* and *Spectator*, if the writers for the theatre are excepted, England had no masters of common life. No writers had yet undertaken to reform either the savageness of neglect, or the impertinence of civility ; to shew when to speak, or to be silent ; how to refuse, or how to comply. We had many books to teach us our more important duties, and to settle opinions in philosophy or politicks ; but an *Arbiter elegantiarum*, a judge of propriety, was yet wanting, who should survey the track of daily conversation, and free it from thorns and prickles, which tease the passer, though they do not wound him.

For this purpose nothing is so proper as the frequent publication of short papers, which we read not as study but amusement. If the subject be slight, the treatise likewise is short. The busy may find time, and the idle may find patience.

This mode of conveying cheap and easy knowledge began among us in the Civil War, when it was much the interest of either party to raise and fix the prejudices of the people. At that time appeared *Mercurius Aulicus*, *Mercurius Rusticus*, and *Mercurius Civicus*. It is said, that when any title grew popular, it was stolen by the antagonist, who by this stratagem conveyed his notions to those who would not have received him had he not worn the appearance of a friend. The tumult of those unhappy days left scarcely any man leisure to treasure up occasional compositions ; and so

much were they neglected, that a complete collection is nowhere to be found.

These Mercuries were succeeded by L'Estrange's *Observer*, and that by Lesley's *Rehearsal*, and perhaps by others ; but hitherto nothing had been conveyed to the people, in this commodious manner, but controversy relating to the Church or State ; of which they taught many to talk, whom they could not teach to judge.

It has been suggested that the Royal Society was instituted soon after the Restoration, to divert the attention of the people from publick discontent. The *Tatler* and *Spectator* had the same tendency : they were published at a time when two parties, loud, restless, and violent, each with plausible declarations, and each perhaps without any distinct termination of its views, were agitating the nation ; to minds heated with political contest, they supplied cooler and more inoffensive reflections ; and it is said by Addison, in a subsequent work, that they had a perceptible influence upon the conversation of that time, and taught the frolick and the gay to unite merriment with decency ; an effect which they can never wholly lose, while they continue to be among the first books by which both sexes are initiated in the elegances of knowledge.

The *Tatler* and *Spectator* adjusted, like Casa, the unsettled practice of daily intercourse by propriety and politeness ; and, like La Bruyère, exhibited the *Characters and Manners of the Age*. The personages introduced in these papers were not merely ideal ; they were then known, and conspicuous in various stations. Of the *Tatler* this is told by Steele in his last paper, and of the *Spectator* by Budgell in the Preface to *Theophrastus* ; a book which Addison has recommended, and which he was suspected to have revised, if he did not write it. Of those portraits, which may be supposed to be sometimes embellished, and sometimes aggravated, the originals are now partly known, and partly forgotten.

But to say that they united the plans of two or three eminent writers, is to give them but a small part of their due praise ; they superadded literature and criticism, and

sometimes towered far above their predecessors ; and taught, with great justness of argument and dignity of language, the most important duties and sublime truths.

All these topicks were happily varied with elegant fictions and refined allegories, and illuminated with different changes of style and felicities of invention.

It is recorded by Budgell, that of the characters feigned or exhibited in the *Spectator*, the favourite of Addison was Sir Roger de Coverley, of whom he had formed a very delicate and discriminated idea, which he would not suffer to be violated ; and therefore when Steele had shewn him innocently picking up a girl in the Temple, and taking her to a tavern, he drew upon himself so much of his friend's indignation, that he was forced to appease him by a promise of forbearing Sir Roger for the time to come.

The reason which induced Cervantes to bring his hero to the grave, *para mi solo nacio Don Quixote, y yo para el*, made Addison declare, with an undue vehemence of expression, that he would kill Sir Roger ; being of opinion that they were born for one another, and that any other hand would do him wrong.

It may be doubted whether Addison ever filled up his original delineation. He describes his Knight as having his imagination somewhat warped ; but of this perversion he has made very little use. The irregularities in Sir Roger's conduct, seem not so much the effects of a mind deviating from the beaten track of life, by the perpetual pressure of some overwhelming idea, as of habitual rusticity, and that negligence which solitary grandeur naturally generates.

The variable weather of the mind, the flying vapours of incipient madness, which from time to time cloud reason, without eclipsing it, it requires so much nicety to exhibit, that Addison seems to have been deterred from prosecuting his own design.

To Sir Roger, who, as a country gentleman, appears to be a Tory, or, as it is gently expressed, an adherent to the landed interest, is opposed Sir Andrew Freeport, a new man, a wealthy merchant, zealous for the moneyed interest, and a Whig. Of this contrariety of opinions, it is probable

more consequences were at first intended, than could be produced when the resolution was taken to exclude party from the paper. Sir Andrew does but little, and that little seems not to have pleased Addison, who, when he dismissed him from the club, changed his opinions. Steele had made him, in the true spirit of unfeeling commerce, declare that he *would not build an hospital for idle people* ; but at last he buys land, settles in the country, and builds not a manufactory, but an hospital for twelve old husbandmen, for men with whom a merchant has little acquaintance, and whom he commonly considers with little kindness.

Of essays thus elegant, thus instructive, and thus commodiously distributed, it is natural to suppose the approbation general and the sale numerous. I once heard it observed, that the sale may be calculated by the product of the tax, related in the last number to produce more than twenty pounds a week, and therefore stated at one and twenty pounds, or three pounds ten shillings a day : this, at a half-penny a paper, will give sixteen hundred and eighty for the daily number.

Life of Addison.

THE LIFE ACCORDING TO NATURE

RASSELAS went often to an assembly of learned men, who met at stated times to unbend their minds, and compare their opinions. Their manners were somewhat coarse, but their conversation was instructive, and their disputations acute, though sometimes too violent, and often continued till neither controvertist remembered upon what question they began. Some faults were almost general among them : every one was desirous to dictate to the rest, and every one was pleased to hear the genius or knowledge of another deprecated.

In this assembly Rasselas was relating his interview with the hermit, and the wonder with which he heard him censure a course of life which he had so deliberately chosen,

and so laudably followed. The sentiments of the hearers were various. Some were of opinion that the folly of his choice had been justly punished by condemnation to perpetual perseverance. One of the youngest among them, with great vehemence, pronounced him an hypocrite. Some talked of the right of society to the labour of individuals, and considered retirement as a desertion of duty. Others readily allowed, that there was a time when the claims of the public were satisfied, and when a man might properly sequester himself, to review his life, and purify his heart.

One, who appeared more affected with the narrative than the rest, thought it likely that the hermit would, in a few years, go back to his retreat, and perhaps, if shame did not restrain, or death intercept him, return once more from his retreat into the world : “ For the hope of happiness,” said he, “ is so strongly impressed, that the longest experience is not able to efface it. Of the present state, whatever it be, we feel, and are forced to confess, the misery ; yet, when the same state is again at a distance, imagination paints it as desirable. But the time will surely come, when desire will be no longer our torment, and no man shall be wretched but by his own fault.”

“ This,” said a philosopher, who had heard him with tokens of great impatience, “ is the present condition of a wise man. The time is already come, when none are wretched but by their own fault. Nothing is more idle, than to inquire after happiness, which nature has kindly placed within our reach. The way to be happy is to live according to nature, in obedience to that universal and unalterable law with which every heart is originally impressed ; which is not written on it by precept, but engraven by destiny, not instilled by education, but infused at our nativity. He that lives according to nature will suffer nothing from the delusions of hope, or importunities of desire : he will receive and reject with equability of temper ; and act or suffer as the reason of things shall alternately prescribe. Other men may amuse themselves with subtle definitions, or intricate ratiocinations. Let them learn to be wise by

easier means : let them observe the hind of the forest, and the linnet of the grove : let them consider the life of animals, whose motions are regulated by instinct : they obey their guide, and are happy. Let us therefore, at length, cease to dispute, and learn to live ; throw away the incumbrance of precepts, which they who utter them with so much pride and pomp do not understand, and carry with us this simple and intelligible maxim, That deviation from nature is deviation from happiness."

When he had spoken, he looked round him with a placid air, and enjoyed the consciousness of his own beneficence. " Sir," said the prince, with great modesty, " as I, like all the rest of mankind, am desirous of felicity, my closest attention has been fixed upon your discourse ; I doubt not the truth of a position which a man so learned has so confidently advanced. Let me only know what it is to live according to nature ? "

" When I find young men so humble and so docile," said the philosopher, " I can deny them no information which my studies have enabled me to afford. To live according to nature, is to act always with due regard to the fitness arising from the relations and qualities of causes and effects : to concur with the great and unchangeable scheme of universal felicity ; to co-operate with the general disposition and tendency of the present system of things."

The prince soon found that this was one of the sages whom he should understand less as he heard him longer. He therefore bowed and was silent ; and the philosopher, supposing him satisfied, and the rest vanquished, rose up, and departed with the air of a man that had co-operated with the present system.

Rasselas.

ONE-AND-TWENTY

LONG-EXPECTED One-and-twenty,

Ling'ring year, at length is flown :

Pride and pleasure, pomp and plenty,

Great * * * * *, are now your own.

Loosen'd from the minor's tether,
Free to mortgage or to sell,
Wild as wind and light as feather,
Bid the sons of thrift farewell.

Call the Betsies, Kates, and Jennies,
All the names that banish care ;
Lavish of your grandsire's guineas,
Show the spirit of an heir.

All that prey on vice and folly
Joy to see their quarry fly :
There the gamester, light and jolly,
There the lender, grave and sly.

Wealth, my lad, was made to wander,
Let it wander as it will ;
Call the jockey, call the pander,
Bid them come and take their fill.

When the bonny blade carouses,
Pockets full, and spirits high—
What are acres ? What are houses ?
Only dirt, or wet or dry.

Should the guardian friend or mother
Tell the woes of wilful waste,
Scorn their counsel, scorn their pother ;—
You can hang or drown at last !

DAVID HUME

(1711-76)

A SCEPTIC ON SCEPTICISM

NOTHING is more dangerous to reason than the flights of the imagination, and nothing has been the occasion of more mistakes among philosophers. Men of bright fancies may in this respect be compared to those angels, whom the Scripture represents as covering their eyes with their wings. This has already appeared in so many instances that we may spare ourselves the trouble of enlarging upon it any further.

But on the other hand, if the consideration of these instances makes us take a resolution to reject all the trivial suggestions of the fancy, and adhere to the understanding, that is, to the general and more established properties of the imagination; even this resolution, if steadily executed, would be dangerous and attended with the most fatal consequences. For I have already shown, that the understanding, when it acts alone, and according to its most general principles, entirely subverts itself, and leaves not the lowest degree of evidence in any proposition, either in philosophy or common life. We save ourselves from this total scepticism only by means of that singular and seemingly trivial property of the fancy, by which we enter with difficulty into remote view of things, and we are not able to accompany them with so sensible an impression, as we do those, which are more easy and natural. Shall we, then, establish it for a general maxim, that no refined or elaborate reasoning is ever to be received? Consider well the consequences of such a principle. By this means you cut off entirely all science and philosophy. You proceed upon one singular quality of the imagination, and by a parity of reason must embrace all of them. And you expressly contradict yourself; since this maxim must be built on the preceding reasoning, which will be allowed to be sufficiently

refined and metaphysical. What party, then, shall we choose among these difficulties? if we embrace this principle, and condemn all refined reasoning, we run into the most manifest absurdities. If we reject it in favour of these reasonings, we subvert entirely the human understanding. We have therefore no choice left but betwixt a false reason and none at all. For my part, I know not what ought to be done in the present case. I can only observe what is commonly done; which is, that this difficulty is seldom or never thought of; and even where it has once been present to the mind is quickly forgot, and leaves but a small impression behind it. Very refined reflections have little or no influence upon us: and yet we do not and cannot establish it for a rule, that they ought not to have any influence, which implies a manifest contradiction.

But what have I here said, that reflections, very refined and metaphysical, have little or no influence upon us? This opinion I can scarce forbear retracting, and condemning from my present feeling and experience. The *intense* view of these manifold contradictions and imperfections in human reason has so wrought upon me and heated my brain that I am ready to reject all belief and reasoning, and can look upon no opinion even as more probable or likely than another. Where am I, or what? From what causes do I derive my existence, and to what condition shall I return? Whose favour shall I court, and whose anger must I dread? What beings surround me? and on whom have I any influence, or who have any influence upon me? I am confounded with all these questions, and begin to fancy myself in the most deplorable condition imaginable, environed with the deepest darkness, and utterly deprived of the use of every member and faculty.

Most fortunately it happens, that since reason is incapable of dispelling these clouds, Nature herself suffices to that purpose, and cures me of this philosophical melancholy and delirium, either by relaxing this bent of the mind, or by some avocation, and lively impression of my senses which obliterate all these chimeras. I dine, I play a game

of backgammon, I converse, and am merry with my friends ; and when after three or four hours' amusement I would return to these speculations, they appear so cold, and strained, and ridiculous, that I cannot find it in my heart to enter into them any further.

Here then I find myself absolutely and necessarily determined to live and talk and act like other people in the common affairs of life. But, notwithstanding that my natural propensity, and the course of my animal spirits and passions reduce me to this indolent belief in the general maxims of the world, I still feel such remains of my former disposition, that I am ready to throw all my books and papers into the fire, and resolve never more to renounce the pleasures of life for the sake of reasoning and philosophy. For those are my sentiments in that splenetic humour which governs me at present. I may, nay I must yield to the current of nature, in submitting to my senses and understanding ; and in this blind submission I show most perfectly my sceptical disposition and principles. But does it follow that I must strive against the current of nature which leads me to indolence and pleasure, that I must seclude myself, in some measure, from the commerce and society of men, which is so agreeable ; and that I must torture my brain with subtleties and sophistries, at the very time that I cannot satisfy myself concerning the reasonableness of so painful an application, nor have any tolerable prospect of arriving by its means at truth and certainty ?

Under what obligation do I lie of making such an abuse of time ? And to what end can it serve either for the service of mankind, or for my own private interest ? No ! If I must be a fool, as all those who reason or believe anything *certainly* are, my follies shall at least be natural and agreeable. When I strive against my inclination I shall have a good reason for my resistance, and will no more be led a-wandering into such dreary solitudes, and rough passages, as I have hitherto met with.

These are my sentiments of my spleen and indolence ; and indeed I must confess, that philosophy has nothing

to oppose to them and expects a victory more from the returns of a serious good-humoured disposition, than from the force of reason and conviction. In all the incidents of life we ought still to preserve our scepticism. If we believe that fire warms or water refreshes, 'tis only because it costs us too much pains to think otherwise. Nay, if we are philosophers, it ought only to be upon sceptical principles, and from an inclination which we feel to the employing ourselves after the manner. Where reason is lively and mixes itself with some propensity, it ought to be assented to. Where it does not, it never can have any title to operate upon us.

At the time, therefore, that I am tired with amusement and company, and have indulged a reverie in my chamber, or in a solitary walk by a river side, I feel my mind all collected within itself, and am naturally inclined to carry my view into all those subjects about which I have met with so many disputes in the course of my reading and conversation. I cannot forbear having a curiosity to be acquainted with the principles of moral good and evil, the nature and foundation of government, and the cause of those several passions and inclinations, which actuate and govern me. I am uneasy to think I approve of one object, and disapprove of another ; call one thing beautiful, and another deformed ; decide concerning truth and falsehood, reason and folly, without knowing upon what principles I proceed. I am concerned for the condition of the learned world, which lies under such a deplorable ignorance in all these particulars. I feel an ambition to arise in me of contributing to the instruction of mankind, and of acquiring a name by my inventions and discoveries. These sentiments spring up naturally in my present disposition ; and should I endeavour to banish them, by attaching myself to any other business or diversion, I feel I should be a loser in point of pleasure ; and this is the origin of my philosophy.

A Treatise of Human Nature.

HENRY FIELDING

(1707-54)

THE BROKEN ARM

TOM JONES had many visitors during his confinement, though some, perhaps, were not very agreeable to him. Mr. Allworthy saw him almost every day ; but though he pitied Tom's sufferings, and greatly approved the gallant behaviour which had occasioned them ; yet he thought this was a favourable opportunity to bring him to a sober sense of his indiscreet conduct ; and that wholesome advice for that purpose could never be applied at a more proper season than at the present, when the mind was softened by pain and sickness, and alarmed by danger ; and when its attention was unembarrassed with those turbulent passions which engage us in the pursuit of pleasure.

At all seasons, therefore, when the good man was alone with the youth, especially when the latter was totally at ease, he took occasion to remind him of his former mis-carriages, but in the mildest and tenderest manner, and only in order to introduce the caution which he prescribed for his future behaviour ; " on which alone," he assured him, " would depend his own felicity, and the kindness which he might yet promise himself to receive at the hands of his father by adoption, unless he should hereafter forfeit his good opinion : for as to what had past," he said, " it should be all forgiven and forgotten. He therefore advised him to make a good use of this accident, that so in the end it might prove a visitation for his own good."

Thwackum was likewise pretty assiduous in his visits ; and he too considered a sick-bed to be a convenient scene for lectures. His stile, however, was more severe than Mr. Allworthy's : he told his pupil, " That he ought to look on his broken limb as a judgment from heaven on his sins. That it would become him to be daily on his knees, pouring forth thanksgivings that he had broken his arm only, and

not his neck ; which latter," he said, " was very probably reserved for some future occasion, and that, perhaps, not very remote. For his part," he said, " he had often wondered some judgment had not overtaken him before ; but it might be perceived by this, that Divine punishments, though slow, are always sure." Hence likewise he advised him, " to foresee, with equal certainty, the greater evils which were yet behind, and which were as sure as this of overtaking him in his state of reprobacy. These are," said he, " to be averted only by such a thorough and sincere repentance as is not to be expected or hoped for from one so abandoned in his youth, and whose mind, I am afraid, is totally corrupted. It is my duty, however, to exhort you to this repentance, though I too well know all exhortations will be vain and fruitless. But *liberavi animam meam*. I can accuse my own conscience of no neglect ; though it is at the same time with the utmost concern I see you travelling on to certain misery in this world, and to as certain damnation in the next."

Square talked in a very different strain ; he said, " Such accidents as a broken bone were below the consideration of a wise man. That it was abundantly sufficient to reconcile the mind to any of these mischances, to reflect that they are liable to befall the wisest of mankind, and are undoubtedly for the good of the whole." He said, " It was a mere abuse of words to call those things evils, in which there was no moral unfitness : that pain, which was the worst consequence of such accidents, was the most contemptible thing in the world " ; with more of the like sentences, extracted out of the second book of Tully's Tusculan questions, and from the great Lord Shaftesbury. In pronouncing these he was one day so eager, that he unfortunately bit his tongue ; and in such a manner, that it not only put an end to his discourse, but created much emotion in him, and caused him to mutter an oath or two : but what was worst of all, this accident gave Thwackum, who was present, and who held all such doctrine to be heathenish and atheistical, an opportunity to clap a judgment on his back. Now this was done with so malicious a sneer, that it totally

unhinged (if I may so say) the temper of the philosopher, which the bite of his tongue had somewhat ruffled ; and as he was disabled from venting his wrath at his lips, he had possibly found a more violent method of revenging himself, had not the surgeon, who was then luckily in the room, contrary to his own interest, interposed and preserved the peace.

Mr. Blifil visited his friend Jones but seldom, and never alone. This worthy young man, however, professed much regard for him, and as great concern at his misfortune ; but cautiously avoided any intimacy, lest, as he frequently hinted, it might contaminate the sobriety of his own character : for which purpose he had constantly in his mouth that proverb in which Solomon speaks against evil communication. Not that he was so bitter as Thwackum ; for he always expressed some hopes of Tom's reformation ; " which," he said, " the unparalleled goodness shown by his uncle on this occasion, must certainly effect in one not absolutely abandoned " : but concluded, if Mr. Jones ever offends hereafter, I shall not be able to say a syllable in his favour."

As to Squire Western, he was seldom out of the sick-room, unless when he was engaged either in the field or over his bottle. Nay, he would sometimes retire hither to take his beer, and it was not without difficulty that he was prevented from forcing Jones to take his beer too : for no quack ever held his nostrum to be a more general panacea than he did this ; which, he said, had more virtue in it than was in all the physic in an apothecary's shop. He was, however, by much entreaty, prevailed on to forbear the application of this medicine ; but from serenading his patient every hunting morning with the horn under his window, it was impossible to withhold him ; nor did he ever lay aside that hallow, with which he entered into all companies, when he visited Jones, without any regard to the sick person's being at that time either awake or asleep.

This boisterous behaviour, as it meant no harm, so happily it effected none, and was abundantly compensated to Jones, as soon as he was able to sit up, by the company of Sophia,

whom the squire then brought to visit him ; nor was it, indeed, long before Jones was able to attend her to the harpsichord, where she would kindly condescend, for hours together, to charm him with the most delicious music, unless when the squire thought proper to interrupt her, by insisting on Old Sir Simon, or some other of his favourite pieces.

Notwithstanding the nicest guard which Sophia endeavoured to set on her behaviour, she could not avoid letting some appearances now and then slip forth : for love may again be likened to a disease in this, that when it is denied a vent in one part, it will certainly break out in another. What her lips, therefore, concealed, her eyes, her blushes, and many little involuntary actions, betrayed.

One day, when Sophia was playing on the harpsichord, and Jones was attending, the squire came into the room, crying, " There, Tom, I have had a battle for thee downstairs with thick parson Thwackum. He hath been a telling Allworthy, before my face, that the broken bone was a judgment upon thee. D—n it, says I, how can that be ? Did he not come by it in defence of a young woman ? A judgment indeed ! Pox, if he never doth anything worse, he will go to heaven sooner than all the parsons in the country. He hath more reason to glory in it than to be ashamed of it."—" Indeed, sir," says Jones, " I have no reason for either ; but if it preserved Miss Western, I shall always think it the happiest accident of my life."—" And to gu," said the squire, " to zet Allworthy against thee vor it ! D—n un, if the parson had unt his petticoats on, I should have lent un o flick ; for I love thee dearly, my boy, and d—n me if there is anything in my power which I won't do for thee. Sha't take thy choice of all the horses in my stable to-morrow morning, except only the Chevalier and Miss Slouch." Jones thanked him, but declined accepting the offer. " Nay," added the squire, " sha't ha the sorrel mare that Sophy rode. She cost me fifty guineas, and comes six years old this grass." " If she had cost me a thousand," cries Jones passionately, " I would have given her to the dogs." " Pooh ! pooh !" answered Western ;

“ what ! because she broke thy arm ? Shouldst forget and forgive. I thought hadst been more a man than to bear malice against a dumb creature.”—Here Sophia interposed, and put an end to the conversation, by desiring her father’s leave to play to him ; a request which he never refused.

The countenance of Sophia had undergone more than one change during the foregoing speeches ; and probably she imputed the passionate resentment which Jones had expressed against the mare, to a different motive from that from which her father had derived it. Her spirits were at this time in a visible flutter ; and she played so intolerably ill, that had not Western soon fallen asleep, he must have remarked it. Jones, however, who was sufficiently awake, and was not without an ear any more than without eyes, made some observations ; which being joined to all which the reader may remember to have passed formerly, gave him pretty strong assurances, when he came to reflect on the whole, that all was not well in the tender bosom of Sophia ; an opinion which many young gentlemen will, I doubt not, extremely wonder at his not having been well confirmed in long ago. To confess the truth, he had rather too much diffidence in himself, and was not forward enough in seeing the advances of a young lady ; a misfortune which can be cured only by that early town education, which is at present so generally in fashion.

When these thoughts had fully taken possession of Jones, they occasioned a perturbation in his mind, which, in a constitution less pure and firm than his, might have been, at such a season, attended with very dangerous consequences. He was truly sensible of the great worth of Sophia. He extremely liked her person, no less admired her accomplishments, and tenderly loved her goodness. In reality, as he had never once entertained any thought of possessing her, nor had ever given the least voluntary indulgence to his inclinations, he had a much stronger passion for her than he himself was acquainted with. His heart now brought forth the full secret, at the same time that it assured him the adorable object returned his affection.

The History of Tom Jones.

HORACE WALPOLE, EARL OF
ORFORD

(1717-97)

WAR AND WASTE

PITT had roused us from this ignoble lethargy : he had asserted that our resources were still prodigious—he found them so in the intrepidity of our troops and navies—but he went further, and perhaps too far. He staked our revenues with as little management as he played with the lives of the subjects ; and as if we could never have another war to wage, or as if he meant, which was impracticable, that his administration should decide which alone should exist as a nation, Britain or France, he lavished the last treasures of this country with a prodigality beyond example and beyond excuse ; yet even that profusion was not so blameable as his negligence. Ignorant of the whole circle of finance, and consequently averse from corresponding with financiers, a plain set of men who are never to be paid with words instead of figures, he kept aloof from all details, drew magnificent plans and left others to find the magnificent means. Disdaining, too, to descend into the operations of an office which he did not fill, he affected to throw on the treasury the execution of measures which he dictated, but for which he thus held himself not responsible. The conduct was artful, new, and grand ; and to him proved most advantageous. Secluded from all eyes, his orders were received as oracles ; and their success, of consequence, was imputed to his inspiration. Misfortunes and mis-carriages fell to the account of the more human agents ; corruption and waste were charged on the subordinate priests. They indeed were charmed with this dispensation.

As Mr. Pitt neither granted nor received them, Newcastle revelled in a boundless power of appointing agents, commissaries, victuallers, and the whole train of leeches, and

even paid his court to Pitt by heaping extravagance on extravagance ; for the more money was thrown away, the greater idea Pitt conceived of his system's grandeur. But none flattered this ostentatious prodigality like the Germans. From the King of Prussia and Prince Ferdinand to the lowest victualler in the camp, all made advantage of English easiness and dissipation. As the minister was proud of such pensioners they were not coy in begging his alms. Fox, too, was not wanting to himself during the harvest, to which his office of paymaster opened so commodious an inlet. Depressed, annihilated as a statesman, he sat silent, indemnifying himself by every opportunity of gain which his rival's want of economy threw in his way. The larger and more numerous are subsidies, the more troops are in commission, the more are on service abroad, the ampler means has the paymaster of enriching himself. An unfortunate campaign, or an unpopular peace might shake the minister's establishment ; but till this vision of expensive glory should be dissipated, Fox was determined to take no part. But thence, from that inattention on one hand, and rapacity on the other, started up those prodigious private fortunes which we have seen suddenly come forth—and thence we remained with a debt of an hundred and forty millions !

The admirers of Mr. Pitt extol the reverberation he gave to our councils, the despondence he banished, the spirit he infused, the conquests he made, the security he affixed to our trade and plantations, the humiliation of France, the glory of Britain, carried under his administration to a pitch at which it never had arrived—and all this is exactly true. When they add, that all this could not be purchased too dearly, and that there was no option between this conduct and tame submission to the yoke of France—even this is just in a degree ; but a material objection still remains, not depreciating a grain from this bill of merits, which must be gratefully acknowledged by whoever calls himself an Englishman—yet very derogatory from Mr. Pitt's character, as virtually trusted with the revenues, the property of his country. A few plain words will explain

my meaning, and comprehend the force of the question. All this was done ; but might have been done for many millions less—the next war will state this objection more fully.

Posterity, this is an impartial picture. I am neither dazzled by the blaze of the times in which I have lived, nor if there are spots in the sun, do I deny that I have seen them. It is a man I am describing, and one whose greatness will bear to have his blemishes fairly delivered to you—not from a love of censure in me, but of truth ; and because it is history I am writing, not romance.

Memoirs of the Reign of King George II.

TO THE COUNTESS OF UPPER OSSORY

Christmas Day, 1781.

I ALWAYS answer immediately, Madam, if I have time ; because as letters ought to be nothing but extempore conversations upon paper, if the reply is not speedy, the curiosity that prompted the question may be passed before the answer arrives. Nothing, then, can be further from my thoughts than accompanying my niece abroad, if she should go, which is not determined, as her disorder seems to be an inflammation on her breast, and not a tendency to consumption. For me, who only pendulate from Berkeley Square to Strawberry, and think Amptill as far as the antipodes, and who was near dashing my brains out on Saturday night, by missing a step at Mrs. Keppel's door, if David had not caught me in his arms like a baby thrown out of window when a house is on fire, is it possible that I should think myself able to convoy anybody else ? Oh no, Madam ; nor were I as brawny as Commodore Johnstone, would I set my foot on the Continent at present, when every country in Europe, except we ourselves, must be sensible of our shame !

For your Ladyship's other question, why I do not publish my letter on Chatterton ? what, because I don't know who

in the newspaper wants to see it ! My resolutions must be light as gossamer if such a breath could make them waver. I flattered myself that you knew me enough to be sure that when I have once made a resolution, it is not the easiest thing in the world to shake it : much less such an idle controversy as, whether Rowley or Chatterton was Rowley, which is as indifferent to me as who is churchwarden of St. Martin's parish. And how can I care now what is thought about it ? When I have outlived all the principles and maxims purchased for us *by the noble army of martyrs*, and when there is nothing so foolish and absurd that is not believed and adopted, what matters whether Ossian, or Rowley, or Mother Goose's Tales are canonised as classics ? Thank my natal stars I was born in a better age, and had much rather be what I was, an author of a very inferior class twenty years ago, than the brightest luminary that is bound in morocco and gold, and presented to the library in the Park at this disastrous era—to be elbowed by Scotch metaphysics, and led out of my senses by Scotch historians ; and not get a wink of sleep on my shelf, though a forgotten author, from hearing Dr. Hunter teach the youngest prince his Erse alphabet, or being stunned by a dialogue half Highland and half German, between the librarian and Madame Schwellenberg ! Lady, now lettest thou thy servant depart in peace, etc.

TOBIAS SMOLLETT

(1721-71)

TOM BOWLING

As for my own part, I saw no resource but the army or navy, between which I hesitated so long that I found myself reduced to a starving condition. My spirit began to accommodate itself to my beggarly fate, and I became so mean as to go down towards Wapping, with an intention to inquire

for an old schoolfellow, who, I understood, had got the command of a small coasting vessel, then in the river, and implore his assistance. But my destiny prevented this abject piece of behaviour ; for, as I crossed Tower-wharf, a squat tawny fellow, with a hanger by his side, and a cudgel in his hand, came to me, calling, "Yo, ho ! brother, you must come along with me." As I did not like his appearance, instead of answering his salutation, I quickened my pace, in hope of ridding myself of his company ; on which he whistled aloud, and immediately another sailor appeared before me, who laid hold of me by the collar, and began to drag me along. Not being in a humour to relish such treatment, I disengaged myself of the assailant, and with one blow of my cudgel laid him motionless on the ground ; and perceiving myself surrounded in a trice by ten or a dozen more, exerted myself with such dexterity and success, that some of my opponents were fain to attack me with drawn cutlasses ; and after an obstinate engagement, in which I received a large wound on my head, and another on my left cheek, I was disarmed, taken prisoner, and carried on board a pressing tender, where, after being pinioned like a malefactor, I was thrust down into the hold, among a parcel of miserable wretches, the sight of whom well nigh distracted me. As the commanding officer had not humanity enough to order my wounds to be dressed, and I could not use my own hands, I desired one of my fellow-captives, who was unfettered, to take a handkerchief out of my pocket, and tie it round my head to stop the bleeding. He pulled out my handkerchief, 'tis true ; but, instead of applying it to the use for which I designed it, went to the grating of the hatchway, and with astonishing composure sold it before my face to a bumboat-woman,¹ then on board, for a quart of gin, with which he treated his companions, regardless of my circumstances and entreaties.

I complained bitterly of this robbery to the midshipman on deck, telling him, at the same time, that, unless my hurts

¹ A bumboat-woman is one who sells bread, cheese, greens, liquor, and fresh provisions to the sailors, in a small boat that lies alongside the ship.

were dressed, I should bleed to death. But compassion was a weakness of which no man could justly accuse this person, who, squirting a mouthful of dissolved tobacco on me through the gratings, told me "I was a mutinous dog, and that I might die and be d—d." Finding there was no other remedy, I appealed to patience, and laid up this usage in my memory, to be recalled at a fitter season. In the mean time, loss of blood, vexation, and want of food, contributed, with the noisome stench of the place, to throw me into a swoon, out of which I was recovered by a tweak of the nose, administered by the tar who stood sentinel over us, who at the same time regaled me with a draught of flip, and comforted me with the hopes of being put on board the *Thunder* next day, where I should be freed of my handcuffs, and cured of my wounds by the doctor.

I no sooner heard him name the *Thunder* than I asked if he had belonged to that ship long; and he giving me to understand he had belonged to her five years, I inquired if he knew Lieutenant Bowling. "Know Lieutenant Bowling?" said he; "odd's my life! and that I do; and a good seaman he is as ever stepped on fore-castle—and a brave fellow as ever cracked biscuit; none of your guinea-pigs, nor your fresh-water, wishy-washy, fair-weather fowls. Many a taut gale of wind has honest Tom Bowling and I weathered together. Here's his health with all my heart, wherever he is, aloft or below—in heaven or in hell—all's one for that—he needs not be ashamed to show himself." I was so much affected with this eulogium, that I could not refrain from telling him that I was Lieutenant Bowling's kinsman; in consequence of which connection, he expressed an inclination to serve me, and when he was relieved, brought some cold boiled beef in a platter, and biscuit, on which we supped plentifully, and afterwards drank another can of flip together.

While we were thus engaged, he recounted a great many exploits of my uncle, who, I found, was very much beloved by the ship's company, and pitied for the misfortune that had happened to him in Hispaniola, which I was very glad to be informed was not so great as I imagined; for Captain

Oakum had recovered of his wounds, and actually at that time commanded the ship. Having, by accident, in my pocket my uncle's letter, written from Port Louis, I gave it to my benefactor, whose name was Jack Rattlin, for his perusal; but honest Jack told me frankly he could not read, and desired to know the contents, which I immediately communicated. When he heard that part of it in which he says he had written to his landlord in Deal, he cried, "Body o' me! that was old Ben Block—he was dead before the letter came to hand. Ey, ey, had Ben been alive, Lieutenant Bowling would have had no occasion to skulk so long. Honest Ben was the first man who taught him to hand, reef, and steer. Well, well, we must all die, that's certain—we must all come to port sooner or later, at sea or on shore; we must be fast moored one day; death's like the best bower-anchor,—as the saying is, it will bring us all up."

Roderick Random.

THOMAS GRAY

(1716–71)

ELEGY WRITTEN IN A COUNTRY CHURCHYARD

THE curfew tolls the knell of parting day,
The lowing herd wind slowly o'er the lea,
The plowman homeward plods his weary way,
And leaves the world to darkness and to me.

Now fades the glimmering landscape on the sight,
And all the air a solemn stillness holds,
Save where the beetle wheels his droning flight,
And drowsy tinklings lull the distant folds:

Save that from yonder ivy-mantled tow'r
The moping owl does to the moon complain
Of such as, wand'ring near her secret bow'r,
Molest her ancient solitary reign.

Beneath those rugged elms, that yew-tree's shade,
Where heaves the turf in many a mould'ring heap,
Each in his narrow cell for ever laid,
The rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep.

The breezy call of incense-breathing morn,
The swallow twitt'ring from the straw-built shed,
The cock's shrill clarion, or the echoing horn,
No more shall rouse them from their lowly bed.

For them no more the blazing hearth shall burn,
Or busy housewife ply her evening care :
No children run to lisp their sire's return,
Or climb his knees the envied kiss to share.

Oft did the harvest to their sickle yield,
Their furrow oft the stubborn glebe has broke :
How jocund did they drive their team afield !
How bow'd the woods beneath their sturdy stroke !

Let not Ambition mock their useful toil,
Their homely joys, and destiny obscure ;
Nor Grandeur hear with a disdainful smile
The short and simple annals of the poor.

The boast of heraldry, the pomp of pow'r,
And all that beauty, all that wealth e'er gave,
Await alike th' inevitable hour :
The paths of glory lead but to the grave.

Nor you, ye proud, impute to these the fault
If Memory o'er their tomb no trophies raise,
Where through the long-drawn aisle and fretted vault
The pealing anthem swells the note of praise.

Can storied urn or animated bust
Back to its mansion call the fleeting breath ?
Can Honour's voice provoke the silent dust,
Or Flatt'ry soothe the dull cold ear of death ?

Perhaps in this neglected spot is laid
Some heart once pregnant with celestial fire ;
Hands, that the rod of empire might have sway'd,
Or waked to ecstasy the living lyre.

But Knowledge to their eyes her ample page
Rich with the spoils of time did ne'er unroll;
Chill Penury repress'd their noble rage,
And froze the genial current of the soul.

Full many a gem of purest ray serene
The dark unfathom'd caves of ocean bear :
Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,
And waste its sweetness on the desert air.

Some village Hampden that with dauntless breast
The little tyrant of his fields withstood,
Some mute inglorious Milton here may rest,
Some Cromwell guiltless of his country's blood.

Th' applause of list'ning senates to command,
The threats of pain and ruin to despise,
To scatter plenty o'er a smiling land,
And read their history in a nation's eyes—

Their lot forbade : nor circumscribed alone
Their growing virtues, but their crimes confined ;
Forbade to wade thro' slaughter to a throne,
And shut the gates of mercy on mankind ;

The struggling pangs of conscious truth to hide,
To quench the blushes of ingenuous shame,
Or heap the shrine of Luxury and Pride
With incense kindled at the Muse's flame.

Far from the madding crowd's ignoble strife
Their sober wishes never learn'd to stray ;
Along the cool, sequester'd vale of life
They kept the noiseless tenour of their way.

Yet ev'n these bones from insult to protect
Some frail memorial still erected nigh,
With uncouth rhymes and shapeless sculpture deck'd,
Implores the passing tribute of a sigh.

Their name, their years, spelt by th' unletter'd Muse,
The place of fame and elegy supply :
And many a holy text around she strews,
That teach the rustic moralist to die.

For who, to dumb Forgetfulness a prey,
This pleasing anxious being e'er resign'd,
Left the warm precincts of the cheerful day,
Nor cast one longing ling'ring look behind ?

On some fond breast the parting soul relies,
Some pious drops the closing eye requires ;
E'en from the tomb the voice of Nature cries,
E'en in our ashes live their wonted fires.

For thee, who, mindful of th' unhonour'd dead,
Dost in these lines their artless tale relate ;
If chance, by lonely contemplation led,
Some kindred spirit shall inquire thy fate—

Haply some hoary-headed swain may say,
“ Oft have we seen him at the peep of dawn
Brushing with hasty steps the dews away
To meet the sun upon the upland lawn.

“ There at the foot of yonder nodding beech
That wreathes its old fantastic roots so high,
His listless length at noontide would he stretch,
And pore upon the brook that babbles by.

“ Hard by yon wood, now smiling as in scorn,
Mutt'ring his wayward fancies he would rove,
Now drooping, woeful-wan, like one forlorn,
Or crazed with care, or cross'd in hopeless love.

“ One morn I miss’d him on the custom’d hill,
 Along the heath, and near his favourite tree ;
 Another came ; nor yet beside the rill,
 Nor up the lawn, nor at the wood was he :

“ The next with dirges due in sad array
 Slow through the church-way path we saw him borne.
 Approach and read (for thou canst read) the lay
 Graved on the stone beneath yon agèd thorn ” :

THE EPITAPH

*Here rests his head upon the lap of Earth
 A Youth, to Fortune and to Fame unknown.
 Fair Science frown’d not on his humble birth,
 And Melancholy mark’d him for her own.*

*Large was his bounty, and his soul sincere,
 Heav’n did a recompense as largely send :
 He gave to Mis’ry all he had, a tear,
 He gain’d from Heav’n (’twas all he wish’d) a friend.*

*No farther seek his merits to disclose,
 Or draw his frailties from their dread abode,
 (There they alike in trembling hope repose.)
 The bosom of his Father and his God.*

TO DR. CLARKE

PEMBROKE HALL, Aug. 12, 1760.

NOT knowing whether you are yet returned from your sea-water, I write at random to you. For me, I am come to my resting-place, and find it very necessary, after living for a month in a house with three women that laughed from morning to night, and would allow nothing to the sulkiness of my disposition. Company and cards at home, parties by land and water abroad, and (what they call) *doing something*, that is, racketting about from morning to

night, are occupations, I find, that wear out my spirits; especially in a situation where one might sit still, and be alone with pleasure; for the place was a hill like Clifden, opening to a very extensive and diversified landscape, with the Thames, which is navigable, running at its foot.

I would wish to continue here (in a very different scene, it must be confessed) till Michaelmas; but I fear I must come to town much sooner. Cambridge is a delight of a place, now there is nobody in it. I do believe you would like it, if you knew what it was without inhabitants. It is they, I assure you, that get it an ill name and spoil all. Our friend Dr. * * (one of its nuisances) is not expected here again in a hurry. He is gone to his grave with five fine mackarel (large and full of roe) in his belly. He eat them all at one dinner; but his fate was a turbot on Trinity Sunday, of which he left little for the company besides bones. He had not been hearty all the week; but after this sixth fish he never held up his head more, and a violent looseness carried him off. They said he made a very good end.

Have you seen the Erse fragments since they were printed? I am more puzzled than ever about their antiquity, though I still incline (against every body's opinion) to believe them old. Those you have already seen are the best; though there are some others that are excellent too.

TO MR. NICHOLLS

I RECEIVED your letter at Southampton; and as I would wish to treat every body according to their own rule and measure of good breeding, have, against my inclination, waited till now before I answered it, purely out of fear and respect, and an ingenious diffidence of my own abilities. If you will not take this as an excuse, accept it at least as a well-turned period, which is always my principal concern.

So I proceed to tell you that my health is much improved by the sea, not that I drank it, or bathed in it, as the common

people do : no ! I only walked by it, and looked upon it. The climate is remarkably mild, even in October and November ; no snow has been seen to lie there for these thirty years past ; the myrtles grow in the ground against the houses, and Guernsey lilies bloom in every window ; the town, clean and well-built, surrounded by its old stone-walls, with their towers and gateways, stands at the point of a peninsula, and opens full south to an arm of the sea, which, having formed two beautiful bays on each hand of it, stretches away in direct view, till it joins the Bristol Channel ; it is skirted on either side with gently-rising grounds, cloathed with thick wood, and directly cross its mouth rise the high lands of the Isle of Wight at distance, but distinctly seen. In the bosom of the woods (concealed from profane eyes) lie hid the ruins of Netley Abbey ; there may be richer and greater houses of religion, but the Abbot is content with his situation. See there, at the top of that hanging meadow, under the shade of those old trees that bend into a half circle about it, he is walking slowly (good man !) and bidding his beads for the souls of his benefactors, interred in that venerable pile that lies beneath him. Beyond it (the meadow still descending) nods a thicket of oaks that mask the building, and have excluded a view too garish and luxuriant for a holy eye ; only on either hand they leave an opening to the blue glittering sea. Did you not observe how, as that white sail shot by and was lost, he turned and crossed himself to drive the tempter from him that had thrown that distraction in his way ? I should tell you that the ferryman who rowed me, a lusty young fellow, told me that he would not for all the world pass a night at the Abbey, (there were such things near it,) though there was a power of money hid there. From thence I went to Salisbury, Wilton, and Stonehenge, but of these I say no more, they will be published at the University press.

P.S. I must not close my letter without giving you one principal event of my history ; which was, that (in the course of my late tour) I set out one morning before five o'clock, the moon shining through a dark and misty autumnal

air, and got to the sea-coast time enough to be at the sun's levee. I saw the clouds and dark vapours open gradually to right and left, rolling over one another in great smoky wreaths, and the tide (as it flowed gently in upon the sands) first whitening, then slightly tinged with gold and blue ; and all at once a little line of insufferable brightness that (before I can write these five words) was grown to half an orb, and now to a whole one, too glorious to be distinctly seen. It is very odd it makes no figure on paper ; yet I shall remember it as long as the sun, or at least as long as I endure. I wonder whether any body ever saw it before ? I hardly believe it.

WILLIAM COLLINS

(1721-59)

ODE TO EVENING

IF aught of oaten stop, or pastoral song,
 May hope, chaste Eve, to soothe thy modest ear,
 Like thy own solemn springs,
 Thy springs and dying gales ;

O nymph reserved, while now the bright-hair'd Sun
 Sits in yon western tent, whose cloudy skirts,
 With brede ethereal wove,
 O'erhang his wavy bed :

Now air is hushed, save where the weak-eyed bat
 With short shrill shriek flits by on leathern wing,
 Or where the beetle winds
 His small but sullen horn,

As oft he rises, 'midst̄ the twilight path
 Against the pilgrim borne in heedless hum :
 Now teach me, maid composed,
 To breathe some soften'd strain,

Whose numbers, stealing through thy darkening vale,
May not unseemly with its stillness suit,
 As, musing slow, I hail
 Thy genial loved return !

For when thy folding-star arising shows
His paly circlet, at his warning lamp
 The fragrant Hours, and Elves
 Who slept in buds the day,

And many a Nymph who wreathes her brows with sedge,
And sheds the freshening dew, and, lovelier still,
 The pensive Pleasures sweet,
 Prepare thy shadowy car :

Then lead, calm votaress, where some sheety lake
Cheers the lone heath, or some time-hallow'd pile,
 Or upland fallows grey
 Reflect its last cool gleam.

Or if chill blustering winds, or driving rain,
Prevent my willing feet, be mine the hut
 That from the mountain's side
 Views wilds and swelling floods,

And hamlets brown, and dim-discover'd spires,
And hears their simple bell, and marks o'er all
 Thy dewy fingers draw
 The gradual dusky veil.

While Spring shall pour his show'rs, as oft he wont,
And bathe thy breathing tresses, meekest Eve !
 While Summer loves to sport
 Beneath thy lingering light ;

While fallow Autumn fills thy lap with leaves,
Or Winter, yelling through the troublous air,
 Affrights thy shrinking train,
 And rudely rends thy robes :

So long, regardful of thy quiet rule,
Shall Fancy, Friendship, Science, rose-lipp'd Health,
Thy gentlest influence own,
And hymn thy favourite name !

HOW SLEEP THE BRAVE

How sleep the brave, who sink to rest
By all their country's wishes blest !
When Spring, with dewy fingers cold,
Returns to deck their hallow'd mould,
She there shall dress a sweeter sod
Than Fancy's feet have ever trod.

By fairy hands their knell is rung ;
By forms unseen their dirge is sung ;
There Honour comes, a pilgrim grey,
To bless the turf that wraps their clay ;
And Freedom shall awhile repair
To dwell, a weeping hermit, there !

JAMES MACPHERSON

(1736-96)

OSSIAN'S FAREWELL

OSCAR passed the night among his fathers, grey morning met him on Carun's banks. A green vale surrounded a tomb which arose in the times of old. Little hills lift their head at a distance ; and stretch their old trees to the wind. The warriors of Caros sat there, for they had passed the stream by night. They appeared, like the trunks of aged pines, to the pale light of the morning. Oscar stood at the tomb, and raised thrice his terrible voice. The rocking hills echoed around ; the starting roes bounded away ;

and the trembling ghosts of the dead fled, shrieking on their clouds. So terrible was the voice of my son, when he called his friends !

A thousand spears arose around ; the people of Caros rose. Why, daughter of Toscar, why that tear ? My son, though alone, is brave. Oscar is like a beam of the sky ; he turns around, and the people fall. His hand is the arm of a ghost, when he stretches it from a cloud ; the rest of his thin form is unseen ; but the people die in the vale ! My son beheld the approach of the foe ; he stood in the silent darkness of his strength. " Am I alone, said Oscar, in the midst of a thousand foes ? Many a spear is there ! many a darkly-rolling eye ! Shall I fly to Ardden ? But did my fathers ever fly ? The mark of their arm is in a thousand battles. Oscar too shall be renowned ! Come, ye dim ghosts of my fathers, and behold my deeds in war ! I may fall ; but I will be renowned like the race of the echoing Morven." He stood, growing in his place, like a flood in a narrow vale ! The battle came, but they fell : bloody was the sword of Oscar !

The noise reached his people at Crona ; they came like a hundred streams. The warriors of Caros fled ; Oscar remained like a rock left by the ebbing sea. Now dark and deep, with all his steeds, Caros rolled his might along : the little streams are lost in his course ; the earth is rocking round. Battle spreads from wing to wing : ten thousand swords gleam at once in the sky. But why should Ossian sing of battles ? For never more shall my steel shine in war. I remember the days of my youth with grief ; when I feel the weakness of my arm. Happy are they who fell in their youth, in the midst of their renown ! They have not beheld the tombs of their friends ; or failed to bend the bow of their strength. Happy art thou, O Oscar, in the midst of thy rushing blast. Thou often goest to the fields of thy fame, where Caros fled from thy lifted sword.

Darkness comes on my soul, O fair daughter of Toscar ! I behold not the form of my son at Carun ; nor the figure of Oscar on Crona. The rustling winds have carried him far away ; and the heart of his father is sad. But lead me, O

Malvina ! to the sound of my woods ; to the roar of my mountain streams. Let the chase be heard on Cona ; let me think on the days of other years. And bring me the harp, O maid ! that I may touch it, when the light of my soul shall arise. Be thou near, to learn the song ; future times shall hear of me ! The sons of the feeble hereafter will lift the voice on Cona ; and, looking up to the rocks, say, “ Here Ossian dwelt.” They shall admire the chiefs of old, the race that are no more ! while we ride on our clouds, Malvina ! on the wings of the roaring winds. Our voices shall be heard, at times, in the desert ; we shall sing on the breeze of the rock.

The War of Caros (Poems of Ossian).

LAURENCE STERNE

(1713-68)

WIDOW WADMAN AND MY UNCLE TOBY

—I AM half distracted, captain *Shandy*, said Mrs. *Wadman*, holding up her cambrick handkerchief to her left eye, as she approach'd the door of my uncle *Toby's* sentry-box—a mote—or sand—or something—I know not what, has got into this eye of mine—do look into it—it is not in the white—

In saying which, Mrs. *Wadman* edged herself close in beside my uncle *Toby*, and squeezing herself down upon the corner of his bench, she gave him an opportunity of doing it without rising up—Do look into it—said she.

Honest soul ! thou didst look into it with as much innocency of heart, as ever child look'd into a raree-shew-box ; and 'twere as much a sin to have hurt thee.

—If a man will be peeping of his own accord into things of that nature—I've nothing to say to it—

My uncle *Toby* never did : and I will answer for him, that he would have sat quietly upon a sofa from *June* to *January* (which, you know, takes in both the hot and cold

months), with an eye as fine as the *Thracian Rodope's*¹ beside him, without being able to tell, whether it was a black or blue one.

The difficulty was to get my uncle *Toby* to look at one at all.

'Tis surmounted. And

I see him yonder with his pipe pendulous in his hand, and the ashes falling out of it—looking—and looking—then rubbing his eyes—and looking again, with twice the good-nature that ever *Gallileo* look'd for a spot in the sun.

—In vain! for by all the powers which animate the organ—Widow *Wadman's* left eye shines this moment as lucid as her right—there is neither mote, or sand, or dust, or chaff, or speck, or particle of opaque matter floating in it—There is nothing, my dear paternal uncle! but one lambent delicious fire, furtively shooting out from every part of it, in all directions, into thine—

—If thou lookest, uncle *Toby*, in search of this mote one moment longer—thou art undone.

An eye is for all the world exactly like a cannon, in this respect; That it is not so much the eye or the cannon, in themselves, as it is the carriage of the eye—and the carriage of the cannon, by which both the one and the other are enabled to do so much execution. I don't think the comparison a bad one; However, as 'tis made and placed at the head of the chapter, as much for use as ornament, all I desire in return is, that whenever I speak of Mrs. *Wadman's* eyes (except once in the next period), that you keep it in your fancy.

I protest, Madam, said my uncle *Toby*, I can see nothing whatever in your eye.

It is not in the white; said Mrs. *Wadman*: my uncle *Toby* look'd with might and main into the pupil—

Now of all the eyes which ever were created—from your own, Madam, up to those of *Venus* herself, which certainly were as venereal a pair of eyes as ever stood in a

¹ *Rodope Thracia tam inevitabili fascino instructa, tam exactè oculis intuens attraxit, ut si in illam quis incidisset, fieri non posset, quin caperetur.*—I know not who.

head——there never was an eye of them all, so fitted to rob my uncle *Toby* of his repose, as the very eye, at which he was looking——it was not, Madam, a rolling eye——a romping or a wanton one——nor was it an eye sparkling——petulant or imperious——of high claims and terrifying exactions, which would have curdled at once that milk of human nature, of which my uncle *Toby* was made up——but 'twas an eye full of gentle salutations——and soft responses——speaking——not like the trumpet stop of some ill-made organ, in which many an eye I talk to, holds coarse converse——but whispering soft——like the last low accent of an expiring saint——“How can you live comfortless, captain *Shandy*, and alone, without a bosom to lean your head on——or trust your cares to ?”

It was an eye——

But I shall be in love with it myself, if I say another word about it.

——It did my uncle *Toby's* business.

Tristram Shandy.

CHRISTOPHER SMART

(1722-70)

FROM “THE SONG TO DAVID”

THE pillars of the Lord are seven,
Which stand from earth to topmost heaven ;
His Wisdom drew the plan ;
His Word accomplish'd the design,
From brightest gem to deepest mine ;
From Christ enthroned, to Man.

For Adoration all the ranks
Of Angels yield eternal thanks,
And David in the midst ;
With God's good poor, which, last and least
In man's esteem, Thou to Thy feast,
O blessed Bridegroom, bidd'st !

For Adoration, David's Psalms
Lift up the heart to deeds of alms ;
 And he, who kneels and chants,
Prevails his passions to control,
Finds meat and medicine to the soul,
 Which for translation pants.

For Adoration, in the dome
Of Christ, the sparrows find a home,
 And on His olives perch :
The swallow also dwells with thee,
O man of God's humility,
 Within his Saviour's church.

Sweet is the dew that falls betimes,
And drops upon the leafy limes ;
 Sweet, Hermon's fragrant air :
Sweet is the lily's silver bell,
And sweet the wakeful tapers' smell
 That watch for early prayer.

Sweet the young nurse, with love intense,
Which smiles o'er sleeping innocence ;
 Sweet, when the lost arrive :
Sweet the musician's ardour beats,
While his vague mind's in quest of sweets,
 The choicest flowers to hive.

Strong is the horse upon his speed ;
Strong in pursuit the rapid glede,
 Which makes at once his game :
Strong the tall ostrich on the ground ;
Strong through the turbulent profound
 Shoots Xiphias to his aim.

Strong is the lion—like a coal
His eyeball,—like a bastion's mole
 His chest against the foes :

glede=kite. Xiphias=sword-fish.

Strong the gier-eagle on his sail ;
Strong against tide th' enormous whale
Emerges as he goes.

But stronger still, in earth and air,
And in the sea, the man of prayer,
And far beneath the tide :
And in the seat to faith assign'd,
Where ask is have, where seek is find,
Where knock is open wide.

Precious the penitential tear ;
And precious is the sigh sincere,
Acceptable to God :
And precious are the winning flowers,
In gladsome Israel's feast of bowers
Bound on the hallow'd sod.

Glorious the sun in mid career ;
Glorious th' assembled fires appear ;
Glorious the comet's train :
Glorious the trumpet and alarm ;
Glorious the Almighty's stretch'd-out arm ;
Glorious th' enraptured main :

Glorious the northern lights astream ;
Glorious the song, when God's the theme ;
Glorious the thunder's roar :
Glorious Hosanna from the den ;
Glorious the catholic Amen ;
Glorious the martyr's gore :

Glorious—more glorious—is the crown
Of Him that brought salvation down,
By meekness call'd thy Son :
Thou that stupendous truth believed ;
And now the matchless deed's achieved,
Determined, dared, and done !

OLIVER GOLDSMITH

(1728-74)

THE DESERTED VILLAGE

DEDICATION TO SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS

DEAR SIR,

I can have no expectations in an address of this kind, either to add to your reputation, or to establish my own. You can gain nothing from my admiration, as I am ignorant of that art in which you are said to excel ; and I may lose much by the severity of your judgment, as few have a juster taste in poetry than you. Setting interest therefore aside, to which I never paid much attention, I must be indulged at present in following my affections. The only dedication I ever made was to my brother, because I loved him better than most other men. He is since dead. Permit me to inscribe this poem to you.

How far you may be pleased with the versification and mere mechanical parts of this attempt, I do not pretend to inquire : but I know you will object (and indeed several of our best and wisest friends concur in the opinion) that the depopulation it deplores is no where to be seen, and the disorders it laments are only to be found in the poet's own imagination. To this I can scarce make any other answer, than that I sincerely believe what I have written ; that I have taken all possible pains in my country excursions, for these four or five years past, to be certain of what I allege ; and that all my views and inquiries have led me to believe those miseries real, which I here attempt to display. But this is not the place to enter into an inquiry, whether the country be depopulating or not ; the discussion would take up much room, and I should prove myself, at best, an indifferent politician, to tire the reader with a long preface, when I want his unfatigued attention to a long poem.

In regretting the depopulation of the country, I inveigh

against the increase of our luxuries ; and here also I expect the shout of modern politicians against me. For twenty or thirty years past it has been the fashion to consider luxury as one of the greatest national advantages ; and all the wisdom of antiquity, in that particular, as erroneous. Still, however, I must remain a professed ancient on that head, and continue to think those luxuries prejudicial to states by which so many vices are introduced, and so many kingdoms have been undone. Indeed so much has been poured out of late on the other side of the question, that, merely for the sake of novelty and variety, one would sometimes wish to be in the right.

I am, Dear Sir,

Your sincere friend,

and ardent admirer,

OLIVER GOLDSMITH.

SWEET Auburn ! loveliest village of the plain,
Where health and plenty cheer'd the labouring swain,
Where smiling spring its earliest visit paid,
And parting summer's lingering blooms delay'd :
Dear lovely bow'rs of innocence and ease,
Seats of my youth, when every sport could please :
How often have I loiter'd o'er thy green,
Where humble happiness endear'd each scene !
How often have I paus'd on ev'ry charm,
The shelter'd cot, the cultivated farm,
The never-failing brook, the busy mill,
The decent church that topt the neighbouring hill,
The hawthorn bush, with seats beneath the shade,
For talking age and whispering lovers made !
How often have I bless'd the coming day,
When toil remitting lent its turn to play,
And all the village train, from labour free,
Led up their sports beneath the spreading tree :
While many a pastime circled in the shade,
The young contending as the old survey'd ;
And many a gambol frolick'd o'er the ground,

And sleights of arts and feats of strength went round.
And still, as each repeated pleasure tir'd,
Succeeding sports the mirthful band inspir'd ;
The dancing pair that simply sought renown,
By holding out to tire each other down ;
The swain mistrustless of his smutt'd face,
While secret laughter titter'd round the place ;
The bashful virgin's side-long looks of love,
The matron's glance that would those looks reprove.
These were thy charms, sweet village ! sports like these,
With sweet succession, taught ev'n toil to please ;
These round thy bow'rs their cheerful influence shed,
These were thy charms—but all these charms are fled.

* * * * *

Near yonder copse, where once the garden smil'd,
And still where many a garden flower grows wild,
There, where a few torn shrubs the place disclose,
The village preacher's modest mansion rose.
A man he was to all the country dear,
And passing rich with forty pounds a year ;
Remote from towns he ran his godly race,
Nor e'er had chang'd, nor wish'd to change his place ;
Unskilful he to fawn, or seek for pow'r,
By doctrines fashion'd to the varying hour ;
Far other aims his heart had learn'd to prize,
More bent to raise the wretched than to rise.
His house was known to all the vagrant train,
He chid their wand'rings, but relieved their pain ;
The long remember'd beggar was his guest,
Whose beard descending swept his aged breast ;
The ruin'd spendthrift, now no longer proud,
Claim'd kindred there, and had his claims allow'd ;
The broken soldier, kindly bade to stay,
Sat by his fire, and talk'd the night away ;
Wept o'er his wounds, or, tales of sorrow done,
Shoulder'd his crutch, and show'd how fields were won.
Pleas'd with his guests, the good man learn'd to glow,
And quite forgot their vices in their woe ;

Careless their merits or their faults to scan,
His pity gave ere charity began.

Thus to relieve the wretched was his pride,
And ev'n his failings lean'd to virtue's side ;
But in his duty prompt, at ev'ry call,
He watch'd and wept, he pray'd and felt, for all :
And, as a bird each fond endearment tries
To tempt its new-fledg'd offspring to the skies,
He try'd each art, reprov'd each dull delay,
Allur'd to brighter worlds, and led the way.

Beside the bed where parting life was laid,
And sorrow, guilt, and pain, by turns dismay'd,
The rev'rend champion stood. At his control,
Despair and anguish fled the struggling soul ;
Comfort came down the trembling wretch to raise,
And his last falt'ring accents whisper'd praise.

At church, with meek and unaffected grace,
His looks adorn'd the venerable place ;
Truth from his lips prevail'd with double sway,
And fools, who came to scoff, remain'd to pray.
The service past, around the pious man,
With steady zeal, each honest rustic ran :
Ev'n children follow'd, with endearing wile,
And pluck'd his gown, to share the good man's smile.
His ready smile a parent's warmth exprest,
Their welfare pleas'd him, and their cares distress :
To them his heart, his love, his griefs, were giv'n,
But all his serious thoughts had rest in heav'n.
As some tall cliff, that lifts its awful form,
Swells from the vale, and midway leaves the storm,
Though round its breast the rolling clouds are spread,
Eternal sunshine settles on its head.

Beside yon straggling fence that skirts the way
With blossom'd furze, unprofitably gay,
There, in his noisy mansion, skill'd to rule,
The village master taught his little school :
A man severe he was, and stern to view,
I knew him well, and ev'ry truant knew ;
Well had the boding tremblers learn'd to trace

The day's disasters in his morning face ;
 Full well they laugh'd with counterfeited glee
 At all his jokes, for many a joke had he ;
 Full well the busy whisper, circling round,
 Convey'd the dismal tidings when he frown'd ;
 Yet he was kind, or if severe in aught,
 The love he bore to learning was in fault ;
 The village all declar'd how much he knew ;
 'Twas certain he could write and cypher too :
 Lands he could measure, terms and tides presage,
 And ev'n the story ran that he could gauge :
 In arguing, too, the parson own'd his skill,
 For ev'n though vanquish'd he could argue still ;
 While words of learned length, and thund'ring sound,
 Amaz'd the gazing rustics rang'd around ;
 And still they gaz'd, and still the wonder grew
 That one small head should carry all he knew.
 But past is all his fame. The very spot,
 Where many a time he triumph'd, is forgot.

THOMAS CHATTERTON

(1752-70)

SONG FROM ÆLLA

O SING unto my roundelay,
 O drop the briny tear with me ;
 Dance no more at holyday,
 Like a running river be :
 My love is dead,
 Gone to his death-bed
 All under the willow-tree.

Black his cryne as the winter night,
 White his rode as the summer snow,
 Red his face as the morning light,
 cryne=hair. rode=complexion.

THOMAS CHATTERTON

Cold he lies in the grave below :

My love is dead,

Gone to his death-bed

All under the willow-tree.

Sweet his tongue as the thristle's note,

Quick in dance as thought can be,

Deft his tabor, cudgel stout ;

O he lies by the willow-tree !

My love is dead,

Gone to his death-bed

All under the willow-tree.

Hark ! the raven flaps his wing

In the brier'd dell below ;

Hark ! the death-owl loud doth sing

To the nightmares, as they go :

My love is dead,

Gone to his death-bed

All under the willow-tree.

See ! the white moon shines on high ;

Whiter is my true-love's shroud :

Whiter than the morning sky,

Whiter than the evening cloud :

My love is dead,

Gone to his death-bed

All under the willow-tree.

Here upon my true-love's grave

Shall the barren flowers be laid ;

Not one holy saint to save

All the coldness of a maid :

My love is dead,

Gone to his death-bed

All under the willow-tree.

With my hands I'll dent the briers

Round his holy corse to gre :

Ouph and fairy, light your fires,

dent = fasten.

gre = grow.

ough = elf.

Here my body still shall be :
My love is dead,
Gone to his death-bed
All under the willow-tree.

Come, with acorn-cup and thorn,
Drain my heart's blood away ;
Life and all its good I scorn,
Dance by night, or feast by day :
My love is dead,
Gone to his death-bed
All under the willow-tree.

SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS

(1723-92)

ART AND IMITATION

So far is art being derived from, or having any immediate intercourse with, particular nature as its model, that there are many arts that set out with a professed deviation from it.

This is certainly not so exactly true in regard to painting and sculpture. Our elements are laid in gross common nature,—an exact imitation of what is before us : but when we advance to the higher state, we consider this power of imitation, though first in the order of acquisition, as by no means the highest in the scale of perfection.

Poetry addresses itself to the same faculties and the same dispositions as painting, though by different means. The object of both is to accommodate itself to all the natural propensities and inclinations of the mind. The very existence of poetry depends on the licence it assumes of deviating from actual nature, in order to gratify natural propensities by other means, which are found by experience full as capable of affording such gratification. It sets out with a

language in the highest degree artificial, a construction of measured words, such as never is, nor ever was, used by man. Let this measure be what it may, whether hexameter or any other metre used in Latin or Greek, or rhyme, or blank verse varied with pauses and accents, in modern languages, they are all equally removed from nature, and equally a violation of common speech. When this artificial mode has been established as the vehicle of sentiment, there is another principle in the human mind, to which the work must be referred, which still renders it more artificial, carries it still further from common nature, and deviates only to render it more perfect. That principle is the sense of congruity, coherence, and consistency, which is a real existing principle in man ; and it must be gratified. Therefore, having once adopted a style and a measure not found in common discourse, it is required that the sentiments also should be in the same proportion elevated above common nature, from the necessity of there being an agreement of the parts among themselves, that one uniform whole may be produced.

To correspond, therefore, with this general system of deviation from nature, the manner in which poetry is offered to the ear, the tone in which it is recited, should be as far removed from the tone of conversation, as the words of which that poetry is composed. This naturally suggests the idea of modulating the voice by art, which I suppose may be considered as accomplished to the highest degree of excellence in the recitative of the Italian Opera ; as we may conjecture it was in the chorus that attended the ancient drama. And though the most violent passions, the highest distress, even death itself, are expressed in singing or recitative, I would not admit as sound criticism the condemnation of such exhibitions on account of their being unnatural.

If it is natural for our senses, and our imaginations, to be delighted with singing, with instrumental music, with poetry, and with graceful action, taken separately, none of them being in the vulgar sense natural, even in that separate state ; it is conformable to experience, and therefore agree-

able to reason as connected and referred to experience, that we should also be delighted with this union of music, poetry, and graceful action, joined to every circumstance of pomp and magnificence calculated to strike the senses of the spectator. Shall reason stand in the way, and tell us that we ought not to like what we know we do like, and prevent us from feeling the full effect of this complicated exertion of art ? This is what I would understand by poets and painters being allowed to dare every thing ; for what can be more daring, than accomplishing the purpose and end of art, by a complication of means, none of which have their archetypes, in actual nature ?

So far, therefore, is servile imitation from being necessary, that whatever is familiar, or in any way reminds us of what we see and hear every day, perhaps does not belong to the higher provinces of art, either in poetry or painting. The mind is to be transported, as Shakespeare expresses it, beyond the ignorant present, to ages past. Another and higher order of beings is supposed ; and to those beings every thing which is introduced into the work must correspond. Of this conduct, under these circumstances, the Roman and Florentine schools afford sufficient examples. Their style by this means is raised and elevated above all others ; and by the same means the compass of art itself is enlarged.

* * * * *

Upon the whole it seems to me, that the object and intention of all the Arts is to supply the natural imperfection of things, and often to gratify the mind by realising and embodying what never existed but in the imagination.

It is allowed on all hands, that facts, and events, however they may bind the historian, have no dominion over the poet or the painter. With us, history is made to bend and conform to this great idea of art. And why ? Because these arts, in their highest province, are not addressed to the gross senses ; but to the desires of the mind, to that spark of divinity which we have within, impatient of being circumscribed and pent up by the world which is about us. Just so much as our art has of this, just so much of

dignity, I had almost said of divinity, it exhibits; and those of our artists who possessed this mark of distinction in the highest degree, acquired from thence the glorious appellation of Divine.

Discourse XIII.

EDMUND BURKE

(1729-97)

DESPOTIC REVOLUTIONARIES

WHEN the Anabaptists of Münster, in the sixteenth century, had filled Germany with confusion, by their system of levelling, and their wild opinions concerning property, to what country in Europe did not the progress of their fury furnish just cause of alarm? Of all things, wisdom is the most terrified with epidemical fanaticism, because of all enemies it is that against which she is the least able to furnish any kind of resource. We cannot be ignorant of the spirit of atheistical fanaticism, that is inspired by a multitude of writings, dispersed with incredible assiduity and expense, and by sermons delivered in all the streets and places of public resort in Paris. These writings and sermons have filled the populace with a black and savage atrocity of mind, which supersedes in them the common feelings of nature, as well as all sentiments of morality and religion; insomuch that these wretches are induced to bear with a sullen patience the intolerable distresses brought upon them by the violent convulsions and permutations that have been made in property. The spirit of proselytism attends this spirit of fanaticism. They have societies to cabal and correspond at home and abroad for the propagation of their tenets. The republic of Berne, one of the happiest, the most prosperous, and the best governed countries upon earth, is one of the great objects, at the destruction of which they aim. I am told they have in some measure succeeded in sowing there the seeds of dis-

content. They are busy throughout Germany. Spain and Italy have not been untried. England is not left out of the comprehensive scheme of their malignant charity : and in England we find those who stretch out their arms to them, who recommend their example from more than one pulpit, and who choose in more than one periodical meeting, publicly to correspond with them, to applaud them, and to hold them up as objects for imitation ; who receive from them tokens of confraternity, and standards consecrated amidst their rights and mysteries ; who suggest to them leagues of perpetual amity, at the very time when the power, to which our constitution has exclusively delegated the federative capacity of this kingdom, may find it expedient to make war upon them.

It is not the confiscation of our church property from this example in France that I dread, though I think this would be no trifling evil. The great source of my solicitude is, lest it should ever be considered in England as the policy of a state to seek a resource in confiscations of any kind ; or that any one description of citizens should be brought to regard any of the others as their proper prey. Nations are wading deeper and deeper into an ocean of boundless debt. Public debts, which at first were a security to governments, by interesting many in the public tranquillity, are likely in their excess to become the means of their subversion. If governments provide for these debts by heavy impositions, they perish by becoming odious to the people. If they do not provide for them they will be undone by the efforts of the most dangerous of all parties ; I mean an extensive, discontented monied interest, injured and not destroyed. The men who compose this interest look for their security, in the first instance, to the fidelity of government ; in the second, to its power. If they find the old governments effete, worn out, and with their springs relaxed, so as not to be of sufficient vigour for their purposes, they may seek new ones that shall be possessed of more energy ; and this energy will be derived, not from an acquisition of resources, but from a contempt of justice. Revolutions are favourable to confiscation ; and it is

impossible to know under what obnoxious names the next confiscations will be authorised. I am sure that the principles predominant in France extend to very many persons, and descriptions of persons, in all countries who think their innoxious indolence their security. This kind of innocence in proprietors may be argued into inutility ; and inutility into an unfitness for their estates. Many parts of Europe are in open disorder. In many others there is a hollow murmuring under ground ; a confused movement is felt, that threatens a general earthquake in the political world. Already confederacies and correspondences of the most extraordinary nature are forming, in several countries. In such a state of things we ought to hold ourselves upon our guard. In all mutations (if mutations must be) the circumstance which will serve most to blunt the edge of their mischief, and to promote what good may be in them, is, that they should find us with our minds tenacious of justice, and tender of property.

But it will be argued, that this confiscation in France ought not to alarm other nations. They say it is not made from wanton rapacity ; that it is a great measure of national policy, adopted to remove an extensive, inveterate, superstitious mischief. It is with the greatest difficulty that I am able to separate policy from justice. Justice itself is the great standing policy of civil society ; and any eminent departure from it, under any circumstances, lies under the suspicion of being no policy at all.

When men are encouraged to go into a certain mode of life by the existing laws, and protected in that mode as in a lawful occupation—when they have accommodated all their ideas and all their habits to it—when the law had long made their adherence to its rules a ground of reputation, and their departure from them a ground of disgrace and even of penalty—I am sure it is unjust in legislature, by an arbitrary act, to offer a sudden violence to their minds and their feelings ; forcibly to degrade them from their state and condition, and to stigmatise with shame and infamy that character, and those customs, which before had been made the measure of their happiness and

honour. If to this be added an expulsion from their habitations, and a confiscation of all their goods, I am not sagacious enough to discover how this despotic sport, made of the feelings, consciences, prejudices, and properties of men, can be discriminated from the rankest tyranny.

Reflections on the French Revolution.

PHILIP DORMER STANHOPE,
EARL OF CHESTERFIELD

(1694-1773)

ON VULGARITY AND VULGARISMS

LONDON, 27th September (O.S.), 1749.

DEAR BOY,

A vulgar, ordinary way of thinking, acting, or speaking, implies a low education, and a habit of low company. Young people contract it at school, or among servants, with whom they are too often used to converse ; but, after they frequent good company, they must want attention and observation very much, if they do not lay it quite aside. And indeed, if they do not, good company will be very apt to lay them aside. The various kinds of vulgarisms are infinite ; I cannot pretend to point them out to you ; but I will give some samples, by which you may guess at the rest.

A vulgar man is captious and jealous ; eager and impetuous about trifles. He suspects himself to be slighted, thinks everything that is said meant at him ; if the company happens to laugh, he is persuaded they laugh at him ; he grows angry and testy, says something very impertinent, and draws himself into a scrape, by showing what he calls a proper spirit, and asserting himself. A man of fashion does not suppose himself to be either the sole or principal object of the thoughts, looks, or words of the company ;

and never suspects that he is either slighted or laughed at, unless he is conscious that he deserves it. And if (which very seldom happens) the company is absurd or ill-bred enough to do either, he does not care two-pence, unless the insult be so gross and plain as to require satisfaction of another kind. As he is above trifles, he is never vehement and eager about them ; and, wherever they are concerned, rather acquiesces than wrangles. A vulgar man's conversation always savours strongly of the lowness of his education and company. It turns chiefly upon his domestic affairs, his servants, the excellent order he keeps in his own family, and the little anecdotes of the neighbourhood ; all which he relates with emphasis, as interesting matters. He is a man gossip.

Vulgarism in language is the next, and distinguishing, characteristic of bad company and a bad education. A man of fashion avoids nothing with more care than that. Proverbial expressions and trite sayings, are the flowers of the rhetoric of a vulgar man. Would he say that men differ in their tastes ; he supports and adorns that opinion, by the good old saying, as he respectfully calls it, *that what is one man's Meat is another man's Poison*. If anybody attempts being *smart*, as he calls it, upon him, he gives them *Tit for Tat*, ay, that he does. He has always some favourite word for the time being ; which, for the sake of using often, he commonly abuses : such as *vastly* angry, *vastly* kind, *vastly* handsome, and *vastly* ugly. Even his pronunciation of proper words carries the mark of the beast along with it. He calls the earth, *yearth* ; he is *obleiged*, not *obliged*, to you. He goes *to wards*, and not *towards*, such a place. He sometimes affects hard words by way of ornament, which he always mangles, like a learned woman. A man of fashion never has recourse to proverbs, and vulgar aphorisms ; uses neither favourite words nor hard words ; but takes great care to speak very correctly and grammatically, and to pronounce properly ; that is, according to the usage of the best companies.

ON THE POWER OF STYLE

LONDON, 12th December (O.S.), 1749.

DEAR BOY,

Lord Clarendon, in his history, says of Mr. John Hampden, *that he had a head to contrive, a tongue to persuade, and a hand to execute, any mischief*. I shall not now enter into the justness of this character of Mr. Hampden, to whose brave stand against the illegal demand of Ship-money, we owe our present liberties; but I mention it to you as the character, which, with the alteration of one single word, *Good*, instead of *Mischief*, I would have you aspire to, and use your utmost endeavours to deserve. The head to contrive, God must to a certain degree have given you; but it is in your own power greatly to improve it, by study, observation, and reflection. As for the *tongue to persuade*, it wholly depends upon yourself; and without it the best head will contrive to very little purpose. The hand to execute, depends likewise, in my opinion, in a great measure upon yourself. Serious reflection will always give courage in a good cause; and the courage arising from reflection is of a much superior nature to the animal and constitutional courage of a foot-soldier. The former is steady and unshaken, where the *nodus* is *dignus vindice*; the latter is oftener improperly than properly exerted, but always brutally.

The second member of my text (to speak ecclesiastically) shall be the subject of my following discourse; *the tongue to persuade*. As judicious Preachers recommend those virtues, which they think their several audiences want the most: such as truth and continence, at Court; disinterestedness, in the City; and sobriety in the Country.

You must certainly, in the course of your little experience, have felt the different effects of elegant and inelegant speaking. Do you not suffer, when people accost you in a stammering or hesitating manner; in an untuneful voice, with false accents and cadences; puzzling and blundering through solecisms, barbarisms, and vulgarisms; misplacing even their bad words, and inverting all method?

Does not this prejudice you against their matter, be it what it will? nay, even against their persons? I am sure it does me. On the other hand, Do you not feel yourself inclined, prepossessed, nay, even engaged in favour of those who address you in the direct contrary manner? The effects of a correct and adorned style, of method and perspicuity, are incredible towards persuasion; they often supply the want of reason and argument; but when used in the support of reason and argument, they are irresistible. The French attend very much to the purity and elegance of their style, even in common conversation; insomuch, that it is a character to say of a man, *qu'il narre bien*. Their conversations frequently turn upon the delicacies of their language, and an Academy is employed in fixing it. The *Crusca*, in Italy, has the same object; and I have met with very few Italians, who did not speak their own language correctly and elegantly. How much more necessary is it for an Englishman to do so, who is to speak it in a public assembly, where the laws and liberties of his country are the subjects of his deliberation? The tongue that would persuade, there, must not content itself with mere articulation. You know what pains Demosthenes took to correct his naturally bad elocution; you know that he declaimed by the sea-side in storms, to prepare himself for the noise of the tumultuous assemblies he was to speak to; and you can now judge of the correctness and elegance of his style. He thought all these things of consequence, and he thought right; pray do you think so too. It is of the utmost consequence to you to be of that opinion. If you have the least defect in your elocution, take the utmost care and pains to correct it. Do not neglect your style, whatever language you speak in, or whomever you speak to, were it your footman. Seek always for the best words and the happiest expressions you can find. Do not content yourself with being barely understood; but adorn your thoughts, and dress them as you would your person; which, however well proportioned it might be, it would be very improper and indecent to exhibit naked, or even worse dressed than people of your sort are.

I have sent you, in a packet which your Leipsig acquaintance, Duval, sends to his correspondent at Rome, Lord Bolingbroke's book, which he published about a year ago. I desire that you will read it over and over again, with particular attention to the style, and to all those beauties of oratory with which it is adorned. Till I read the book, I confess I did not know all the extent and powers of the English Language.

Letters to his Son, on Education.

RICHARD BRINSLEY SHERIDAN

(1751-1816)

THE RIVALS

ACT I. SCENE II

LYDIA *sitting on a sofa in Mrs. Malaprop's lodgings. To her enter MRS. MALAPROP and SIR ANTHONY ABSOLUTE.*

Mrs. Mal. There, Sir Anthony, there sits the deliberate simpleton who wants to disgrace her family, and lavish herself on a fellow not worth a shilling.

Lyd. Madam, I thought you once——

Mrs. Mal. You thought, miss ! I don't know any business you have to think at all—thought does not become a young woman. But the point we would request of you is, that you will promise to forget this fellow—to illiterate him, I say, quite from your memory.

Lyd. Ah, madam ! our memories are independent of our wills. It is not so easy to forget.

Mrs. Mal. But I say it is, miss ; there is nothing on earth so easy as to forget, if a person chooses to set about it. I'm sure I have as much forgot your poor dear uncle as if he had never existed—and I thought it my duty so to do ; and let me tell you, Lydia, these violent memories don't become a young woman.

Sir Anth. Why sure she won't pretend to remember what she's ordered not!—ay, this comes of her reading!

Lyd. What crime, madam, have I committed to be treated thus?

Mrs. Mal. Now don't attempt to extirpate yourself from the matter; you know I have proof controvertible of it.—But tell me, will you promise to do as you're bid? Will you take a husband of your friends' choosing?

Lyd. Madam, I must tell you plainly, that had I no preference for any one else, the choice you have made would be my aversion.

Mrs. Mal. What business have you, miss, with preference and aversion? They don't become a young woman; and you ought to know, that as both always wear off, 'tis safest in matrimony to begin with a little aversion. I am sure I hated your poor dear uncle before marriage as if he'd been a blackamoor—and yet, miss, you are sensible what a wife I made!—and when it pleased Heaven to release me from him, 'tis unknown what tears I shed!—But suppose we were going to give you another choice, will you promise us to give up this Beverley?

Lyd. Could I belie my thoughts so far as to give that promise, my actions would certainly as far belie my words.

Mrs. Mal. Take yourself to your room.—You are fit company for nothing but your own ill-humours.

Lyd. Willingly, ma'am—I cannot change for the worse. [*Exit.*]

Mrs. Mal. There's a little intricate hussy for you!

Sir Anth. It is not to be wondered at, ma'am,—all this is the natural consequence of teaching girls to read. Had I a thousand daughters, by Heaven! I'd as soon have them taught the black art as their alphabet!

Mrs. Mal. Nay, nay, Sir Anthony, you are an absolute misanthropy.

Sir Anth. In my way hither, Mrs. Malaprop, I observed your niece's maid coming forth from a circulating library!—She had a book in each hand—they were half-bound volumes, with marble covers!—From that moment I guessed how full of duty I should see her mistress!

Mrs. Mal. Those are vile places, indeed !

Sir Anth. Madam, a circulating library in a town is as an evergreen tree of diabolical knowledge ! It blossoms through the year !—And depend on it, Mrs. Malaprop, that they who are so fond of handling the leaves, will long for the fruit at last.

Mrs. Mal. Fy, fy, Sir Anthony ! you surely speak laconically.

Sir Anth. Why, Mrs. Malaprop, in moderation now, what would you have a woman know ?

Mrs. Mal. Observe me, Sir Anthony. I would by no means wish a daughter of mine to be a progeny of learning ; I don't think so much learning becomes a young woman ; for instance, I would never let her meddle with Greek, or Hebrew, or algebra, or simony, or fluxions, or paradoxes, or such inflammatory branches of learning—neither would it be necessary for her to handle any of your mathematical, astronomical, diabolical instruments.—But, Sir Anthony, I would send her, at nine years old, to a boarding-school, in order to learn a little ingenuity and artifice. Then, sir, she should have a supercilious knowledge in accounts ;—and as she grew up, I would have her instructed in geometry, that she might know something of the contagious countries ;—but above all, Sir Anthony, she should be mistress of orthodoxy, that she might not mis-spell, and mis-pronounce words so shamefully as girls usually do ; and likewise that she might reprehend the true meaning of what she is saying. This, Sir Anthony, is what I would have a woman know ;—and I don't think there is a superstitious article in it.

Sir Anth. Well, well, Mrs. Malaprop, I will dispute the point no further with you ; though I must confess, that you are a truly moderate and polite arguer, for almost every third word you say is on my side of the question. But, Mrs. Malaprop, to the more important point in debate—you say you have no objection to my proposal ?

Mrs. Mal. None, I assure you. I am under no positive engagement with Mr. Acres, and as Lydia is so obstinate against him, perhaps your son may have better success.

Sir Anth. Well, madam, I will write for the boy directly. He knows not a syllable of this yet, though I have for some time had the proposal in my head. He is at present with his regiment.

Mrs. Mal. We have never seen your son, Sir Anthony ; but I hope no objection on his side.

Sir Anth. Objection !—let him object if he dare !—No, no, Mrs. Malaprop, Jack knows that the least demur puts me in a frenzy directly. My process was always very simple—in their younger days, 'twas “ Jack, do this ” ;—if he demurred, I knocked him down—and if he grumbled at that, I always sent him out of the room.

Mrs. Mal. Ay, and the properest way, o' my conscience !—nothing is so conciliating to young people as severity.—Well, Sir Anthony, I shall give Mr. Acres his discharge, and prepare Lydia to receive your son's invocations ;—and I hope you will represent her to the captain as an object not altogether illegible.

Sir Anth. Madam, I will handle the subject prudently.—Well, I must leave you ; and let me beg you, Mrs. Malaprop, to enforce this matter roundly to the girl.—Take my advice—keep a tight hand : if she rejects this proposal, clap her under lock and key ; and if you were just to let the servants forget to bring her dinner for three or four days, you can't conceive how she'd come about. [*Exit.*]

EDWARD GIBBON

(1737-94)

THE DEFEAT OF THE HUNS

THE discipline and tactics of the Greeks and Romans form an interesting part of their national manners. The attentive study of the military operations of Xenophon, or Cæsar, or Frederic, when they are described by the same genius which conceived and executed them, may tend to improve (if such improvement can be wished) the art of destroying

the human species. But the battle of Châlons can only excite our curiosity by the magnitude of the object ; since it was decided by the blind impetuosity of barbarians, and has been related by partial writers, whose civil or ecclesiastical profession secluded them from the knowledge of military affairs. Cassiodorus, however, had familiarly conversed with many Gothic warriors, who served in that memorable engagement ; a conflict (as they informed him) fierce, various, obstinate, and bloody ; such as could not be paralleled, either in the present, or in past ages. The number of the slain amounted to one hundred and sixty-two thousand, or, according to another account, three hundred thousand persons ; and these incredible exaggerations suppose a real and effective loss, sufficient to justify the historian's remark, that whole generations may be swept away by the madness of kings, in the space of a single hour. After the mutual and repeated discharge of missile weapons, in which the archers of Scythia might signalise their superior dexterity, the cavalry and infantry of the two armies were furiously mingled in closer combat. The Huns, who fought under the eye of their king, pierced through the feeble and doubtful centre of the allies, separated their wings from each other, and wheeling with a rapid effort, to the left, directed their whole force against the Visigoths. As Theodoric rode along the ranks, to animate his troops, he received a mortal stroke from the javelin of Andages, a noble Ostrogoth, and immediately fell from his horse. The wounded king was oppressed in the general disorder, and trampled under the feet of his own cavalry ; and this important death served to explain the ambiguous prophecy of the haruspices. Attila already exulted in the confidence of victory, when the valiant Torismond descended from the hills, and verified the remainder of the prediction. The Visigoths, who had been thrown into confusion by the flight, or defection, of the Alani, gradually restored their order of battle ; and the Huns were undoubtedly vanquished, since Attila was compelled to retreat. He had exposed his person with the rashness of a private soldier ; but the intrepid troops of the centre had pushed

forward beyond the rest of the line ; their attack was faintly supported ; their flanks were unguarded ; and the conquerors of Scythia and Germany were saved by the approach of the night from a total defeat. They retired within the circle of waggons that fortified their camp ; and the dismounted squadrons prepared themselves for a defence, to which neither their arms, nor their temper, were adapted. The event was doubtful ; but Attila had secured a last and honourable resource. The saddles and rich furniture of the cavalry were collected, by his order, into a funeral pile ; and the magnanimous barbarian had resolved, if his intrenchments should be forced, to rush headlong into the flames, and to deprive his enemies of the glory which they might have acquired, by the death or captivity of Attila.

But his enemies had passed the night in equal disorder and anxiety. The inconsiderate courage of Torismond was tempted to urge the pursuit, till he unexpectedly found himself, with a few followers, in the midst of the Scythian waggons. In the confusion of a nocturnal combat, he was thrown from his horse ; and the Gothic prince must have perished like his father, if his youthful strength, and the intrepid zeal of his companions, had not rescued him from this dangerous situation. In the same manner, but on the left of the line, Ætius himself, separated from his allies, ignorant of their victory, and anxious for their fate, encountered and escaped the hostile troops that were scattered over the plains of Châlons ; and at length reached the camp of the Goths, which he could only fortify with a slight rampart of shields, till the dawn of day. The imperial general was soon satisfied of the defeat of Attila, who still remained inactive within his intrenchments ; and when he contemplated the bloody scene, he observed, with secret satisfaction, that the loss had principally fallen on the barbarians. The body of Theodoric, pierced with honourable wounds, was discovered under a heap of the slain : his subjects bewailed the death of their king and father ; but their tears were mingled with songs and acclamations, and his funeral rites were performed in the face of a van-

quished enemy. The Goths, clashing their arms, elevated on a buckler his eldest son Torismond, to whom they justly ascribed the glory of their success ; and the new king accepted the obligation of revenge, as a sacred portion of his paternal inheritance. Yet the Goths themselves were astonished by the fierce and undaunted aspect of their formidable antagonist ; and their historian has compared Attila to a lion encompassed in his den, and threatening his hunters with redoubled fury. The kings and nations, who might have deserted his standard in the hour of distress, were made sensible, that the displeasure of their monarch was the most imminent and inevitable danger. All his instruments of martial music incessantly sounded a long and animating strain of defiance ; and the foremost troops, who advanced to the assault, were checked, or destroyed, by showers of arrows from every side of the intrenchments. It was determined, in a general council of war, to besiege the King of the Huns in his camp, to intercept his provisions, and to reduce him to the alternative of a disgraceful treaty, or an unequal combat. But the impatience of the barbarians soon disdained these cautious and dilatory measures ; and the mature policy of Ætius was apprehensive, that, after the extirpation of the Huns, the republic would be oppressed by the pride and power of the Gothic nation. The patrician exerted the superior ascendant of authority and reason, to calm the passions, which the son of Theodoric considered as a duty ; represented, with seeming affection, and real truth, the dangers of absence and delay ; and persuaded Torismond to disappoint, by his speedy return, the ambitious designs of his brothers, who might occupy the throne and treasures of Thoulouse. After the departure of the Goths, and the separation of the allied army, Attila was surprised at the vast silence that reigned over the plains of Châlons : the suspicion of some hostile stratagem detained him several days within the circle of his waggon ; and his retreat beyond the Rhine confessed the last victory which was achieved in the name of the Western Empire.

Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire.

FRANCES BURNEY

(1752-1848)

HERO AND VILLAIN

AND now, my dear Sir, I have a conversation to write, the most interesting to me, that I ever heard. The comments and questions with which Mrs. Selwyn interrupted her account, I shall not mention ; for they are such as you may very easily suppose.

Lord Orville and Sir Clement were both seated very quietly in the arbour : and Mrs. Selwyn, standing still, as soon as she was within a few yards of them, heard Sir Clement say, " Your question, my Lord, alarms me, and I can by no means answer it, unless you will allow me to propose another."

" Undoubtedly, Sir."

" You ask me, my Lord, what are my intentions ?—I should be very happy to be satisfied as to your Lordship's."

" I have never, Sir, professed *any*."

Here they were both, for a few moments, silent ; and then Sir Clement said, " To what, my Lord, must I, then, impute your desire of knowing mine ? "

" To an unaffected interest in Miss Anville's welfare."

" Such an interest," said Sir Clement, drily, " is, indeed, very generous : but, except in a father,—a brother,—or a lover——"

" Sir Clement," interrupted his Lordship, " I know your inference ; and I acknowledge I have not the right of enquiry which any of those three titles bestow, and yet I confess the warmest wishes to serve her, and see her happy. Will you, then, excuse me, if I take the liberty to repeat my question ? "

" Yes, if your Lordship will excuse my repeating that I think it a rather extraordinary one."

" It may be so," said Lord Orville ; " but this young lady seems to be peculiarly situated ; she is very young,

very inexperienced, yet appears to be left totally to her own direction. She does not, I believe, see the dangers to which she is exposed, and I will own to you, I feel a strong desire to point them out."

"I don't rightly understand your Lordship,—but I think you cannot mean to prejudice her against me?"

"Her sentiments of *you*, Sir, are as much unknown to me, as your intentions towards *her*. Perhaps, were I acquainted with either, my officiousness might be at an end; but I presume not to ask upon what terms——"

Here he stopped; and Sir Clement said, "You know, my Lord, I am not given to despair; I am by no means such a puppy as to tell you I am upon *sure ground*; however, perseverance——"

"You are, then, determined to persevere?"

"I am, my Lord."

"Pardon me, then, Sir Clement, if I speak to you with freedom. This young lady, though she seems alone, and, in some measure, unprotected, is not entirely without friends; she has been extremely well educated, and accustomed to good company; she has a natural love of virtue, and a mind that might adorn *any* station, however exalted: is such a young lady, Sir Clement, a proper object to trifle with?—for your principles, excuse me, Sir, are well known."

"As to that, my Lord, let Miss Anville look to herself; she has an excellent understanding, and needs no counsellor."

"Her understanding is, indeed, excellent; but she is too young for suspicion, and has an artlessness of disposition I never saw equalled."

"My Lord," cried Sir Clement, warmly, "your praises make me doubt your disinterestedness, and there exists not the man who I would so unwillingly have for a rival as yourself. But you must give me leave to say, you have greatly deceived me in regard to this affair."

"How so, Sir?" cried Lord Orville, with equal warmth.

"You were pleased, my Lord," answered Sir Clement, "upon our first conversation concerning this young lady, to speak of her in terms by no means suited to your present

encomiums ; you said she was a *poor, weak, ignorant girl*, and I had great reason to believe you had a most contemptuous opinion of her."

"It is very true," said Lord Orville, "that I did not, at our first acquaintance, do justice to the merits of Miss Anville ; but I knew not, then, how new she was to the world ; at present, however, I am convinced, that whatever might appear strange in her behaviour, was simply the effect of inexperience, timidity, and a retired education, for I find her informed, sensible, and intelligent. She is not, indeed, like most modern young ladies, to be known in half-an-hour ; her modest worth, and fearful excellence, require both time and encouragement to show themselves. She does not, beautiful as she is, seize the soul by surprise, but, with more dangerous fascination, she steals it almost imperceptibly."

"Enough, my Lord," cried Sir Clement, "your solicitude for her welfare is now sufficiently explained."

"My friendship and esteem," returned Lord Orville, "I do not wish to disguise ; but assure yourself, Sir Clement, I should not have troubled *you* upon this subject, had Miss Anville and I ever conversed but as friends. However, since you do not chuse to avow your intentions, we must drop the subject."

"My intentions," cried he, "I will frankly own, are hardly known to myself. I think Miss Anville the loveliest of her sex, and, were I a *marrying man*, her, of all the women I have seen, I would fix upon for a wife : but I believe that not even the philosophy of your Lordship would recommend me to a connection of that sort, with a girl of obscure birth, whose only dowry is her beauty, and who is evidently in a state of dependency."

"Sir Clement," cried Lord Orville, with some heat, "we will discuss this point no further ; we are both free agents, and must act for ourselves."

Here Mrs. Selwyn, fearing a surprise, and finding my apprehensions of danger were groundless, retired hastily into another walk, and soon after came to give me this account.

Good Heaven, what a man is this Sir Clement ! so designing, though so easy ; so deliberately artful, though so flighty ! Greatly, however, is he mistaken, all confident as he seems ; for the girl, obscure, poor, dependent as she is, far from wishing the honour of his alliance, would not only *now*, but *always* have rejected it.

As to Lord Orville,—but I will not trust my pen to mention him,—tell me, my dear Sir, what *you* think of him ?—tell me if he is not the noblest of men ?—and if you can either wonder at, or blame my admiration ?

Evelina.

JEREMY BENTHAM

(1748-1832)

THE SEED OF ANARCHY

THE revolution, which threw the government into the hands of the penners and adopters of this declaration, having been the effect of insurrection, the grand object evidently is to justify the cause. But by justifying it, they invite it ; in justifying past insurrection, they plant and cultivate a propensity to perpetual insurrection in time future ; they sow the seeds of anarchy broadcast ; in justifying the demolition of existing authorities, they undermine all future ones, their own consequently in the number. Shallow and reckless vanity !—They imitate in their conduct the author of that fabled law, according to which the assassination of the prince upon the throne gave to the assassin a title to succeed him. “ People behold your rights ! If a single article of them be violated, insurrection is not your right only, but the most sacred of your duties.” Such is the constant language, for such is the professed object of this source and model of all laws—this self-consecrated oracle of all nations.

The more abstract—that is, the more extensive—the proposition is, the more liable is it to involve a fallacy.

Of fallacies, one of the most natural modifications is that which is called begging the question—the abuse of making the abstract proposition resorted to for proof, a lever for introducing, in the company of other propositions that are nothing to the purpose, the very proposition which is admitted to stand in need of proof.

Is the provision in question fit in point of expediency to be passed into a law for the government of the French nation? That, *mutatis mutandis*, would have been the question put in England: that was the proper question to have been put in relation to each provision it was proposed should enter into the composition of the body of French laws.

Instead of that, as often as the utility of a provision appeared (by reason of the wideness of its extent, for instance) of a doubtful nature, the way taken to clear the doubt was to assert it to be a provision fit to be made law for all men—for all Frenchmen—and for all Englishmen, for example, into the bargain. This medium of proof was the more alluring, inasmuch as to the advantage of removing opposition, was added the pleasure, the sort of titillation so exquisite to the nerve of vanity in a French heart—the satisfaction, to use a homely, but not the less apposite proverb, of teaching grandmothers to suck eggs. Hark! ye citizens of the other side of the water! Can you tell us what rights you have belonging to you? No, that you can't. It's *we* that understand rights: not our own only, but yours into the bargain; while you, poor simple souls! know nothing about the matter.

Hasty generalisation, the great stumbling block of intellectual vanity!—hasty generalisation, the rock that even genius itself is so apt to split upon!—hasty generalisation, the bane of prudence and of science!

In the British Houses of Parliament, more especially in the most efficient house for business, there prevails a well-known jealousy of, and repugnance to, the voting of abstract propositions. This jealousy is not less general than reasonable. A jealousy of abstract propositions is an aversion to whatever is beside the purpose—an aversion to impertinence.

The great enemies of public peace are the selfish and dissocial passions:—necessary as they are—the one to the very existence of each individual, the other to his security. On the part of these affections, a deficiency in point of strength is never to be apprehended: all that is to be apprehended in respect of them, is to be apprehended on the side of their excess. Society is held together only by the sacrifices that men can be induced to make of the gratifications they demand: to obtain these sacrifices is the great difficulty, the great task of government. What has been the object, the perpetual and palpable object, of this declaration of pretended rights? To add as much force as possible to these passions, already but too strong,—to burst the cords that hold them in,—to say to the selfish passions, there—everywhere—is your prey!—to the angry passions, there—everywhere—is your enemy.

Such is the morality of this celebrated manifesto, rendered famous by the same qualities that gave celebrity to the incendiary of the Ephesian temple.

The logic of it is of a piece with its morality:—a perpetual vein of nonsense, flowing from a perpetual abuse of words—words having a variety of meanings, where words with single meanings were equally at hand—the same words used in a variety of meanings in the same page, words used in meanings not their own, where proper words were equally at hand,—words and propositions of the most unbounded signification, turned loose without any of those exceptions or modifications which are so necessary on every occasion to reduce their import within the compass, not only of right reason, but even of the design in hand, of whatever nature it may be:—the same inaccuracy, the same inattention in the penning of this cluster of truths on which the fate of nations was to hang, as if it had been an oriental tale, or an allegory for a magazine:—stale epigrams, instead of necessary distinctions,—figurative expressions preferred to simple ones,—sentimental conceits, as trite as they are unmeaning, preferred to apt and precise expressions,—frippery ornament preferred to the majestic simplicity of good sound sense,

—and the acts of the senate loaded and disfigured by the tinsel of the playhouse.

In a play or a novel, an improper word is but a word, and the impropriety, whether noticed or not, is attended with no consequences. In a body of laws—especially of laws given as constitutional and fundamental ones—an improper word may be a national calamity, and civil war may be the consequence of it. Out of one foolish word may start a thousand daggers.

A Critical Examination of the Declaration of Rights.

WILLIAM COWPER

(1731–1800)

TO THE REV. WILLIAM UNWIN

Oct. 31, 1779.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I wrote my last letter merely to inform you that I had nothing to say, in answer to which you have said nothing. I admire the propriety of your conduct though I am a loser by it. I will endeavour to say something now, and shall hope for something in return.

I have been well entertained with Johnson's biography, for which I thank you: with one exception, and that a swingeing one, I think he has acquitted himself with his usual good sense and sufficiency. His treatment of Milton is unmerciful to the last degree. He has belaboured that great poet's character with the most industrious cruelty. As a man, he has hardly left him the shadow of one good quality. Churlishness in his private life, and a rancorous hatred of every thing royal in his public, are the two colours with which he has smeared all the canvass. If he had any virtues, they are not to be found in the Doctor's picture of him, and it is well for Milton, that some sourness in his temper is the only vice with which his memory has been charged; it is evident enough that if his biographer could

have discovered more, he would not have spared him. As a poet, he has treated him with severity enough, and has plucked one or two of the most beautiful feathers out of his Muse's wing, and trampled them under his great foot. He has passed sentence of condemnation upon *Lycidas*, and has taken occasion, from that charming poem, to expose to ridicule (what is indeed ridiculous enough) the childish prattlement of pastoral compositions, as if *Lycidas* was the prototype and pattern of them all. The liveliness of the description, the sweetness of the numbers, the classical spirit of antiquity that prevails in it, go for nothing. I am convinced by the way, that he has no ear for poetical numbers, or that it was stopped by prejudice against the harmony of Milton's. Was there ever any thing so delightful as the music of the *Paradise Lost*? It is like that of a fine organ; has the fullest and the deepest tones of majesty, with all the softness and elegance of the Dorian flute. Variety without end and never equalled, unless perhaps by Virgil. Yet the Doctor has little or nothing to say upon this copious theme, but talks something about the unfitness of the English language for blank verse, and how apt it is, in the mouth of some readers, to degenerate into declamation.

I could talk a good while longer, but I have no room; our love attends you.

Yours affectionately,
W. C.

TO THE REV. WILLIAM UNWIN

Jan. 17, 1782.

MY DEAR WILLIAM,

I am glad we agree in our opinion of King Critic, and the writers on whom he has bestowed his animadversions. It is a matter of indifference to me whether I think with the world at large or not, but I wish my friends to be of my mind. The same work will wear a different appearance in the eyes of the same man, according to the different views with which he reads it; if merely for his amusement, his candour being in less danger of a twist from interest or prejudice, he is pleased with what is really pleasing, and is

not over curious to discover a blemish, because the exercise of a minute exactness is not consistent with his purpose. But if he once becomes a critic by trade, the case is altered. He must then at any rate establish, if he can, an opinion in every mind, of his uncommon discernment, and his exquisite taste. This great end he can never accomplish by thinking in the track that has been beaten under the hoof of public judgment. He must endeavour to convince the world, that their favourite authors have more faults than they are aware of, and such as they have never suspected. Having marked out a writer universally esteemed, whom he finds it for that very reason convenient to depreciate and traduce, he will overlook some of his beauties, he will faintly praise others, and in such a manner as to make thousands, more modest, though quite as judicious as himself, question whether they are beauties at all. Can there be a stronger illustration of all that I have said, than the severity of Johnson's remarks upon Prior, I might have said the injustice? His reputation as an author who, with much labour indeed but with admirable success, has embellished all his poems with the most charming ease, stood unshaken till Johnson thrust his head against it. And how does he attack him in this his principal forte? I cannot recollect his very words, but I am much mistaken, indeed, if my memory fails me with respect to the purport of them. "His words," he says, "appear to be forced into their proper places; there indeed we find them, but find likewise that their arrangement has been the effect of constraint, and that without violence they would certainly have stood in a different order." By your leave, most learned Doctor, this is the most disingenuous remark I ever met with, and would have come with a better grace from Curl, or Dennis. Every man conversant with verse-writing knows, and knows by painful experience, that the familiar style is of all styles the most difficult to succeed in. To make verse speak the language of prose, without being prosaic, to marshal the words of it in such an order, as they might naturally take in falling from the lips of an extemporary speaker, yet without meanness; harmoniously, elegantly,

and without seeming to displace a syllable for the sake of the rhyme, is one of the most arduous tasks a poet can undertake. He that could accomplish this task was Prior ; many have imitated his excellence in this particular, but the best copies have fallen far short of the original. And now to tell us, after we and our fathers have admired him for it so long, that he is an easy writer indeed, but that his ease has an air of stiffness in it, in short, that his ease is not ease, but only something like it, what is it but a self-contradiction, an observation that grants what it is just going to deny, and denies what it has just granted, in the same sentence, and in the same breath ?—But I have filled the greatest part of my sheet with a very uninteresting subject. I will only say, that as a nation we are not much indebted, in point of personal credit, to this too sagacious and unmerciful judge ; and that for myself in particular, I have reason to rejoice that he entered upon and exhausted the labours of his office, before my poor volume could possibly become an object of them. By the way, you cannot have a book at the time you mention ; I have lived a fortnight or more in expectation of the last sheet, which is not yet arrived.

You have already furnished John's memory with by far the greatest part of what a parent would wish to store it with. If all that is merely trivial, and all that has an immoral tendency, were expunged from our English poets, how would they shrink, and how would some of them completely vanish. I believe there are some of Dryden's *Fables*, which he would find very entertaining ; they are for the most part fine compositions, and not above his apprehension ; but Dryden has written few things, that are not blotted here and there with an unchaste allusion, so that you must pick his way for him, lest he should tread in the dirt. You did not mention Milton's *Allegro* and *Penseroso*, which I remember being so charmed with when I was a boy that I was never weary of them. There are even passages in the paradisaical part of the *Paradise Lost*, which he might study with advantage. And to teach him, as you can, to deliver some of the fine orations made in the Pandæmonium, and

those between Satan, Ithuriel, and Zephon, with emphasis, dignity, and propriety, might be of great use to him hereafter. The sooner the ear is formed, and the organs of speech are accustomed to the various inflections of the voice, which the rehearsal of those passages demands, the better. I should think too, that Thomson's *Seasons* might afford him some useful lessons. At least they would have a tendency to give his mind an observing and a philosophical turn. I do not forget that he is but a child. But I remember, that he is a child favoured with talents superior to his years. We were much pleased with his remarks on your almsgiving, and doubt not but it will be verified with respect to the two guineas you sent us, which have made four Christian people happy. Ships I have none, nor have touched a pencil these three years ; if ever I take it up again, which I rather suspect I shall not (the employment requiring stronger eyes than mine), it shall be at John's service.

Yours, my dear friend,

W. C.

THE DINNER PARTY

ADIEU, Vinoso cries, ere yet he sips
The purple bumper trembling at his lips,
Adieu to all morality ! if Grace
Make works a vain ingredient in the case.
The Christian hope is—Waiter, draw the cork—
If I mistake not—Blockhead ! with a fork !
Without good works, whatever some may boast,
Mere folly and delusion—Sir, your toast.
My firm persuasion is, at least sometimes,
That Heaven will weigh man's virtues and his crimes
With nice attention, in a righteous scale,
And save or damn as these or those prevail.
I plant my foot upon this ground of trust,
And silence every fear with—God is just.
But if perchance on some dull drizzling day
A thought intrude, that says, or seems to say,
If thus th' important cause is to be tried,

Suppose the beam should dip on the wrong side ;
I soon recover from these needless frights,
And God is merciful—sets all to rights.
Thus, between justice, as my prime support,
And mercy, fled to as the last resort,
I glide and steal along with Heaven in view,
And,—Pardon me, the bottle stands with you.

I never will believe, the colonel cries,
The sanguinary schemes that some devise,
Who make the good Creator on their plan
A being of less equity than man.
If appetite, or what divines call lust,
Which men comply with e'en because they must,
Be punish'd with perdition, who is pure ?
Then theirs, no doubt, as well as mine, is sure.
If sentence of eternal pain belong
To every sudden slip and transient wrong,
Then Heaven enjoins the fallible and frail
A hopeless task, and damns them if they fail.
My creed (whatever some creed-makers mean
By Athanasian nonsense, or Nicene),
My creed is, he is safe, that does his best,
And death's a doom sufficient for the rest.

Right, says an ensign ; and, for aught I see,
Your faith and mine substantially agree ;
The best of every man's performance here
Is to discharge the duties of his sphere.
A lawyer's dealings should be just and fair,
Honesty shines with great advantage there.
Fasting and prayer sit well upon a priest,
A decent caution and reserve at least.
A soldier's best is courage in the field,
With nothing here that wants to be conceal'd.
Manly deportment, gallant, easy, gay ;
A hand as liberal as the light of day.
The soldier thus endow'd, who never shrinks,
Nor closets up his thoughts, whate'er he thinks,
Who scorns to do an injury by stealth,
Must go to Heaven—and I must drink his health.

Sir Smug, he cries (for lowest at the board,
 Just made fifth chaplain of his patron lord,
 His shoulders witnessing by many a shrug
 How much his feelings suffer'd, sat Sir Smug),
 Your office is to winnow false from true ;
 Come, prophet, drink, and tell us, What think you ?

Sighing and smiling as he takes his glass,
 Which they that woo preferment rarely pass,
 Fallible man, the church-bred youth replies,
 Is still found fallible, however wise ;
 And differing judgments serve but to declare
 That truth lies somewhere, if we knew but where.
 Of all it ever was my lot to read,
 Of critics now alive, or long since dead,
 The book of all the world that charm'd me most
 Was,—well-a-day, the title-page was lost ;
 The writer well remarks, a heart that knows
 To take with gratitude what Heaven bestows,
 With prudence always ready at our call,
 To guide our use of it, is all in all.
 Doubtless it is.—To which, of my own store,
 I superadd a few essentials more ;
 But these, excuse the liberty I take,
 I waive just now, for conversation's sake.
 Spoke like an oracle, they all exclaim,
 And add Right Reverend to Smug's honour'd name.

Table Talk.

ROBERT BURNS

(1759-96)

TO J. S * * * *

DEAR S * * * *, the sleest, paukie thief,
 That e'er attempted stealth or rief,
 Ye surely hae some warlock-breef
 Owre human hearts ;
 For ne'er a bosom yet was prief
 Against your arts.

For me, I swear by sun and moon,
 And ev'ry star that blinks aboon,
 Ye've cost me twenty pair o' shoon
 Just gaun to see you ;
 An ev'ry ither pair that's done,
 Mair taen I'm wi' you.

That auld capricious carlin, Nature,
 To make amends for scrimpit stature,
 She's turn'd you aff, a human creature
 On her *first* plan,
 And in her freaks, on ev'ry feature,
 She's wrote, *the Man*.

Just now I've taen the fit o' rhyme,
 My barmie noddle's working prime,
 My fancie yerkit up sublime
 Wi' hasty summon :
 Hae ye a leisure-moment's time
 To hear what's comin' ?

Some rhyme, a neebor's name to lash ;
 Some rhyme (vain thought !) for needfu' cash ;
 Some rhyme to court the countra clash,
 An' raise a din ;
 For me, an *aim* I never fash ;
 I rhyme for fun.

The star that rules my luckless lot,
 Has fated me the russet coat,
 And damn'd my fortune to the groat ;
 But in requit,
 Has bless'd me wi' a random shot
 O' countra wit.

This while my notion's taen a sklent,
 To try my fate in guid black *prent* ;
 But still the mair I'm that way bent,
 Something cries, " Hoolie !
 I red you, honest man, tak tent !
 Ye'll show your folly.

“ There’s ither poets, much your betters,
 Far seen in *Greek*, deep men o’ letters,
 Hae thought they had insur’d their debtors,
 A’ future ages ;
 Now moths deform in shapeless tetterers,
 Their unknown pages.”

Then fareweel hopes o’ laurel-boughs,
 To garland my poetic brows !
 Henceforth I’ll rove where busy ploughs
 Are whistling thrang,
 An’ teach the lanely heights an’ howes
 My rustic sang.

I’ll wander on, wi’ tentless heed
 How never-halting moments speed,
 Till fate shall snap the brittle thread ;
 Then, all unknown,
 I’ll lay me wi’ th’ inglorious dead,
 Forgot and gone !

But why o’ death begin a tale ?
 Just now we’re living sound and hale,
 Then top and maintop crowd the sail,
 Heave *care* owre side !
 And large, before enjoyment’s gale,
 Let’s tak the tide.

This life, sae far’s I understand,
 Is a’ enchanted fairy land,
 Where pleasure is the magic wand,
 That, wielded right,
 Maks hours like minutes, hand in hand,
 Dance by fu’ light.

The magic-wand then let us wield ;
 For, ance that five-an-forty’s speel’d,
 See crazy, weary, joyless eild,
 Wi’ wrinkl’d face,
 Comes hosting, hirplin owre the field,
 Wi’ creeping pace.

When ance *life's day* draws near the gloamin,
Then fareweel vacant careless roamin ;
An' fareweel chearfu' tankards foamin,
An' social noise ;
An' fareweel dear deluding *woman*,
The joy of joys !

O Life ! how pleasant in thy morning,
Young Fancy's rays the hills adorning !
Cold-pausing Caution's lesson scorning,
We frisk away,
Like school-boys, at th' expected warning,
To joy and play.

We wander there, we wander here,
We eye the rose upon the brier,
Unmindful that the thorn is near,
Among the leaves ;
And though the puny wound appear,
Short while it grieves.

Some, lucky, find a flow'ry spot,
For which they never toil'd nor swat ;
They drink the sweet, and eat the fat,
But care or pain ;
And, haply, eye the barren hut
Wi' high disdain.

Wi' steady aim, some fortune chase ;
Keen Hope does every sinew brace ;
Thro' fair, thro' foul, they urge the race,
And seize the prey :
Then cannie, in some cozie place,
They close the *day*.

And other, like your humble servan',
Poor wights ! nae rules nor roads observin ;
To right or left, eternal swervin,
They zig-zag on ;
Till curst wi' age, obscure an' starvin,
They aften groan.

Alas ! what bitter toil an' straining—
 But truce wi' peevish, poor complaining !
 Is fortune's fickle *Luna* waning ?
 E'en let her gang !
 Beneath what light she has remaining,
 Let's sing our sang.

My pen I here fling to the door,
 And kneel, " Ye Pow'rs ! " and warm implore,
 " Tho' I should wander *terra* o'er,
 In all her climes,
 Grant me but this, I ask no more,
 Aye rowth o' rhymes.

" Gie dreeping roasts to countra lairds,
 Till icicles hing frae their beards ;
 Gie fine braw claes to fine life-guards,
 And maids o' honour ;
 And yill an' whisky gie to cairds,
 Until they sconner.

" A title, *Dempster* merits it ;
 A garter gie to *Willie Pitt* ;
 Gie wealth^v to some be-ledger'd cit,
 In cent. per cent. ;
 But gie me real, sterling wit,
 And I'm content.

" While ye are pleas'd to keep me hale,
 I'll sit down o'er my scanty meal,
 Be 't *water-brose*, or *muslin-kail*,
 Wi' cheerfu' face,
 As lang's the Muses dinna fail
 To say the grace."

An anxious ee I never throws
 Behint my lug, or by my nose ;
 I jouk beneath misfortune's blows
 As weel's I may ;
 Sworn foe to sorrow, care, and prose,
 I rhyme away.

YE banks and braes o' bonnie Doon,
How can ye bloom sae fresh and fair !
How can ye chant, ye little birds,
And I sae weary, fu' o' care !
Thou'lt break my heart, thou warbling bird,
That wantons thro' the flowering thorn :
Thou minds me o' departed joys,
Departed—never to return.

Aft hae I rov'd by bonnie Doon,
 To see the rose and woodbine twine ;
 And ilka bird sang o' its luve,
 And fondly sae did I o' mine.
 Wi' lightsome heart I pu'd a rose,
 Fu' sweet upon its thorny tree ;
 And my fause luver stole my rose,
 But ah ! he left the thorn wi' me.

FOR A' THAT AND A' THAT

Is there, for honest poverty,
 That hangs his head, and a' that ?
 The coward-slave, we pass him by,
 We dare be poor for a' that !
 For a' that, and a' that,
 Our toils obscure, and a' that,
 The rank is but the guinea's stamp,
 The man's the gowd for a' that.

What tho' on hamely fare we dine,
 Wear hodden-grey, and a' that ;
 Gie fools their silks, and knaves their wine,
 A man's a man for a' that ;
 For a' that, and a' that,
 Their tinsel show, and a' that ;
 The honest man, tho' e'er sae poor,
 Is king o' men for a' that.

Ye see yon birkie, ca'd a lord,
 Wha struts, and stares, and a' that ;
 Tho' hundreds worship at his word,
 He's but a coof for a' that :
 For a' that, and a' that,
 His riband, star, and a' that,
 The man of independent mind,
 He looks and laughs at a' that.

A prince can mak a belted knight,
 A marquis, duke, and a' that ;
 But an honest man's aboon his might,
 Guid faith he mauna fa' that !
 For a' that, and a' that,
 Their dignities, and a' that,
 The pith o' sense, and pride o' worth,
 Are higher ranks than a' that.

Then let us pray that come it may,
 As come it will for a' that,
 That sense and worth o'er a' the earth,
 May bear the gree, and a' that.
 For a' that, and a' that,
 It's coming yet, for a' that,
 That man to man, the world o'er,
 Shall brothers be for a' that.

AE FOND KISS

AE fond kiss, and then we sever ;
 Ae fareweel, alas, for ever !
 Deep in heart-wrung tears I'll pledge thee,
 Warring sighs and groans I'll wage thee !

Who shall say that Fortune grieves him
 While the star of hope she leaves him ?
 Me, nae cheerfu' twinkle lights me,
 Dark despair around benights me.

I'll ne'er blame my partial fancy ;
 Naething could resist my Nancy ;
 But to see her was to love her,
 Love but her, and love for ever.

Had we never loved sae kindly,
 Had we never loved sae blindly,
 Never met—or never parted,
 We had ne'er been broken-hearted.

Fare thee weel, thou first and fairest !
 Fare thee weel, thou best and dearest !
 Thine be ilka joy and treasure,
 Peace, enjoyment, love and pleasure !

Ae fond kiss, and then we sever !
 Ae fareweel, alas, for ever !
 Deep in heart-wrung tears I'll pledge thee,
 Warring sighs and groans I'll wage thee !

AULD LANG SYNE

SHOULD auld acquaintance be forgot,
 And never brought to min' ?
 Should auld acquaintance be forgot,
 And days o' lang syne ?

We twa hae rin about the braes,
 And pu'd the gowans fine ;
 But we've wander'd monie a weary fit
 Sin' auld lang syne.

We twa hae paidl't i' the burn,
 Frae mornin' sun till dine ;
 But seas between us braid hae roar'd
 Sin' auld lang syne.

And here's a hand, my trusty fiere,
 And gie's a hand o' thine ;
 And we'll tak a right guid-willie waught
 For auld lang syne.

And surely ye'll be your pint-stowp,
 And surely I'll be mine ;
 And we'll tak a cup o' kindness yet
 For auld lang syne !

For auld lang syne, my dear,
 For auld lang syne,
 We'll tak a cup o' kindness yet
 For auld lang syne.

TO MARY IN HEAVEN

THOU lingering star, with less'ning ray,
That lov'st to greet the early morn,
Again thou usher'st in the day
My Mary from my soul was torn.

O Mary ! dear departed shade !
Where is thy place of blissful rest
Seest thou thy lover lowly laid ?
Hear'st thou the groans that rend his breast ?

That sacred hour can I forget ?
Can I forget the hallow'd grove,
Where by the winding Ayr we met,
To live one day of parting love ?

Eternity will not efface
Those records dear of transports past ;
Thy image at our last embrace ;
Ah ! little thought we 'twas our last !

Ayr gurgling kiss'd his pebbled shore,
O'erhung with wild woods, thick'ning green ;
The fragrant birch, and hawthorn hoar,
Twin'd am'rous round the raptur'd scene.

The flowers sprang wanton to be prest,
The birds sang love on ev'ry spray,
Till too, too soon, the glowing west
Proclaim'd the speed of wingèd day.

Still o'er these scenes my mem'ry wakes,
And fondly broods with miser care !
Time but the impression deeper makes,
As streams their channels deeper wear.

My Mary, dear departed shade !

Where is thy blissful place of rest ?

Seest thou thy lover lowly laid ?

Hear'st thou the groans that rend his breast ?

WILLIAM BLAKE

(1757-1827)

TO THE MUSES

WHETHER on Ida's shady brow

Or in the chambers of the East,

The chambers of the Sun, that now

From ancient melody have ceased ;

Whether in heaven ye wander fair,

Or the green corners of the earth,

Or the blue regions of the air

Where the melodious winds have birth ;

Whether on crystal rocks ye rove,

Beneath the bosom of the sea,

Wandering in many a coral grove ;

Fair Nine, forsaking Poetry ;

How have you left the ancient love

That bards of old enjoy'd in you !

The languid strings do scarcely move,

The sound is forced, the notes are few.

HEAR THE VOICE

HEAR the voice of the Bard,

Who present, past, and future, sees ;

Whose ears have heard

The Holy Word

That walk'd among the ancient trees ;

Calling the lapsèd soul,
And weeping in the evening dew ;
That might control
The starry pole,
And fallen, fallen light renew !

“ O Earth, O Earth, return !
Arise from out the dewy grass
Night is worn,
And the morn
Rises from the slumbrous mass.

“ Turn away no more ;
Why wilt thou turn away ?
The starry floor,
The watery shore,
Is given thee till the break of day.”

THE TIGER

TIGER, tiger, burning bright
In the forests of the night,
What immortal hand or eye
Could frame thy fearful symmetry ?

In what distant deeps or skies
Burnt the fire of thine eyes ?
On what wings dare he aspire ?
What the hand dare seize the fire ?

And what shoulder and what art
Could twist the sinews of thy heart ?
And, when thy heart began to beat,
What dread hand form'd thy dread feet ?

What the hammer ? What the chain ?
In what furnace was thy brain ?
What the anvil ? What dread grasp
Dare its deadly terrors clasp ?

When the stars threw down their spears,
And water'd heaven with their tears,
Did He smile His work to see ?
Did He who made the lamb make thee ?

Tiger, tiger, burning bright
In the forests of the night,
What immortal hand or eye
Dare frame thy fearful symmetry ?

SONGS OF INNOCENCE

PIPING down the valleys wild,
Piping songs of pleasant glee,
On a cloud I saw a child,
And he laughing said to me :

“ Pipe a song about a Lamb ! ”
So I piped with merry cheer.
“ Piper, pipe that song again ” ;
So I piped : he wept to hear.

“ Drop thy pipe, thy happy pipe ;
Sing thy songs of happy cheer ” :
So I sang the same again,
While he wept with joy to hear.

“ Piper, sit thee down and write
In a book, that all may read.”
So he vanish'd from my sight,
And I pluck'd a hollow reed,

And I made a rural pen,
And I stain'd the water clear,
And I wrote my happy songs
Every child may joy to hear.

INFANT JOY

" I HAVE no name :
 I am but two days old."
 What shall I call thee ?
 " I happy am,
 Joy is my name."
 Sweet joy befall thee !

Pretty Joy !
 Sweet Joy, but two days old.
 Sweet Joy I call thee :
 Thou dost smile,
 I sing the while,
 Sweet joy befall thee !

THE LAND OF DREAMS

AWAKE, awake, my little boy !
 Thou wast thy mother's only joy ;
 Why dost thou weep in thy gentle sleep ?
 Awake ! thy father does thee keep.

" O, what land is the Land of Dreams ?
 What are its mountains, and what are its streams ?
 O father ! I saw my mother there,
 Among the lilies by waters fair.

" Among the lambs, clothèd in white,
 She walk'd with her Thomas in sweet delight.
 I wept for joy, like a dove I mourn ;
 O ! when shall I again return ? "

Dear child, I also by pleasant streams
 Have wander'd all night in the Land of Dreams ;
 But tho' calm and warm the waters wide,
 I could not get to the other side.

WILLIAM BLAKE

“ Father, O father ! what do we here
 In this land of unbelief and fear ?
 The Land of Dreams is better far,
 Above the light of the morning star.”

FROM “ MILTON ”

AND did those feet in ancient time
 Walk upon England's mountains green ?
 And was the holy Lamb of God
 On England's pleasant pastures seen ?

And did the Countenance Divine
 Shine forth upon our clouded hills ?
 And was Jerusalem builded here
 Among these dark Satanic Mills ?

Bring me my bow of burning gold !
 Bring me my arrows of desire !
 Bring me my spear ! O clouds, unfold !
 Bring me my chariot of fire !

I will not cease from mental fight,
 Nor shall my sword sleep in my hand,
 Till we have built Jerusalem
 In England's green and pleasant land.

FROM “ JERUSALEM ”

WE are told to abstain from fleshly desires that we may lose no time from the Work of the Lord. Every moment lost is a moment that cannot be redeemed : every pleasure that intermingles with the duty of our station is a folly unredeemable, and is planted like the seed of a wild flower among our wheat. All the tortures of repentance are tortures of self-reproach on account of our leaving the Divine Harvest to the Enemy, the struggles of entangle-

ment with incoherent roots. I know of no other Christianity and of no other Gospel than the liberty both of body and mind to exercise the Divine Arts of Imagination—Imagination, the real and eternal World of which this Vegetable Universe is but a faint shadow, and in which we shall live in our Eternal or Imaginative Bodies, when these Vegetable Mortal Bodies are no more. The Apostles knew of no other Gospel. What were all their spiritual gifts? What is the Divine Spirit? Is the Holy Ghost any other than an Intellectual Fountain? What is the harvest of the Gospel and its labours? What is that talent which it is a curse to hide? What are the treasures of Heaven which we are to lay up for ourselves? Are they any other than mental studies and performances? What are all the gifts of the Gospel? Are they not all mental gifts? Is God a Spirit who must be worshipped in spirit and in truth? And are not the gifts of the Spirit everything to Man? O ye Religious, discountenance every one among you who shall pretend to despise Art and Science! I call upon you in the name of Jesus! What is the life of Man but Art and Science? Is it meat and drink? Is not the Body more than raiment? What is Mortality but the things relating to the Body, which dies? What is Immortality but the things relating to the Spirit, which lives eternally? What is the Joy of Heaven but Improvement in the things of the Spirit? What are the Pains of Hell but Ignorance, Bodily Lust, Idleness, and devastation of the things of the Spirit? Answer this to yourselves, and expel from among you those who pretend to despise the labours of Art and Science, which alone are the labours of the Gospel. Is not this plain and manifest to the thought? Can you think at all, and not pronounce heartily: that to labour in knowledge is to build up Jerusalem; and to despise knowledge is to despise Jerusalem and her Builders. And remember: He who despises and mocks a mental gift in another, calling it pride and selfishness and sin, mocks Jesus, the giver of every mental gift, which always appear to the ignorance-loving hypocrite as sins; but that which is a sin in the sight of cruel Man, is not so in the sight of our kind God.

Let every Christian, as much as in him lies, engage himself openly and publicly, before all the World, in some mental pursuit for the Building up of Jerusalem.

GILBERT WHITE

(1720-93)

GOSSAMER

TO THE HONOURABLE DAINES BARRINGTON

SELBORNE, *June 8, 1775.*

DEAR SIR,

On September the 21st, 1741, being then on a visit, and intent on field-diversions, I rose before daybreak: when I came into the enclosures, I found the stubbles and clover-grounds matted all over with a thick coat of cobweb, in the meshes of which a copious and heavy dew hung so plentifully that the whole face of the country seemed, as it were, covered with two or three setting-nets drawn one over another. When the dogs attempted to hunt, their eyes were so blinded and hoodwinked that they could not proceed, but were obliged to lie down and scrape the incumbrances from their faces with their fore-feet, so that, finding my sport interrupted, I returned home musing in my mind on the oddness of the occurrence.

As the morning advanced the sun became bright and warm, and the day turned out one of those most lovely ones which no season but the autumn produces; cloudless, calm, serene, and worthy of the South of France itself.

About nine an appearance very unusual began to demand our attention, a shower of cobwebs falling from very elevated regions, and continuing, without any interruption, till the close of the day. These webs were not single filmy threads, floating in the air in all directions, but perfect flakes or rags; some near an inch broad, and five or six long, which fell with a degree of velocity which showed they were considerably heavier than the atmosphere.

On every side as the observer turned his eyes might he behold a continual succession of fresh flakes falling into his sight, and twinkling like stars as they turned their sides towards the sun.

How far this wonderful shower extended would be difficult to say ; but we know that it reached Bradley, Selborne, and Alresford, three places which lie in a sort of a triangle, the shortest of whose sides is about eight miles in extent.

At the second of those places there was a gentleman (for whose veracity and intelligent turn we have the greatest veneration) who observed it the moment he got abroad ; but concluded that, as soon as he came upon the hill above his house, where he took his morning rides, he should be higher than this meteor, which he imagined might have been blown, like thistle-down, from the common above : but, to his great astonishment, when he rode to the most elevated part of the down, 300 feet above his fields, he found the webs in appearance still as much above him as before ; still descending into sight in a constant succession, and twinkling in the sun, so as to draw the attention of the most incurious.

Neither before nor after was any such fall observed ; but on this day the flakes hung in the trees and hedges so thick, that a diligent person sent out might have gathered baskets full.

The remark that I shall make on these cobweb-like appearances, called gossamer, is, that, strange and superstitious as the notions about them were formerly, nobody in these days doubts but that they are the real production of small spiders, which swarm in the fields in fine weather in autumn, and have a power of shooting out webs from their tails so as to render themselves buoyant, and lighter than air. But why these apterous insects should that day take such a wonderful aerial excursion, and why their webs should at once become so gross and material as to be considerably more weighty than air, and to descend with precipitation, is a matter beyond my skill. If I might be allowed to hazard a supposition, I should imagine that

those filmy threads, when first shot, might be entangled in the rising dew, and so drawn up, spiders and all, by a brisk evaporation into the region where clouds are formed : and if the spiders have a power of coiling and thickening their webs in the air, as Dr. Lister says they have, [see his Letters to Mr. Ray] then, when they were become heavier than the air, they must fall.

Every day in fine weather, in autumn chiefly, do I see those spiders shooting out their webs and mounting aloft : they will go off from your finger if you will take them into your hand. Last summer one alighted on my book as I was reading in the parlour ; and, running to the top of the page, and shooting out a web, took its departure from thence. But what I most wondered at, was that it went off with considerable velocity in a place where no air was stirring ; and I am sure that I did not assist it with my breath. So that these little crawlers seem to have, while mounting, some loco-motive power without the use of wings, and to move in the air, faster than the air itself.

Natural History of Selborne.

JAMES BOSWELL

(1740-95)

HIS INTRODUCTION TO JOHNSON

At last, on Monday the 16th of May, when I was sitting in Mr. Davies's back-parlour, after having drunk tea with him and Mrs. Davies, Johnson unexpectedly came into the shop ; and Mr. Davies having perceived him through the glass door in the room in which we were sitting, advancing towards us,—he announced his awful approach to me, somewhat in the manner of an actor in the part of Horatio, when he addresses Hamlet on the appearance of his father's ghost, "Look, my Lord, it comes." I found that I had a very perfect idea of Johnson's figure, from the portrait of him painted by Sir Joshua

Reynolds soon after he had published his Dictionary, in the attitude of sitting in his easy chair in deep meditation; which was the first picture his friend did for him, which Sir Joshua very kindly presented to me, and from which an engraving has been made for this work. Mr. Davies mentioned my name, and respectfully introduced me to him. I was much agitated; and recollecting his prejudice against the Scotch, of which I had heard much, I said to Davies, "Don't tell where I come from."—"From Scotland," cried Davies, roguishly. "Mr. Johnson, (said I) I do indeed come from Scotland, but I cannot help it." I am willing to flatter myself that I meant this as light pleasantry to soothe and conciliate him, and not as an humiliating abasement at the expense of my country. But however that might be, this speech was somewhat unlucky; for with that quickness of wit for which he was so remarkable, he seized the expression "come from Scotland," which I used in the sense of being of that country; and, as if I had said that I had come away from it, or left it, retorted, "That, Sir, I find, is what a very great many of your countrymen cannot help." This stroke stunned me a good deal; and when we had sat down, I felt myself not a little embarrassed, and apprehensive of what might come next. He then addressed himself to Davies: "What do you think of Garrick? He has refused me an order for the play for Miss Williams, because he knows the house will be full, and that an order would be worth three shillings." Eager to take any opening to get into conversation with him, I ventured to say, "O, sir, I cannot think Mr. Garrick would grudge such a trifle to you." "Sir, (said he, with a stern look,) I have known David Garrick longer than you have done: and I know no right you have to talk to me on the subject." Perhaps I deserved this check; for it was rather presumptuous in me, an entire stranger, to express any doubt of the justice of his animadversion upon his old acquaintance and pupil. I now felt myself much mortified, and began to think, that the hope which I had long indulged of obtaining his acquaintance was blasted. And, in truth, had not my ardour been uncommonly strong, and my resolution

uncommonly persevering, so rough a reception might have deterred me for ever from making any further attempts. Fortunately, however, I remained upon the field not wholly discomfited ; and was soon rewarded by hearing some of his conversation, of which I preserved the following short minute, without marking the questions and observations by which it was produced.

“ People (he remarked) may be taken in once, who imagine that an authour is greater in private life than other men. Uncommon parts require uncommon opportunities for their exertion.

“ In barbarous society, superiority of parts is of real consequence. Great strength or great wisdom is of much value to an individual. But in more polished times there are people to do every thing for money ; and then there are a number of other superiorities, such as those of birth and fortune, and rank, that dissipate men’s attention, and leave no extraordinary share of respect for personal and intellectual superiority. This is wisely ordered by Providence, to preserve some equality among mankind.”

“ Sir, this book (*The Elements of Criticism*, which he had taken up,) is a pretty essay, and deserves to be held in some estimation, though much of it is chimerical.”

Speaking of one who with more than ordinary boldness attacked publick measures and the royal family, he said, “ I think he is safe from the law, but he is an abusive scoundrel ; and instead of applying to my Lord Chief Justice to punish him, I would send half a dozen footmen and have him well ducked.”

“ The notion of liberty amuses the people of England, and helps to keep off the *tedium vitæ*. When a butcher tells you that *his heart bleeds for his country*, he has, in fact, no uneasy feeling.”

“ Sheridan will not succeed at Bath with his oratory. Ridicule has gone down before him, and I doubt, Derrick is his enemy.

“ Derrick may do very well, as long as he can outrun his character ; but the moment his character gets up with him, it is all over.”

It is, however, but just to record, that some years afterwards, when I reminded him of this sarcasm, he said, "Well, but Derrick has now got a character that he need not run away from."

I was highly pleased with the extraordinary vigour of his conversation, and regretted that I was drawn away from it by an engagement at another place. I had, for a part of the evening, been left alone with him, and had ventured to make an observation now and then, which he received very civilly; so that I was satisfied that though there was a roughness in his manner, there was no ill-nature in his disposition. Davies followed me to the door, and when I complained to him a little of the hard blows which the great man had given me, he kindly took upon him to console me by saying, "Don't be uneasy. I can see he likes you very well."

Life of Dr. Johnson.

CHARLES DIBDIN

(1745-1814)

TOM BOWLING

HERE, a sheer hulk, lies poor Tom Bowling,
The darling of our crew.
No more he'll hear the tempest howling,
For death has broach'd him to.
His form was of the manliest beauty,
His heart was kind and soft;
Faithful, below, he did his duty
But now he's gone aloft.

Tom never from his word departed,
His virtues were so rare;
His friends were many and true-hearted;
His Poll was kind and fair.

And then he'd sing so blithe and jolly,
 Ah, many's the time and oft !
 But mirth is turned to melancholy,
 For Tom is gone aloft.

Yet shall poor Tom find pleasant weather,
 When He, who all commands,
 Shall give, to call life's crew together,
 The word to pipe all hands.
 Thus Death, who kings and tars dispatches,
 In vain Tom's life has doff'd,
 For, though his body's under hatches,
 His soul has gone aloft.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH

(1770-1850)

ENGLAND, 1802

I

It is not to be thought of that the flood
 Of British freedom, which, to the open sea
 Of the world's praise, from dark antiquity
 Hath flow'd, " with pomp of waters, unwithstood,"—
 Roused though it be full often to a mood
 Which spurns the check of salutary bands,—
 That this most famous stream in bogs and sands
 Should perish ; and to evil and to good
 Be lost for ever. In our halls is hung
 Armoury of the invincible Knights of old :
 We must be free or die, who speak the tongue
 That Shakespeare spake ; the faith and morals hold
 Which Milton held.—In everything we are sprung
 Of Earth's first blood, have titles manifold.

II

When I have borne in memory what has tamed
Great Nations, how ennobling thoughts depart
When men change swords for ledgers, and desert
The student's bower for gold, some fears unnamed
I had, my Country—am I to be blamed ?

Now, when I think of thee, and what thou art,
Verily, in the bottom of my heart,
Of those unfilial fears I am ashamed.

For dearly must we prize thee ; we who find

In thee a bulwark for the cause of men ;

And I by my affection was beguiled :

What wonder if a Poet now and then,
Among the many movements of his mind,
Felt for thee as a lover or a child !

THE SOLITARY REAPER

BEHOLD her, single in the field,

Yon solitary Highland Lass !

Reaping and singing by herself ;

Stop here, or gently pass !

Alone she cuts and binds the grain,

And sings a melancholy strain ;

O listen ! for the Vale profound

Is overflowing with the sound.

No Nightingale did ever chaunt

More welcome notes to weary bands
Of travellers in some shady haunt

Among Arabian sands :

A voice so thrilling ne'er was heard

In spring-time from the Cuckoo-bird,

Breaking the silence of the seas

Among the farthest Hebrides.

Will no one tell me what she sings ?—
 Perhaps the plaintive numbers flow
 For old, unhappy, far-off things,
 And battles long ago :
 Or is it some more humble lay,
 Familiar matter of to-day ?
 Some natural sorrow, loss, or pain,
 That has been, and may be again ?

Whate'er the theme, the Maiden sang
 As if her song could have no ending ;
 I saw her singing at her work,
 And o'er the sickle bending ;—
 I listen'd, motionless and still ;
 And, as I mounted up the hill,
 The music in my heart I bore,
 Long after it was heard no more.

ODE

INTIMATIONS OF IMMORTALITY FROM RECOLLECTIONS OF
EARLY CHILDHOOD

THERE was a time when meadow, grove, and stream,
 The earth, and every common sight,
 To me did seem
 Apparell'd in celestial light,
 The glory and the freshness of a dream.
 It is not now as it hath been of yore ;—
 Turn wheresoe'er I may,
 By night or day,
 The things which I have seen I now can see no more.

The rainbow comes and goes,
 And lovely is the rose ;
 The moon doth with delight
 Look round her when the heavens are bare ;
 Waters on a starry night
 Are beautiful and fair ;

The sunshine is a glorious birth ;
 But yet I know, where'er I go,
 That there hath pass'd away a glory from the earth.

Now, while the birds thus sing a joyous song,
 And while the young lambs bound
 As to the tabor's sound,
 To me alone there came a thought of grief :
 A timely utterance gave that thought relief,
 And I again am strong :
 The cataracts blow their trumpets from the steep ;
 No more shall grief of mine the season wrong ;
 I hear the echoes through the mountains throng,
 The winds come to me from the fields of sleep,
 And all the earth is gay ;
 Land and sea
 Give themselves up to jollity
 And with the heart of May
 Doth every beast keep holiday ;—
 Thou Child of Joy,
 Shout round me, let me hear thy shouts, thou happy
 Shepherd-boy!

Ye blessèd creatures, I have heard the call
 Ye to each other make ; I see
 The heavens laugh with you in your jubilee ;
 My heart is at your festival,
 My head hath its coronal,
 The fulness of your bliss, I feel—I feel it all.
 O evil day ! if I were sullen
 While Earth herself is adorning,
 This sweet May-morning,
 And the children are culling
 On every side,
 In a thousand valleys far and wide,
 Fresh flowers ; while the sun shines warm,
 And the babe leaps up on his mother's arm :—
 I hear, I hear, with joy I hear !
 —But there's a tree, of many, one,

A single field which I have look'd upon,
Both of them speak of something that is gone :

The pansy at my feet

Doth the same tale repeat :

Whither is fled the visionary gleam ?

Where is it now, the glory and the dream ?

Our birth is but a sleep and a forgetting :

The Soul that rises with us, our life's Star,

Hath had elsewhere its setting,

And cometh from afar :

Not in entire forgetfulness,

And not in utter nakedness,

But trailing clouds of glory do we come

From God, who is our home :

Heaven lies about us in our infancy !

Shades of the prison-house begin to close

Upon the growing Boy,

But he beholds the light, and whence it flows,

He sees it in his joy ;

The Youth, who daily farther from the east

Must travel, still is Nature's priest,

And by the vision splendid

Is on his way attended ;

At length the Man perceives it die away,

And fade into the light of common day.

Earth fills her lap with pleasures of her own ;

Yearnings she hath in her own natural kind,

And, even with something of a mother's mind,

And no unworthy aim,

The homely nurse doth all she can

To make her foster-child, her inmate Man,

Forget the glories he hath known,

And that imperial palace whence he came.

Behold the Child among his new-born blisses,

A six years' darling of a pigmy size !

See, where 'mid work of his own hand he lies,

Fretted by sallies of his mother's kisses,

With light upon him from his father's eyes !
 See, at his feet, some little plan or chart,
 Some fragment from his dream of human life,
 Shaped by himself with newly-learnèd art ;
 A wedding or a festival,
 A mourning or a funeral ;
 And this hath now his heart,
 And unto this he frames his song :
 Then will he fit his tongue
 To dialogues of business, love, or strife ;
 But it will not be long
 Ere this be thrown aside,
 And with new joy and pride
 The little actor cons another part ;
 Filling from time to time his " humorous stage "
 With all the Persons, down to palsied Age,
 That Life brings with her in her equipage ;
 As if his whole vocation
 Were endless imitation.

Thou, whose exterior semblance doth belie
 Thy soul's immensity ;
 Thou best philosopher, who yet dost keep
 Thy heritage, thou eye among the blind,
 That, deaf and silent, read'st the eternal deep,
 Haunted for ever by the eternal mind,—
 Mighty prophet ! Seer Blest !
 On whom those truths do rest,
 Which we are toiling all our lives to find,
 In darkness lost, the darkness of the grave ;
 Thou, over whom thy Immortality
 Broods like the Day, a master o'er a slave,
 A presence which is not to be put by ;
 To whom the grave
 Is but a lonely bed without the sense or sight
 Of day or the warm light,
 A place of thought where we in waiting lie ;
 Thou little Child, yet glorious in the might
 Of heaven-born freedom on thy being's height,

Why with such earnest pains dost thou provoke
 The years to bring the inevitable yoke,
 Thus blindly with thy blessedness at strife ?
 Full soon thy soul shall have her earthly freight,
 And custom lie upon thee with a weight,
 Heavy as frost, and deep almost as life !

O joy ! that in our embers
 Is something that doth live,
 That nature yet remembers
 What was so fugitive !

The thought of our past years in me doth breed
 Perpetual benediction : not indeed
 For that which is most worthy to be blest—
 Delight and liberty, the simple creed
 Of childhood, whether busy or at rest,
 With new-fledged hope still fluttering in his breast :—

Not for these I raise

The song of thanks and praise ;

But for those obstinate questionings

Of sense and outward things,

Fallings from us, vanishings ;

Blank misgivings of a Creature

Moving about in worlds not realised,

High instincts before which our mortal Nature

Did tremble like a guilty thing surprised :

But for those first affections,

Those shadowy recollections,

Which, be they what they may,

Are yet the fountain-light of all our day,

Are yet a master-light of all our seeing ;

Uphold us, cherish, and have power to make

Our noisy years seem moments in the being

Of the eternal Silence : truths that wake,

To perish never :

Which neither listlessness, nor mad endeavour,

Nor Man nor Boy,

Nor all that is at enmity with joy,

Can utterly abolish or destroy !

Hence in a season of calm weather
 Though inland far we be,
 Our souls have sight of that immortal sea
 Which brought us hither,
 Can in a moment travel thither,
 And see the children sport upon the shore,
 And hear the mighty waters rolling evermore.

Then sing, ye birds, sing, sing a joyous song !
 And let the young lambs bound
 As to the tabor's sound !
 We in thought will join your throng,
 Ye that pipe and ye that play,
 Ye that through your hearts to-day
 Feel the gladness of the May !
 What though the radiance which was once so bright
 Be now for ever taken from my sight,
 Though nothing can bring back the hour
 Of splendour in the grass, of glory in the flower ;
 We will grieve not, rather find
 Strength in what remains behind ;
 In the primal sympathy
 Which having been must ever be ;
 In the soothing thoughts that spring
 Out of human suffering ;
 In the faith that looks through death,
 In years that bring the philosophic mind.

And O ye Fountains, Meadows, Hills, and Groves,
 Forebode not any severing of our loves !
 Yet in my heart of hearts I feel your might ;
 I only have relinquish'd one delight
 To live beneath your more habitual sway.
 I love the brooks which down their channels fret,
 Even more than when I tripp'd lightly as they ;
 The innocent brightness of a new-born Day
 Is lovely yet ;
 The clouds that gather round the setting sun
 Do take a sober colouring from an eye

That hath kept watch o'er man's mortality ;
Another race hath been, and other palms are won.
Thanks to the human heart by which we live,
Thanks to its tenderness, its joys, and fears,
To me the meanest flower that blows can give
Thoughts that do often lie too deep for tears.

TALES AND ROMANCES

AND when thereafter to my father's house
The holidays returned me, there to find
That golden store of books which I had left,
What joy was mine ! How often in the course
Of those glad respites, though a soft west wind
Ruffled the waters to the angler's wish,
For a whole day together, have I lain
Down by thy side, O Derwent ! murmuring stream,
On the hot stones, and in the glaring sun,
And there have read, devouring as I read,
Defrauding the day's glory, desperate !
Till with a sudden bound of smart reproach,
Such as an idler deals with in his shame,
I to the sport betook myself again.

A gracious spirit o'er this earth presides,
And o'er the heart of man : invisibly
It comes, to works of unproved delight,
And tendency benign, directing those
Who care not, know not, think not what they do.
The tales that charm away the wakeful night
In Araby, romances ; legends penned
For solace by dim light of monkish lamps ;
Fictions, for ladies of their love, devised
By youthful squires ; adventures endless, spun
By the dismantled warrior in old age,
Out of the bowels of those very schemes
In which his youth did first extravagates ;
These spread like day, and something in the shape

Of these will live till man shall be no more.
Dumb yearnings, hidden appetites, are ours,
And *they must* have their food. Our childhood sits,
Our simple childhood, sits upon a throne
That hath more power than all the elements.
I guess not what this tells of Being past,
Nor what it augurs of the life to come ;
But so it is, and, in the dubious hour,
That twilight when we first begin to see
This dawning earth, to recognise, expect,
And, in the long probation that ensues,
The time of trial, ere we learn to live
In reconcilment with our stinted powers ;
To endure this state of meagre vassalage,
Unwilling to forego, confess, submit,
Uneasy and unsettled, yoke-fellows
To custom, mettlesome, and not yet tamed
And humbled down ; ah ! then we feel, we feel,
We know where we have friends. Ye dreamers, then
Forgers of daring tales ! we bless you then,
Impostors, drivellers, dotards, as the ape
Philosophy will call you : *then* we feel
With what, and how great might ye are in league,
Who make our wish, our power, our thought a deed,
An empire, a possession,—ye whom time
And seasons serve ; all Faculties to whom
Earth crouches, the elements are potter's clay,
Space like a heaven filled up with northern lights,
Here, nowhere, there, and everywhere at once.

The Prelude, Book V.

POETRY AND SCIENCE

To this knowledge which all men carry about with them, and to those sympathies in which, without any other discipline than that of our daily life, we are fitted to take delight, the Poet principally directs his attention. He considers man and nature as essentially adapted to each other, and the mind of man as naturally the mirror of the

fairest and most interesting properties of nature. And thus the Poet, prompted by this feeling of pleasure, which accompanies him through the whole course of his studies, converses with general nature, with affections akin to those, which, through labour and length of time, the Man of science has raised up in himself, by conversing with those particular parts of nature which are the objects of his studies. The knowledge both of the Poet and the Man of science is pleasure; but the knowledge of the one cleaves to us as a necessary part of our existence, our natural and unalienable inheritance; the other is a personal and individual acquisition, slow to come to us, and by no habitual and direct sympathy connecting us with our fellow-beings. The Man of science seeks truth as a remote and unknown benefactor; he cherishes and loves it in his solitude: the Poet, singing a song in which all human beings join with him, rejoices in the presence of truth as our visible friend and hourly companion. Poetry is the breath and finer spirit of all knowledge; it is the impassioned expression which is in the countenance of all Science. Emphatically may it be said of the Poet, as Shakespeare hath said of man, "that he looks before and after." He is the rock of defence for human nature; an upholder and preserver, carrying everywhere with him relationship and love. In spite of difference of soil and climate, of language and manners, of laws and customs: in spite of things silently gone out of mind, and things violently destroyed; the Poet binds together by passion and knowledge the vast empire of human society, as it is spread over the whole earth, and over all time. The objects of the Poet's thoughts are every where; though the eyes and senses of man are, it is true, his favourite guides, yet he will follow wheresoever he can find an atmosphere of sensation in which to move his wings. Poetry is the first and last of all knowledge—it is as immortal as the heart of man. If the labours of Men of science should ever create any material revolution, direct or indirect, in our condition, and in the impressions which we habitually receive, the Poet will sleep then no more than at present; he will be ready to follow the steps

of the Man of science, not only in those general indirect effects, but he will be at his side, carrying sensation into the midst of the objects of the science itself. The remotest discoveries of the Chemist, the Botanist, or Mineralogist, will be as proper objects of the Poet's art as any upon which it can be employed, if the time should ever come when these things shall be familiar to us, and the relations under which they are contemplated by the followers of these respective sciences shall be manifestly and palpably material to us as enjoying and suffering beings. If the time should ever come when what is now called science, thus familiarised to men, shall be ready to put on, as it were, a form of flesh and blood, the Poet will lend his divine spirit to aid the transfiguration, and will welcome the Being thus produced, as a dear and genuine inmate of the household of man.—It is not, then, to be supposed that any one, who holds that sublime notion of Poetry which I have attempted to convey, will break in upon the sanctity and truth of his pictures by transitory and accidental ornaments, and endeavour to excite admiration of himself by arts, the necessity of which must manifestly depend upon the assumed meanness of his subject.

Preface to the *Lyrical Ballads*.

SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE

(1772-1834)

THE RIME OF THE ANCIENT MARINER

PART I

It is an ancient Mariner,
And he stoppeth one of three.
“By thy long grey beard and glittering eye,
Now wherefore stopp'st thou me?”

The Bridegroom's doors are open'd wide,
And I am next of kin;

An Ancient
Mariner
meeteth three
gallants
bidden to a
wedding feast,
and detaineth
one.

The guests are met, the feast is set :
May'st hear the merry din."

He holds him with his skinny hand,
" There was a ship," quoth he.
" Hold off ! unhand me, grey-beard loon ! "
Eftsoons his hand dropt he.

The Wedding-Guest is spell-bound by the eye of the old seafaring man, and constrained to hear his tale.

He holds him with his glittering eye—
The Wedding-Guest stood still,
And listens like a three years' child :
The Mariner hath his will.

The Wedding-Guest sat on a stone :
He cannot choose but hear ;
And thus spake on that ancient man,
The bright-eyed Mariner.

" The ship was cheer'd, the harbour clear'd,
Merrily did we drop
Below the kirk, below the hill,
Below the lighthouse top.

The Mariner tells how the ship sailed southward with a good wind and fair weather, till it reached the Line.

The Sun came up upon the left,
Out of the sea came he !
And he shone bright, and on the right
Went down into the sea.

Higher and higher every day,
Till over the mast at noon—"
The Wedding-Guest here beat his breast,
For he heard the loud bassoon.

The Wedding-Guest heareth the bridal music ; but the Mariner continueth his tale.

The bride hath paced into the hall,
Red as a rose is she ;
Nodding their heads before her goes
The merry minstrelsy.

The Wedding-Guest he beat his breast,
Yet he cannot choose but hear ;
And thus spake on that ancient man,
The bright-eyed Mariner.

“ And now the Storm-blast came, and he
Was tyrannous and strong :
He struck with his o’ertaking wings,
And chased us south along.

The ship drawn
by a storm
toward the
South Pole.

With sloping masts and dipping prow,
As who pursued with yell and blow
Still treads the shadow of his foe,
And forward bends his head,
The ship drove fast, loud roar’d the blast,
And southward aye we fled.

And now there came both mist and snow,
And it grew wondrous cold :
And ice, mast-high, came floating by,
As green as emerald.

And through the drifts the snowy clifts
Did send a dismal sheen :
Nor shapes of men nor beasts we ken—
The ice was all between.

The land of ice,
and of fearful
sounds, where
no living thing
was to be seen.

The ice was here, the ice was there,
The ice was all around :
It crack’d and growl’d, and roar’d and howl’d,
Like noises in a swound !

At length did cross an Albatross,
Thorough the fog it came ;
As if it had been a Christian soul,
We hail’d it in God’s name.

Till a great
sea-bird, called
the Albatross,
came through
the snow-fog,
and was received
with great joy
and hospitality.

It ate the food it ne’er had eat,
And round and round it flew.
The ice did split with a thunder-fit ;
The helmsman steer’d us through !

And a good south wind sprung up behind ;
The Albatross did follow,
And every day, for food or play,
Came to the mariners’ hollo !

And lo ! the
Albatross
proveth a bird
of good omen,
and followeth
the ship as it
returned north-
ward through fog
and floating ice.

In mist or cloud, on mast or shroud,
 It perch'd for vespers nine ;
 Whiles all the night, through fog-smoke white,
 Glimmer'd the white moonshine."

The ancient
 Mariner in-
 hospitably
 killeth the
 pious bird of
 good omen.

" God save thee, ancient Mariner,
 From the fiends, that plague thee thus !—
 Why look'st thou so ? "—With my crossbow
 I shot the Albatross.

PART II

The Sun now rose upon the right :
 Out of the sea came he,
 Still hid in mist, and on the left
 Went down into the sea.

And the good south wind still blew behind,
 But no sweet bird did follow,
 Nor any day for food or play
 Came to the mariners' hollo !

His shipmates
 cry out against
 the ancient
 Mariner for
 killing the bird
 of good luck.

And I had done a hellish thing,
 And it would work 'em woe :
 For all averr'd I had kill'd the bird
 That made the breeze to blow,
 Ah wretch ! said they, the bird to slay,
 That made the breeze to blow !

But when the
 fog cleared off,
 they justify the
 same, and thus
 make them-
 selves accom-
 plices in the
 crime.

Nor dim nor red, like God's own head,
 The glorious Sun uprist :
 'Then all averr'd I had kill'd the bird
 That brought the fog and mist.
 'Twas right, said they, such birds to slay,
 That bring the fog and mist.

The fair breeze
 continues ; the
 ship enters the
 Pacific Ocean,
 and sails north-
 ward, even till it
 reaches the Line.

The fair breeze blew, the white foam flew,
 The furrow follow'd free ;
 We were the first that ever burst
 Into that silent sea.

Down dropt the breeze, the sails dropt down,
 'Twas sad as sad could be ;
 And we did speak only to break
 The silence of the sea.

The ship hath
 been suddenly
 becalmed.

All in a hot and copper sky,
 The bloody Sun, at noon,
 Right up above the mast did stand,
 No bigger than the Moon.

Day after day, day after day,
 We stuck, nor breath nor motion ;
 As idle as a painted ship
 Upon a painted ocean.

Water, water, everywhere,
 And all the boards did shrink ;
 Water, water, everywhere,
 Nor any drop to drink.

And the Alba-
 tross begins to
 be avenged.

The very deep did rot : O Christ !
 That ever this should be !
 Yea, slimy things did crawl with legs
 Upon the slimy sea.

About, about, in reel and rout
 The death-fires danced at night ;
 The water, like a witch's oils,
 Burnt green, and blue, and white.

And some in dreams assurèd were
 Of the Spirit that plagued us so ;
 Nine fathom deep he had follow'd us
 From the land of mist and snow.

A spirit had followed
 them ; one of the
 invisible inhabitants of
 this planet, neither de-
 parted souls nor angels ;
 concerning whom the
 learned Jew, Josephus,
 and the Platonic Con-
 stantinopolitan, Michael
 Psellus, may be con-
 sulted. They are very
 numerous, and there is
 no climate or element
 without one or more.

And every tongue, through utter drought,
 Was wither'd at the root ;
 We could not speak, no more than if
 We had been choked with soot.

The shipmates, in their
sore distress, would
fain throw the whole
guilt on the ancient
Mariner : in sign
whereof they hang
the dead sea-bird
round his neck.

Ah ! well a-day ! what evil looks
Had I from old and young !
Instead of the cross, the Albatross
About my neck was hung.

PART III

The ancient
Mariner be-
holdeth a sign
in the element
afar off.

There passed a weary time. Each throat
Was parch'd and glazed each eye.
A weary time ! a weary time !
How glazed each weary eye !
When looking westward, I beheld
A something in the sky.

At first it seem'd a little speck,
And then it seem'd a mist ;
It moved and moved, and took at last
A certain shape, I wist.

A speck, a mist, a shape, I wist !
And still it near'd and near'd :
As if it dodged a water-sprite,
It plung'd, and tack'd, and veer'd.

At its nearer
approach, it
seemeth him
to be a ship ;
and at a dear
ransom he
freeth his
speech from the
bonds of thirst.

With throats unslaked, with black lips baked,
We could nor laugh nor wail ;
Through utter drought all dumb we stood !
I bit my arm, I suck'd the blood,
And cried, A sail ! a sail !

A flash of joy ;

With throats unslaked, with black lips baked,
Agape they heard me call :
Gramercy ! they for joy did grin,
And all at once their breath drew in,
As they were drinking all.

And horror
follows. For
can it be a ship
that comes on-
ward without
wind or tide ?

See ! see ! (I cried) she tacks no more !
Hither to work us weal—
Without a breeze, without a tide,
She steadies with upright keel !

The western wave was all aflame,
 The day was wellnigh done !
 Almost upon the western wave
 Rested the broad, bright Sun ;
 When that strange shape drove suddenly
 Betwixt us and the Sun.

And straight the Sun was fleck'd with bars
 (Heaven's Mother send us grace !),
 As if through a dungeon-grate he peer'd
 With broad and burning face.

It seemeth him
 but the skeleton
 of a ship.

Alas ! (thought I, and my heart beat loud)
 How fast she nears and nears !
 Are those her sails that glance in the Sun,
 Like restless gossameres ?

Are those her ribs through which the Sun
 Did peer, as through a grate ?
 And is that Woman all her crew ?
 Is that a Death ? and are there two ?
 Is Death that Woman's mate ?

And its ribs are
 seen as bars on
 the face of the
 setting Sun.
 The Spectre-
 Woman and her
 Death-mate,
 and no other,
 on board the
 skeleton ship.
 Like vessel,
 like crew !

Her lips were red, her looks were free,
 Her locks were yellow as gold :
 Her skin was as white as leprosy,
 The Nightmare Life-in-Death was she,
 Who thicks man's blood with cold.

The naked hulk alongside came,
 And the twain were casting dice ;
 " The game is done ! I've won ! I've won ! "
 Quoth she, and whistles thrice.

Death and Life-
 in-Death have
 diced for the
 ship's crew, and
 she (the latter)
 winneth the
 ancient Mariner.

The Sun's rim dips ; the stars rush out :
 At one stride comes the dark ;
 With far-heard whisper, o'er the sea,
 Off shot the spectre-bark.

No twilight
 within the
 courts of the
 Sun.

At the rising
of the Moon,

We listen'd and look'd sideways up !
Fear at my heart, as at a cup,
My life-blood seem'd to sip !
The stars were dim, and thick the night,
The steersman's face by his lamp gleam'd white ;
From the sails the dew did drip—
Till clomb above the eastern bar
The hornèd Moon, with one bright star
Within the nether tip.

One after
another,

One after one, by the star-dogg'd Moon,
Too quick for groan or sigh,
Each turn'd his face with a ghastly pang,
And cursed me with his eye.

His shipmates
drop down dead.

Four times fifty living men
(And I heard nor sigh nor groan),
With heavy thump, a lifeless lump,
They dropp'd down one by one.

But Life-in-
Death begins
her work on
the ancient
Mariner.

The souls did from their bodies fly—
They fled to bliss or woe !
And every soul, it pass'd me by
Like the whizz of my crossbow.

PART IV

The Wedding-
Guest feareth
that a spirit
is talking to
him.

“ I fear thee, ancient Mariner !
I fear thy skinny hand !
And thou art long, and lank and brown,
As is the ribb'd sea-sand.

I fear thee and thy glittering eye,
And thy skinny hand so brown.”—
But the ancient
Mariner as-
sureth him of
his bodily life,
and proceedeth
to relate his
horrible pen-
ance.

Fear not, fear not, thou Wedding-Guest !
This body dropt not down.
Alone, alone, all, all alone,
Alone on a wide, wide sea !

And never a saint took pity on
My soul in agony.

The many men, so beautiful !
And they all dead did lie :
And a thousand thousand slimy things
Lived on ; and so did I.

He despiseth
the creatures
of the calm.

I look'd upon the rotting sea,
And drew my eyes away ;
I look'd upon the rotting deck,
And there the dead men lay.

And envieth
that they should
live, and so
many lie dead.

I look'd to heaven, and tried to pray ;
But or ever a prayer had gusht,
A wicked whisper came, and made
My heart as dry as dust.

I closed my lids, and kept them close,
And the balls like pulses beat ;
For the sky and the sea, and the sea and the sky,
Lay like a load on my weary eye,
And the dead were at my feet.

The cold sweat melted from their limbs,
Nor rot nor reek did they :
The look with which they look'd on me
Had never pass'd away.

But the curse
liveth for him
in the eye of
the dead men.

An orphan's curse would drag to hell
A spirit from on high !
But oh ! more horrible than that
Is the curse in a dead man's eye !
Seven days, seven nights, I saw that curse,
And yet I could not die.

In his loneliness and
fixedness he yearneth
towards the journeying
Moon, and the stars
that still sojourn, yet
still move onward ; and
everywhere the blue sky
belongs to them, and is
their appointed rest and
their native country and
their own natural homes,
which they enter un-
announced, as lords that
are certainly expected,
and yet there is a silent
joy at their arrival.

By the light of
the Moon he
beholdeth God's
creatures of the
great calm.

Their beauty
and their
happiness.

He blesseth
them in his
heart.

The spell begins
to break.

The moving Moon went up the sky,
And nowhere did abide ;
Softly she was going up,
And a star or two beside—

Her beams bemoock'd the sultry main,
Like April hoar-frost spread ;
But where the ship's huge shadow lay,
The charmed water burnt alway
A still and awful red.

Beyond the shadow of the ship,
I watch'd the water-snakes :
They moved in tracks of shining white,
And when they rear'd, the elfish light
Fell off in hoary flakes.

Within the shadow of the ship
I watch'd their rich attire :
Blue, glossy green, and velvet black,
They coil'd and swam ; and every track
Was a flash of golden fire.

O happy living things ! no tongue
Their beauty might declare :
A spring of love gush'd from my heart,
And I bless'd them unaware :
Sure my kind saint took pity on me,
And I bless'd them unaware.

The selfsame moment I could pray ;
And from my neck so free
The Albatross fell off, and sank
Like lead into the sea.

PART V

O sleep ! it is a gentle thing,
Beloved from pole to pole !
To Mary Queen the praise be given !
She sent the gentle sleep from Heaven,
That slid into my soul.

The silly buckets on the deck,
That had so long remain'd,
I dreamt that they were fill'd with dew ;
And when I awoke, it rain'd.

By grace of
the holy Mother,
the ancient
Mariner is
refreshed with
rain.

My lips were wet, my throat was cold,
My garments all were dank ;
Sure I had drunken in my dreams,
And still my body drank.

I moved, and could not feel my limbs :
I was so light—almost
I thought that I had died in sleep,
And was a blessèd ghost.

And soon I heard a roaring wind :
It did not come anear ;
But with its sound it shook the sails,
That were so thin and sere.

He heareth
sounds and
seeth strange
sights and
commotions
in the sky and
the element.

The upper air burst into life ;
And a hundred fire-flags sheen ;
To and fro they were hurried about !
And to and fro, and in and out,
The wan stars danced between.

And the coming wind did roar more loud,
And the sails did sigh like sedge ;
And the rain pour'd down from one black cloud ;
The Moon was at its edge.

The thick black cloud was cleft, and still
 The Moon was at its side ;
 Like waters shot from some high crag,
 The lightning fell with never a jag,
 A river steep and wide.

The bodies of
 the ship's crew
 are inspired,
 and the ship
 moves on ;

The loud wind never reach'd the ship,
 Yet now the ship moved on !
 Beneath the lightning and the Moon
 The dead men gave a groan.

They groan'd, they stirr'd, they all uprose,
 Nor spake, nor moved their eyes ;
 It had been strange, even in a dream,
 To have seen those dead men rise.

The helmsman steer'd, the ship moved on ;
 Yet never a breeze up-blew ;
 The mariners all 'gan work the ropes,
 Where they were wont to do ;
 They raised their limbs like lifeless tools—
 We were a ghastly crew.

The body of my brother's son
 Stood by me, knee to knee :
 The body and I pull'd at one rope,
 But he said naught to me.

But not by the
 souls of the
 men, nor by
 demons of earth
 or middle air,
 but by a blessed
 troop of angelic
 spirits, sent down
 by the invo-
 cation of the
 guardian saint.

“ I fear thee, ancient Mariner ! ”
 Be calm, thou Wedding-Guest :
 'Twas not those souls that fled in pain,
 Which to their corpses came again,
 But a troop of spirits blest :

For when it dawn'd—they dropp'd their arms,
 And cluster'd round the mast ;
 Sweet sounds rose slowly through their mouths,
 And from their bodies pass'd.

Around, around, flew each sweet sound,
They darted to the Sun ;
Slowly the sounds came back again,
Now mix'd, now one by one.

Sometimes a-dropping from the sky
I heard the skylark sing ;
Sometimes all little birds that are,
How they seem'd to fill the sea and air
With their sweet jargoning !

And now 'twas like all instruments,
Now like a lonely flute ;
And now it is an angel's song,
That makes the Heavens be mute.

It ceased ; yet still the sails made on
A pleasant noise till noon,
A noise like of a hidden brook
In the leafy month of June,
That to the sleeping woods all night
Singeth a quiet tune.

Till noon we quietly sail'd on,
Yet never a breeze did breathe :
Slowly and smoothly went the ship,
Moved onward from beneath.

Under the keel nine fathom deep,
From the land of mist and snow,
The Spirit slid : and it was he
That made the ship to go.
The sails at noon left off their tune,
And the ship stood still also.

The lonesome
Spirit from the
South Pole
carries on the
ship as far as
the Line, in
obedience to
the angelic
troop, but still
requireth
vengeance.

The Sun, right up above the mast,
Had fix'd her to the ocean :
But in a minute she 'gan stir,
With a short uneasy motion—
Backwards and forwards half her length
With a short uneasy motion.

Then like a pawing horse let go,
 She made a sudden bound :
 It flung the blood into my head,
 And I fell down in a swoond.

The Polar Spirit's fellow-demons, the invisible inhabitants of the element, take part in his wrong ; and two of them relate, one to the other, that penance long and heavy for the ancient Mariner hath been accorded to the Polar Spirit, who returneth southward.

How long in that same fit I lay,
 I have not to declare ;
 But ere my living life return'd,
 I heard, and in my soul discern'd
 Two voices in the air.

" Is it he ? " quoth one, " is this the man ?
 By Him who died on cross,
 With his cruel bow he laid full low
 The harmless Albatross.

The Spirit who bideth by himself
 In the land of mist and snow,
 He loved the bird that loved the man
 Who shot him with his bow."

The other was a softer voice,
 As soft as honey-dew :
 Quoth he, " The man hath penance done,
 And penance more will do."

PART VI

First Voice :

" But tell me, tell me ! speak again,
 Thy soft response renewing—
 What makes that ship drive on so fast ?
 What is the Ocean doing ? "

Second Voice :

" Still as a slave before his lord,
 The Ocean hath no blast ;
 His great bright eye most silently
 Up to the Moon is cast—

If he may know which way to go ;
 For she guides him smooth or grim.
 See, brother, see ! how graciously
 She looketh down on him."

First Voice :

" But why drives on that ship so fast,
 Without or wave or wind ? "

Second Voice :

" The air is cut away before,
 And closes from behind.

The Mariner
 hath been cast
 into a trance ;
 for the angelic
 power causeth
 the vessel to
 drive northward
 faster than
 human life
 could endure.

Fly, brother, fly ! more high, more high !
 Or we shall be belated :
 For slow and slow that ship will go,
 When the Mariner's trance is abated."

I woke, and we were sailing on
 As in a gentle weather :
 'Twas night, calm night, the Moon was high ;
 The dead men stood together.

The super-
 natural motion
 is retarded ;
 the Mariner
 awakes, and
 his penance
 begins anew.

All stood together on the deck,
 For a charnel-dungeon fitter :
 All fix'd on me their stony eyes,
 That in the Moon did glitter.

The pang, the curse, with which they died,
 Had never pass'd away :
 I could not draw my eyes from theirs,
 Nor turn them up to pray.

And now this spell was snapt : once more
 I viewed the ocean green,
 And look'd far forth, yet little saw
 Of what had else been seen—

The curse is
 finally
 expiated.

Like one that on a lonesome road
 Doth walk in fear and dread,
 And having once turn'd round, walks on,
 And turns no more his head ;
 Because he knows a frightful fiend
 Doth close behind him tread.

But soon there breathed a wind on me,
 Nor sound nor motion made :
 Its path was not upon the sea,
 In ripple or in shade.

It raised my hair, it fann'd my cheek
 Like a meadow-gale of spring—
 It mingled strangely with my fears,
 Yet it felt like a welcoming.

Swiftly, swiftly flew the ship,
 Yet she sail'd softly too :
 Sweetly, sweetly blew the breeze—
 On me alone it blew.

And the ancient
 Mariner be-
 holdeth his
 native country.

O dream of joy ! is this indeed
 The lighthouse top I see ?
 Is this the hill ? is this the kirk ?
 Is this mine own countree ?

We drifted o'er the harbour-bar,
 And I with sobs did pray—
 O let me be awake, my God !
 Or let me sleep alway.

The harbour-bay was clear as glass,
 So smoothly it was strewn !
 And on the bay the moonlight lay,
 And the shadow of the Moon.

The rock shone bright, the kirk no less
 That stands above the rock :
 The moonlight steep'd in silentness
 The steady weathercock.

And the bay was white with silent light
Till rising from the same,
Full many shapes, that shadows were.
In crimson colours came.

The angelic
spirits leave the
dead bodies.

A little distance from the prow
Those crimson shadows were :
I turn'd my eyes upon the deck—
O Christ ! what saw I there !

And appear in
their own forms
of light.

Each corse lay flat, lifeless and flat,
And, by the holy rood !
A man all light, a seraph-man,
On every corse there stood.

This seraph-band, each waved his hand :
It was a heavenly sight !
They stood as signals to the land,
Each one a lovely light ;

This seraph-band, each waved his hand,
No voice did they impart—
No voice ; but O, the silence sank
Like music on my heart.

But soon I heard the dash of oars,
I heard the Pilot's cheer ;
My head was turn'd perforce away,
And I saw a boat appear.

The Pilot and the Pilot's boy,
I heard them coming fast :
Dear Lord in Heaven ! it was a joy
The dead men could not blast.

I saw a third—I heard his voice :
It is the Hermit good !
He singeth loud his godly hymns
That he makes in the wood.
He'll shrive my soul, he'll wash away
The Albatross's blood.

PART VII

The Hermit of
the Wood,

This hermit good lives in that wood
Which slopes down to the sea.
How loudly his sweet voice he rears !
He loves to talk with marineres
That come from a far countree.

He kneels at morn, and noon, and eve—
He hath a cushion plump :
It is the moss that wholly hides
The rotted old oak-stump.

The skiff-boat near'd : I heard them talk,
“ Why, this is strange, I trow !
Where are those lights so many and fair,
That signal made but now ? ”

Approacheth
the ship with
wonder.

“ Strange, by my faith ! ” the Hermit said—
“ And they answer'd not our cheer !
The planks look warp'd ! and see those sails,
How thin they are and sere !
I never saw aught like to them,
Unless perchance it were

Brown skeletons of leaves that lag
My forest-brook along ;
When the ivy-tod is heavy with snow,
And the owlet whoops to the wolf below,
That eats the she-wolf's young.”

“ Dear Lord ! it hath a fiendish look—
(The Pilot made reply)
I am a-fear'd ”—“ Push on, push on ! ”
Said the Hermit cheerily.

The boat came closer to the ship,
But I nor spake nor stirr'd ;
The boat came close beneath the ship,
And straight a sound was heard.

Under the water it rumbled on,
Still louder and more dread :
It reach'd the ship, it split the bay ;
The ship went down like lead.

The ship suddenly sinketh.

Stunn'd by that loud and dreadful sound,
Which sky and ocean smote,
Like one that hath been seven days drown'd
My body lay afloat ;
But swift as dreams, myself I found
Within the Pilot's boat.

The ancient Mariner is saved in the Pilot's boat.

Upon the whirl, where sank the ship,
The boat spun round and round ;
And all was still, save that the hill
Was telling of the sound.

I moved my lips—the Pilot shriek'd
And fell down in a fit ;
The holy Hermit raised his eyes,
And pray'd where he did sit.

I took the oars : the Pilot's boy,
Who now doth crazy go,
Laugh'd loud and long, and all the while
His eyes went to and fro.
“ Ha ! ha ! ” quoth he, “ full plain I see
The Devil knows how to row.”

And now, all in my own countree,
I stood on the firm land !
The Hermit stepp'd forth from the boat,
And scarcely he could stand.

“ O shrieve me, shrieve me, holy man ! ”
The Hermit cross'd his brow.
“ Say quick,” quoth he, “ I bid thee say—
What manner of man art thou ? ”

The ancient Mariner earnestly entreateth the Hermit to shrieve him;

And the penance
of life falls on
him,

Forthwith this frame of mine was wrench'd
With a woful agony,
Which forced me to begin my tale ;
And then it left me free.

And ever and
anon through-
out his future
life an agony
constraineth
him to travel
from land to
land ;

Since then, at an uncertain hour,
That agony returns :
And till my ghastly tale is told,
This heart within me burns.

I pass, like night, from land to land ;
I have strange power of speech ;
That moment that his face I see,
I know the man that must hear me :
To him my tale I teach.

What loud uproar bursts from that door !
The wedding-guests are there :
But in the garden-bower the bride
And bride-maids singing are :
And hark, the little vesper bell,
Which biddeth me to prayer !

O Wedding Guest ! this soul hath been
Alone on a wide, wide sea :
So lonely 'twas, that God Himself
Scarce seemèd there to be.

O sweeter than the marriage-feast,
'Tis sweeter far to me,
To walk together to the kirk
With a goodly company !—

To walk together to the kirk,
And all together pray,
While each to his great Father bends,
Old men, and babes, and loving friends,
And youths and maidens gay !

Farewell, farewell ! but this I tell
To thee, thou Wedding-Guest !
He prayeth well, who loveth well
Both man and bird and beast.

And to teach,
by his own
example, love
and reverence
to all things
that God made
and loveth.

He prayeth best, who loveth best
All things both great and small ;
For the dear God who loveth us,
He made and loveth all.

The Mariner, whose eye is bright,
Whose beard with age is hoar,
Is gone : and now the Wedding-Guest
Turn'd from the bridegroom's door.

He went like one that hath been stunn'd,
And is of sense forlorn :
A sadder and a wiser man
He rose the morrow morn.

KUBLA KHAN

IN Xanadu did Kubla Khan

A stately pleasure-dome decree :
Where Alph, the sacred river, ran
Through caverns measureless to man
Down to a sunless sea.

So twice five miles of fertile ground
With walls and towers were girdled round :
And there were gardens bright with sinuous rills
Where blossom'd many an incense-bearing tree ;
And here were forests ancient as the hills,
Enfolding sunny spots of greenery.

But O, that deep romantic chasm which slanted
Down the green hill athwart a cedarn cover !
A savage place ! as holy and enchanted
As e'er beneath a waning moon was haunted
By woman wailing for her demon-lover !

And from this chasm, with ceaseless turmoil seething,
As if this earth in fast thick pants were breathing,
A mighty fountain momentarily was forced ;
Amid whose swift half-intermitted burst
Huge fragments vaulted like rebounding hail,
Or chaffy grain beneath the thresher's flail :
And 'mid these dancing rocks at once and ever
It flung up momentarily the sacred river.
Five miles meandering with a mazy motion
Through wood and dale the sacred river ran,
Then reach'd the caverns measureless to man,
And sank in tumult to a lifeless ocean :
And 'mid this tumult Kubla heard from far
Ancestral voices prophesying war !

The shadow of the dome of pleasure
Floated midway on the waves ;
Where was heard the mingled measure
From the fountain and the caves.
It was a miracle of rare device,
A sunny pleasure-dome with caves of ice !

A damsel with a dulcimer
In a vision once I saw :
It was an Abyssinian maid,
And on her dulcimer she play'd,
Singing of Mount Abora.
Could I revive within me,
Her symphony and song,
To such a deep delight 'twould win me,
That with music loud and long,
I would build that dome in air,
That sunny dome ! those caves of ice !
And all who heard should see them there,
And all should cry, Beware ! Beware !
His flashing eyes, his floating hair !
Weave a circle round him thrice,
And close your eyes with holy dread,
For he on honey-dew hath fed,
And drunk the milk of Paradise.

WHAT IS POETRY ?

WHAT is poetry ?—is so nearly the same question with, what is a poet ?—that the answer to the one is involved in the solution of the other. For it is a distinction resulting from the poetic genius itself, which sustains and modifies the images, thoughts, and emotions of the poet's own mind.

The poet, described in ideal perfection, brings the whole soul of man into activity, with the subordination of its faculties to each other according to their relative worth and dignity. He diffuses a tone and spirit of unity, that blends, and (as it were) *fuses*, each into each, by that synthetic and magical power, to which I would exclusively appropriate the name of Imagination. This power, first put in action by the will and understanding, and retained under their irremissive, though gentle and unnoticed, control, *laxis effertur habenis*, reveals itself in the balance or reconciliation of opposite or discordant qualities : of sameness, with difference ; of the general with the concrete ; the idea with the image ; the individual with the representative ; the sense of novelty and freshness with old and familiar objects ; a more than usual state of emotion with more than usual order ; judgment ever awake and steady self-possession with enthusiasm and feeling profound or vehement ; and while it blends and harmonises the natural and the artificial, still subordinates art to nature ; the manner to the matter ; and our admiration of the poet to our sympathy with the poetry. Doubtless, as Sir John Davies observes of the soul—(and his words may with slight alteration be applied, and even more appropriately, to the poetic Imagination)—

Doubtless this could not be, but that she turns
 Bodies to *spirit* by sublimation strange,
 As fire converts to fire the things it burns,
 As we our food into our nature change.

From their gross matter she abstracts *their* forms,
 And draws a kind of quintessence from things ;
 Which to her proper nature she transforms
 To bear them light on her celestial wings.

*Thus does she, when from individual states
 She doth abstract the universal kinds ;
 Which then re-clothed in divers names and fates
 Steal access through the senses to our minds.*

* * * * *

No man was ever yet a great poet, without being at the same time a profound philosopher. For poetry is the blossom and the fragrant of all human knowledge, human thoughts, human passions, emotions, language. In Shakespeare's poems the creative power and the intellectual energy wrestle as in a war embrace. Each in its excess of strength seems to threaten the extinction of the other. At length in the drama they were reconciled, and fought each with its shield before the breast of the other. Or like two rapid streams, that, at their first meeting within narrow and rocky banks, mutually strive to repel each other and intermix reluctantly and in tumult ; but soon finding a wider channel and more yielding shores blend, and dilate, and flow on in one current and with one voice. The VENUS AND ADONIS did not perhaps allow the display of the deeper passions. But the story of Lucretia seems to favour and even demand their intensest workings. And yet we find in *Shakespeare's* management of the tale neither pathos, nor any other *dramatic* quality. There is the same minute and faithful imagery as in the former poem, in the same vivid colours, inspirited by the same impetuous vigour of thought, and diverging and contracting with the same activity of the assimilative and of the modifying faculties ; and with a yet larger display, a yet wider range of knowledge and reflection ; and lastly, with the same perfect dominion, often domination, over the whole world of language. What then shall we say ? even this ; that Shakespeare, no mere child of nature ; no *automaton* of genius ; no passive vehicle of inspiration, possessed by the spirit, not possessing it ; first studied patiently, meditated deeply, understood minutely, till knowledge, become habitual and intuitive, wedded itself to his habitual feelings, and at length gave birth to that stupendous power, by which he stands alone, with no equal or second in his own class ; to that power which seated him

on one of the two glory-smitten summits of the poetic mountain, with Milton as his compeer, not rival. While the former darts himself forth, and passes into all the forms of human character and passion, the one Proteus of the fire and the flood ; the other attracts all forms and things to himself, into the unity of his own ideal. All things and modes of action shape themselves anew in the being of Milton ; while Shakespeare becomes all things, yet for ever remaining himself. O what great men hast thou not produced, England, my country !—Truly indeed—

*We must be free or die, who speak the tongue,
Which Shakespeare spake ; the faith and morals hold,
Which Milton held. In every thing we are sprung
Of earth's first blood, have titles manifold.*

Biographia Literaria.

THOMAS CAMPBELL

(1777-1844)

YE MARINERS OF ENGLAND

A NAVAL ODE

YE Mariners of England !
That guard our native seas ;
Whose flag has braved, a thousand years,
The battle and the breeze !
Your glorious standard launch again
To match another foe !
And sweep through the deep,
While the stormy winds do blow ;
While the battle rages loud and long,
And the stormy winds do blow.

The spirits of your fathers
Shall start from every wave !—
For the deck it was their field of fame,
And Ocean was their grave :

Where Blake and mighty Nelson fell,
Your manly hearts shall glow,
As ye sweep through the deep,
While the stormy winds do blow ;
While the battle rages loud and long,
And the stormy winds do blow.

Britannia needs no bulwark,
No towers along the steep ;
Her march is o'er the mountain-waves,
Her home is on the deep.
With thunders from her native oak,
She quells the floods below,—
As they roar on the shore,
When the stormy winds do blow ;
When the battle rages loud and long,
And the stormy winds do blow.

The meteor flag of England
Shall yet terrific burn ;
Till danger's troubled night depart,
And the star of peace return.
Then, then, ye ocean warriors !
Our song and feast shall flow
To the fame of your name,
When the storm has ceased to blow ;
When the fiery fight is heard no more,
And the storm has ceased to blow.

HOHENLINDEN

ON Linden, when the sun was low,
All bloodless lay th' untrodden snow,
And dark as winter was the flow
Of Iser, rolling rapidly.

But Linden saw another sight,
When the drum beat, at dead of night,

Commanding fires of death to light
The darkness of her scenery.

By torch and trumpet fast array'd,
Each horseman drew his battle-blade,
And furious every charger neigh'd,
To join the dreadful revelry.

Then shook the hills with thunder riven,
Then rushed the steed to battle driven,
And louder than the bolts of heaven,
Far flash'd the red artillery.

But redder yet that light shall glow
On Linden's hills of stainèd snow,
And bloodier yet the torrent flow
Of Iser, rolling rapidly.

'Tis morn, but scarce yon level sun
Can pierce the war-clouds, rolling dun,
Where furious Frank, and fiery Hun,
Shout in their sulph'rous canopy.

The combat deepens. On ye brave,
Who rush to glory, or the grave !
Wave, Munich ! all thy banners wave,
And charge with all thy chivalry !

Few, few shall part where many meet !
The snow shall be their winding-sheet,
And every turf beneath their feet
Shall be a soldier's sepulchre.

THOMAS MOORE

(1779-1852)

THE LIGHT OF OTHER DAYS

OFT, in the stilly night,
Ere slumber's chain has bound me,
Fond Memory brings the light
Of other days around me :
The smiles, the tears
Of boyhood's years,
The words of love then spoken ;
The eyes that shone,
Now dimm'd and gone,
The cheerful hearts now broken !
Thus, in the stilly night,
Ere slumber's chain has bound me,
Sad Memory brings the light
Of other days around me.

When I remember all
The friends, so link'd together,
I've seen around me fall
Like leaves in wintry weather,
I feel like one
Who treads alone
Some banquet-hall deserted,
Whose lights are fled,
Whose garlands dead,
And all but he departed !
Thus, in the stilly night,
Ere slumber's chain has bound me,
Sad Memory brings the light
Of other days around me.

AT THE MID HOUR OF NIGHT

At the mid hour of night, when stars are weeping, I fly
To the lone vale we loved, when life shone warm in thine eye ;
And I think oft, if spirits can steal from the regions of air
To revisit past scenes of delight, thou wilt come to me there,
And tell me our love is remember'd even in the sky.

Then I sing the wild song it once was rapture to hear,
When our voices commingling breathed like one on the ear ;
And as Echo far off through the vale my sad orison rolls,
I think, O my love ! 'tis thy voice from the Kingdom of Souls
Faintly answering still the notes that once were so dear.

MARIA EDGEWORTH

(1767-1849)

THE END OF SIR CONDY

" A PENNY for your thoughts, Judy," says my shister ;
" hark, sure Sir Condy is drinking her health."

He was at the table in the room, drinking with the excise-man and the gauger, who came up to see his honour, and we were standing over the fire in the kitchen.

" I don't much care is he drinking my health or not," says Judy ; " and it is not Sir Condy I'm thinking of, with all your jokes, whatever he is of me."

" Sure you wouldn't refuse to be my Lady Rackrent, Judy, if you had the offer ? " says I.

" But if I could do better ! " says she.

" How better ? " says I and my shister both at once.

" How better ? " says she. " Why, what signifies it to be my Lady Rackrent and no castle ? Sure what good is the car, and no horse to draw it ? "

" And where will ye get the horse, Judy ? " says I.

" Never mind that," says she ; " maybe it is your own son Jason might find that."

"Jason!" says I; "don't be trusting to him, Judy. Sir Condry, as I have good reason to know, spoke well of you when Jason spoke very indifferently of you, Judy."

"No matter," says Judy; "it's often men speak the contrary just to what they think of us."

"And you the same way of them, no doubt," answered I. "Nay, don't be denying it, Judy, for I think the better of ye for it, and shouldn't be proud to call ye the daughter of a shister's son of mine, if I was to hear ye talk ungrateful, and any way disrespectful of his honour."

"What disrespect," says she, "to say I'd rather, if it was my luck, be the wife of another man?"

"You'll have no luck, mind my words, Judy," says I; and all I remembered about my poor master's goodness in tossing up for her afore he married at all came across me, and I had a choking in my throat that hindered me to say more.

"Better luck, anyhow, Thady," says she, "than to be like some folk, following the fortunes of them that have none left."

"Oh! King of Glory!" says I, "hear the pride and ungratitude of her, and he giving his last guineas but a minute ago to her childer, and she with the fine shawl on her he made her a present of but yesterday!"

"Oh, troth, Judy, you're wrong now," says my shister, looking at the shawl.

"And was not he wrong yesterday, then," says she, "to be telling me I was greatly altered, to affront me?"

"But, Judy," says I, "what is it brings you here then at all in the mind you are in; is it to make Jason think the better of you?"

"I'll tell you no more of my secrets, Thady," says she, "nor would have told you this much, had I taken you for such an unnatural fader as I find you are, not to wish your own son preferred to another."

"Oh, troth, you are wrong now, Thady," says my shister.

Well, I was never so put to it in my life; between these womens, and my son, and my master, and all I felt and thought just now, I could not, upon my conscience, tell

which was the wrong from the right. So I said not a word more, but was only glad his honour had not the luck to hear all Judy had been saying of him, for I reckoned it would have gone nigh to break his heart ; not that I was of opinion he cared for her as much as she and my shister fancied, but the ungratitude of the whole from Judy might not please him ; and he could never stand the notion of not being well spoken of or beloved-like behind his back. Fortunately for all parties concerned, he was so much elevated at this time, there was no danger of his understanding anything, even if it had reached his ears. There was a great horn at the Lodge, ever since my master and Captain Moneygawl was in together, that used to belong originally to the celebrated Sir Patrick, his ancestor ; and his honour was fond often of telling the story that he learned from me as a child, how Sir Patrick drank the full of this horn without stopping, and this was what no other man afore or since could without drawing breath. Now Sir Condyl challenged the gauger, who seemed to think little of the horn, to swallow the contents, and had it filled to the brim with punch ; and the gauger said it was what he could not do for nothing, but he'd hold Sir Condyl a hundred guineas he'd do it.

" Done," says my master ; " I'll lay you a hundred golden guineas to a tester you don't."

" Done," says the gauger ; and done and done's enough between two gentlemen. The gauger was cast, and my master won the bet, and thought he'd won a hundred guineas, but by the wording it was adjudged to be only a tester that was his due by the exciseman. It was all one to him ; he was as well pleased, and I was glad to see him in such spirits again.

The gauger—bad luck to him !—was the man that next proposed to my master to try himself, could he take at a draught the contents of the great horn.

" Sir Patrick's horn !" said his honour ; " hand it to me : I'll hold you your own bet over again I'll swallow it."

" Done," says the gauger : " I'll lay ye anything at all you do no such thing."

"A hundred guineas to sixpence I do," says he ; "bring me the handkerchief." I was loth, knowing he meant the handkerchief with the gold in it, to bring it out in such company, and his honour not very able to reckon it. "Bring me the handkerchief, then, Thady," says he, and stamps with his foot ; so with that I pulls it out of my greatcoat pocket, where I had put it for safety. Oh how it grieved me to see the guineas counting upon the table, and they the last my master had ! Says Sir Condy to me : "Your hand is steadier than mine to-night, old Thady, and that's a wonder ; fill you the horn for me." And so, wishing his honour success, I did ; but I filled it, little thinking of what would befall him. He swallows it down, and drops like one shot. We lifts him up, and he was speechless, and quite black in the face. We put him to bed, and in a short time he wakened, raving with a fever on his brain. He was shocking either to see or hear.

"Judy ! Judy ! have you no touch of feeling ? Won't you stay to help us nurse him ?" says I to her, and she putting on her shawl to go out of the house.

"I'm frightened to see him," says she, "and wouldn't nor couldn't stay in it : and what use ? He can't last till the morning." With that she ran off. There was none but my shister and myself left near him of all the many friends he had.

Castle Rackrent.

WILLIAM COBBETT

(1762-1835)

THE RIDE TO MOORE PARK

Thursday, 27 Oct., 1825.

WE came over the heath from Thursley, this morning, on our way to Winchester. Mr. Wyndham's fox-hounds are coming to Thursley on Saturday. More than three-fourths of all the interesting talk in that neighbourhood, for some days past, has been about this anxiously looked-for event.

I have seen no man, or boy, who did not talk about it. There had been a false report about it ; the hounds did *not come* ; and the anger of the disappointed people was very great. At last, however, the *authentic* intelligence came, and I left them all as happy as if all were young and all just going to be married. An abatement of my pleasure, however, on this joyous occasion was, that I brought away with me *one*, who was as eager as the best of them. Richard, though now only 11 years and 6 months old, had, it seems, one fox-hunt, in Herefordshire, last winter ; and he actually has begun to talk rather *contemptuously* of hare hunting. To show me that he is in no *danger*, he has been leaping his horse over banks and ditches by the road side, all our way across the country from Reigate ; and he joined with such glee in talking of the expected arrival of the fox-hounds that I felt some little pain at bringing him away. My engagement at Winchester is for Saturday ; but if it had not been so, the deep and hidden ruts in the heath, in a wood in the midst of which the hounds are sure to find, and the immense concourse of horsemen that is sure to be assembled, would have made me bring him away. Upon the high, hard and open countries I should not be afraid for him, but here the danger would have been greater than it would have been right for me to suffer him to run.

We came hither by the way of Waverley Abbey and Moore Park. On the commons I showed Richard some of my old hunting scenes, when I was of his age, or younger, reminding him that I was obliged to hunt on foot. We got leave to go and see the grounds at Waverley where all the old monks' garden walls are totally gone, and where the spot is become a sort of lawn. I showed him the spot where the strawberry garden was, and where I, when sent to gather *hautboys*, used to eat every remarkably fine one, instead of letting it go to be eaten by Sir Robert Rich. I showed him a tree, close by the ruins of the Abbey, from a limb of which I once fell into the river, in an attempt to take the nest of a *crow*, which had artfully placed it upon a branch so far from the trunk as not to be able to bear the weight of a boy eight years old. I showed him an old elm-tree, which was hollow even then,

into which I, when a very little boy, once saw a cat go, that was as big as a middle-sized spaniel dog, for relating which I got a great scolding, for standing to which I, at last, got a beating ; but stand to which I still did. I have since many times repeated it ; and I would take my oath of it to this day. When in New Brunswick I saw the great wild grey cat, which is there called a *Lucifée* ; and it seemed to me to be just such a cat as I had seen at Waverley. I found the ruins not very greatly diminished ; but it is strange how small the mansion, and ground, and everything but the trees, appeared to me. They were all great to my mind when I saw them last ; and that early impression had remained, whenever I had talked or thought of the spot ; so that, when I came to see them again, after seeing the sea and so many other immense things, it seemed as if they had all been made small. This was not the case with regard to the trees, which are nearly as big here as they are any where else ; and the old cat-elm, for instance, which Richard measured with his whip, is about 16 or 17 feet round.

From Waverley we went to Moore Park, once the seat of Sir William Temple, and when I was a very little boy, the seat of a lady, or a Mrs. Temple. Here I showed Richard Mother Ludlum's Hole ; but, alas ! it is not the enchanting place that I knew it, nor that which Grose describes in his *Antiquities* ! The semicircular paling is gone ; the basins, to catch the never-ceasing little stream, are gone ; the iron cups, fastened by chains, for people to drink out of, are gone ; the pavement all broken to pieces ; the seats for people to sit on, on both sides of the cave, torn up and gone ; the stream that ran down a clean paved channel now making a dirty gutter ; and the ground opposite, which was a grove, chiefly of laurels, intersected by closely mowed grass-walks, now become a poor, ragged-looking alder-coppice. Near the mansion, I showed Richard the hill upon which Dean Swift tells us he used to run for exercise, while he was pursuing his studies here ; and I would have showed him the garden-seat, under which Sir William Temple's heart was buried, agreeably to his will ; but the seat was gone, also the wall at the back of it ; and the exquisitely beautiful little lawn in

which the seat stood was turned into a parcel of divers-shaped cockney-clumps, planted according to the strictest rules of artificial and refined vulgarity.

At Waverley, Mr. Thompson, a merchant of some sort, has succeeded (after the monks) the Orby Hunters and Sir Robert Rich. At Moore Park, a Mr. Laing, a West India planter or merchant, has succeeded the Temples; and at the castle of Farnham, which you see from Moore Park, Bishop Prettyman Tomline has, at last, after perfectly regular and due gradations, succeeded William of Wykham! In coming up from Moore Park to Farnham town, I stopped opposite the door of a little old house, where there appeared to be a great parcel of children. "There, Dick," said I, "when I was just such a little creature as that whom you see in the door-way, I lived in this very house with my grandmother Cobbett." He pulled up his horse, and looked *very hard at it*, but said nothing, and on we came.

Rural Rides.

SIR WALTER SCOTT

(1771-1832)

THE HOLD OF A HIGHLAND ROBBER

WITH similar tales of the grandeur of the Chief in peace and war, Evan Dhu beguiled the way till they approached more closely those huge mountains which Edward had hitherto only seen at a distance. It was towards evening as they entered one of the tremendous passes which afford communication between the high and low country; the path, which was extremely steep and rugged, winded up a chasm between two tremendous rocks, following the passage which a foaming stream, that brawled far below, appeared to have worn for itself in the course of ages. A few slanting beams of the sun, which was now setting, reached the water in its darksome bed, and showed it partially, chafed by a hundred rocks, and broken by a hundred falls. The descent

from the path to the stream was a mere precipice, with here and there a projecting fragment of granite, or a scathed tree, which had warped its twisted roots into the fissures of the rock. On the right hand, the mountain rose above the path with almost equal inaccessibility; but the hill on the opposite side displayed a shroud of copsewood with which some pines were intermingled.

"This," said Evan, "is the pass of Bally-Brough, which was kept in former times by ten of the clan Donnachie against a hundred of the Low Country carles. The graves of the slain are still to be seen in that little corrie, or bottom, on the opposite side of the burn—if your eyes are good, you may see the green specks among the heather—See, there is an earn, which you Southrons call an eagle—you have no such birds as that in England—he is going to fetch his supper from the Laird of Bradwardine's braes, but I'll send a slug after him."

He fired his piece accordingly, but missed the superb monarch of the feathered tribes, who, without noticing the attempt to annoy him, continued his majestic flight to the southward. A thousand birds of prey, hawks, kites, carrion-crows, and ravens, disturbed from the lodgings which they had just taken up for the evening, rose at the report of the gun, and mingled their hoarse and discordant notes with the echoes which replied to it, and with the roar of the mountain cataracts. Evan, a little disconcerted at having missed his mark, when he meant to have displayed peculiar dexterity, covered his confusion by whistling part of a pibroch as he reloaded his piece, and proceeded in silence up the pass.

It issued in a narrow glen, between two mountains, both very lofty, and covered with heath. The brook continued to be their companion, and they advanced up its mazes, crossing them now and then, on which occasions Evan Dhu uniformly offered the assistance of his attendants to carry over Edward; but our hero, who had been always a tolerable pedestrian, declined the accommodation, and obviously rose in his guide's opinion, by showing that he did not fear wetting his feet. Indeed he was anxious, so

far as he could without affectation, to remove the opinion which Evan seemed to entertain of the effeminacy of the Lowlanders, and particularly of the English.

Through the gorge of this glen they found access to a black bog, of tremendous extent, full of large pit-holes, which they traversed with great difficulty and some danger, by tracks which no one but a Highlander could have followed. The path itself, or rather the portion of more solid ground on which the travellers half walked, half waded, was rough, broken, and in many places quaggy and unsound. Sometimes the ground was so completely unsafe, that it was necessary to spring from one hillock to another, the space between being incapable of bearing the human weight. This was an easy matter to the Highlanders, who wore thin-soled brogues fit for the purpose, and moved with a peculiar springing step; but Edward began to find the exercise, to which he was unaccustomed, more fatiguing than he expected. The lingering twilight served to show them through this Serbonian bog, but deserted them almost totally at the bottom of a steep and very stony hill, which it was the travellers' next toilsome task to ascend. The night, however, was pleasant, and not dark; and Waverley, calling up mental energy to support personal fatigue, held on his march gallantly, though envying in his heart his Highland attendants, who continued, without a symptom of abated vigour, the rapid and swinging pace, or rather trot, which, according to his computation, had already brought them fifteen miles upon their journey.

After crossing this mountain, and descending on the other side towards a thick wood, Evan Dhu held some conference with his Highland attendants, in consequence of which, Edward's baggage was shifted from the shoulders of the gamekeeper to those of one of the gillies, and the former was sent off with the other mountaineer in a direction different from that of the three remaining travellers. On asking the meaning of this separation, Waverley was told that the Lowlander must go to a hamlet about three miles off for the night; for unless it was some very particular

friend, Donald Bean Lean, the worthy person whom they supposed to be possessed of the cattle, did not much approve of strangers approaching his retreat. This seemed reasonable, and silenced a qualm of suspicion which came across Edward's mind, when he saw himself, at such a place and such an hour, deprived of his only Lowland companion. And Evan immediately afterwards added, "that indeed he himself had better get forward, and announce their approach to Donald Bean Lean, as the arrival of a *sidier roy* (red soldier) might otherwise be a disagreeable surprise." And without waiting for an answer, in jockey phrase, he trotted out, and putting himself to a very round pace, was out of sight in an instant.

Waverley was now left to his own meditations, for his attendant with the battle-axe spoke very little English. They were traversing a thick, and, as it seemed, an endless wood of pines, and consequently the path was altogether indiscernible in the murky darkness which surrounded them. The Highlander, however, seemed to trace it by instinct, without the hesitation of a moment, and Edward followed his footsteps as close as he could.

After journeying a considerable time in silence, he could not help asking, "Was it far to the end of their journey?"

"Ta cove was tree, four mile; but as Duinhé-wassel was a wee taiglit, Donald could, tat is, might—would—should send ta curragh."

This conveyed no information. The *curragh* which was promised might be a man, a horse, a cart, or chaise; and no more could be got from the man with the battle-axe, but a repetition of "Aich ay! ta curragh."

But in a short time Edward began to conceive his meaning, when, issuing from the wood, he found himself on the banks of a large river or lake, where his conductor gave him to understand they must sit down for a little while. The moon, which now began to rise, showed obscurely the expanse of water which spread before them, and the shapeless and indistinct forms of mountains with which it seemed to be surrounded. The cool, and yet mild air of the summer

night, refreshed Waverley after his rapid and toilsome walk ; and the perfume which it wafted from the birch trees, bathed in the evening dew, was exquisitely fragrant.

He had now time to give himself up to the full romance of his situation. Here he sate on the banks of an unknown lake, under the guidance of a wild native, whose language was unknown to him, on a visit to the den of some renowned outlaw, a second Robin Hood, perhaps, or Adam o' Gordon, and that at deep midnight, through scenes of difficulty and toil, separated from his attendant, left by his guide :—What a variety of incidents for the exercise of a romantic imagination, and all enhanced by the solemn feeling of uncertainty, at least, if not of danger ! The only circumstance which assorted ill with the rest, was the cause of his journey—the Baron's milk cows ! this degrading incident he kept in the background.

While wrapt in these dreams of imagination, his companion gently touched him, and, pointing in a direction nearly straight across the lake, said, "Yon's ta cove." A small point of light was seen to twinkle in the direction in which he pointed, and, gradually increasing in size and lustre, seemed to flicker like a meteor upon the verge of the horizon. While Edward watched this phenomenon, the distant dash of oars was heard. The measured sound approached near and more near, and presently a loud whistle was heard in the same direction. His friend with the battle-axe immediately whistled clear and shrill, in reply to the signal, and a boat, manned with four or five Highlanders, pushed for a little inlet, near which Edward was sitting. He advanced to meet them with his attendant, was immediately assisted into the boat by the officious attention of two stout mountaineers, and had no sooner seated himself than they resumed their oars, and began to row across the lake with great rapidity.

The party preserved silence, interrupted only by the monotonous and murmured chant of a Gaelic song, sung in a kind of low recitative by the steersman, and by the dash of the oars, which the notes seemed to regulate, as they dipped to them in cadence. The light, which they

now approached more nearly, assumed a broader, redder, and more irregular splendour. It appeared plainly to be a large fire, but whether kindled upon an island or the main land, Edward could not determine. As he saw it, the red glaring orb seemed to rest on the very surface of the lake itself, and resembled the fiery vehicle in which the Evil Genius of an Oriental tale traverses land and sea. They approached nearer, and the light of the fire sufficed to show that it was kindled at the bottom of a huge dark crag or rock, rising abruptly from the very edge of the water ; its front, changed by the reflection to dusky red, formed a strange, and even awful contrast to the banks around, which were from time to time faintly and partially illuminated by pallid moonlight.

The boat now neared the shore, and Edward could discover that this large fire, amply supplied with branches of pine-wood by two figures, who, in the red reflection of its light, appeared like demons, was kindled in the jaws of a lofty cavern, into which an inlet from the lake seemed to advance ; and he conjectured, which was indeed true, that the fire had been lighted as a beacon to the boatmen on their return. They rowed right for the mouth of the cave, and then, shipping their oars, permitted the boat to enter in obedience to the impulse which it had received. The skiff passed the little point or platform of rock, on which the fire was blazing, and running about two boats' length farther, stopped where the cavern (for it was already arched overhead) ascended from the water by five or six broad ledges of rocks, so easy and regular that they might be termed natural steps. At this moment a quantity of water was suddenly flung upon the fire, which sunk with a hissing noise, and with it disappeared the light it had hitherto afforded. Four or five active arms lifted Waverley out of the boat, placed him on his feet, and almost carried him into the recesses of the cave. He made a few paces in darkness, guided in this manner ; and advancing towards a hum of voices, which seemed to sound from the centre of the rock, at an acute turn Donald Bean Lean and his whole establishment were before his eyes.

The interior of the cave, which here rose very high, was illuminated by torches made of pine-tree, which emitted a bright and bickering light, attended by a strong, though not unpleasant odour. Their light was assisted by the red glare of a large charcoal fire, round which were seated five or six armed Highlanders, while others were indistinctly seen couched on their plaids, in the more remote recesses of the cavern. In one large aperture, which the robber facetiously called his *spence*, (or pantry,) there hung by the heels the carcasses of a sheep, or ewe, and two cows lately slaughtered. The principal inhabitant of this singular mansion, attended by Evan Dhu as master of the ceremonies, came forward to meet his guest, totally different in appearance and manner from what his imagination had anticipated. The profession which he followed—the wilderness in which he dwelt—the wild warrior forms that surrounded him, were all calculated to inspire terror. From such accompaniments, Waverley prepared himself to meet a stern, gigantic, ferocious figure, such as Salvator would have chosen to be the central object of a group of banditti.

Donald Bean Lean was the very reverse of all these. He was thin in person and low in stature, with light sandy-coloured hair, and small pale features, from which he derived his agnomen of *Bean* or white; and although his form was light, well-proportioned, and active, he appeared, on the whole, rather a diminutive and insignificant figure. He had served in some inferior capacity in the French army, and in order to receive his English visitor in great form, and probably meaning, in his way, to pay him a compliment, he had laid aside the Highland dress for the time, to put on an old blue and red uniform, and a feathered hat, in which he was far from showing to advantage, and indeed looked so incongruous, compared with all around him, that Waverley would have been tempted to laugh, had laughter been either civil or safe. The robber received Captain Waverley with a profusion of French politeness and Scottish hospitality, seemed perfectly to know his name and connexions, and to be particularly acquainted with his uncle's political principles. On these he bestowed great applause,

to which Waverley judged it prudent to make a very general reply.

Being placed at a convenient distance from the charcoal fire, the heat of which the season rendered oppressive, a strapping Highland damsel placed before Waverley, Evan, and Donald Bean, three cogues, or wooden vessels composed of staves and hoops, containing *eanaruich*, a sort of strong soup, made out of a particular part of the inside of the beeves. After this refreshment, which, though coarse, fatigue and hunger rendered palatable, steaks, roasted on the coals, were supplied in liberal abundance, and disappeared before Evan Dhu and their host with a promptitude that seemed like magic, and astonished Waverley, who was much puzzled to reconcile their voracity with what he had heard of the abstemiousness of the Highlanders. He was ignorant that this abstinence was with the lower ranks wholly compulsory, and that, like some animals of prey, those who practise it were usually gifted with the power of indemnifying themselves to good purpose, when chance threw plenty in their way. The whisky came forth in abundance to crown the cheer. The Highlanders drank it copiously and undiluted; but Edward, having mixed a little with water, did not find it so palatable as to invite him to repeat the draught. Their host bewailed himself exceedingly that he could offer him no wine: "Had he but known four-and-twenty hours before, he would have had some, had it been within the circle of forty miles round him. But no gentleman could do more to show his sense of the honour of a visit from another, than to offer him the best cheer his house afforded. Where there are no bushes there can be no nuts, and the way of those you live with is that you must follow."

He went on regretting to Evan Dhu the death of an aged man, Donnacha an Amrigh, or Duncan with the Cap, "a gifted seer," who foretold, through the second sight, visitors of every description who haunted their dwelling, whether as friends or foes.

"Is not his son Malcolm *taishatr* (a second-sighted person)?" asked Evan.

"Nothing equal to his father," replied Donald Bean. "He told us the other day we were to see a great gentleman riding on a horse, and there came nobody that whole day but Shemus Beg, the blind harper, with his dog. Another time he advertised us of a wedding, and behold it proved a funeral; and on the creagh, when he foretold to us we should bring home a hundred head of horned cattle, we gripped nothing but a fat bailie of Perth."

From this discourse he passed to the political and military state of the country; and Waverley was astonished, and even alarmed, to find a person of this description so accurately acquainted with the strength of the various garrisons and regiments quartered north of the Tay. He even mentioned the exact number of recruits who had joined Waverley's troop from his uncle's estate, and observed they were *pretty men*, meaning, not handsome, but stout warlike fellows. He put Waverley in mind of one or two minute circumstances which had happened at a general review of the regiment, which satisfied him that the robber had been an eye-witness of it; and Evan Dhu having by this time retired from the conversation, and wrapped himself up in his plaid to take some repose, Donald asked Edward, in a very significant manner, whether he had nothing particular to say to him.

Waverley, surprised and somewhat startled at this question from such a character, answered he had no motive in visiting him but curiosity to see his extraordinary place of residence. Donald Bean Lean looked him steadily in the face for an instant, and then said, with a significant nod, "You might as well have confided in me; I am as much worthy of trust as either the Baron of Bradwardine, or Vich Ian Vohr:—But you are equally welcome to my house."

Waverley felt an involuntary shudder creep over him at the mysterious language held by this outlawed and lawless bandit, which, in despite of his attempts to master it, deprived him of the power to ask the meaning of his insinuations. A heath pallet, with the flowers stuck uppermost, had been prepared for him in a recess of the cave, and here,

covered with such spare plaids as could be mustered, he lay for some time watching the motions of the other inhabitants of the cavern. Small parties of two or three entered or left the place without any other ceremony than a few words in Gaelic to the principal outlaw, and, when he fell asleep, to a tall Highlander who acted as his lieutenant, and seemed to keep watch during his repose. Those who entered, seemed to have returned from some excursion, of which they reported the success, and went without farther ceremony to the larder, where cutting with their dirks their rations from the carcasses which were there suspended, they proceeded to broil and eat them at their own pleasure and leisure. The liquor was under strict regulation, being served out either by Donald himself, his lieutenant, or the strapping Highland girl aforesaid, who was the only female that appeared. The allowance of whisky, however, would have appeared prodigal to any but Highlanders, who, living entirely in the open air, and in a very moist climate, can consume great quantities of ardent spirits without the usual baneful effects either upon the brain or constitution.

At length the fluctuating groups began to swim before the eyes of our hero as they gradually closed ; nor did he re-open them till the morning sun was high on the lake without, though there was but a faint and glimmering twilight in the recesses of Uaimh an Ri, or the King's Cavern, as the abode of Donald Bean Lean was proudly denominated.

Waverley.

PROUD MAISIE

PROUD Maisie is in the wood,
Walking so early ;
Sweet Robin sits on the bush,
Singing so rarely.

“ Tell me, thou bonny bird,
When shall I marry me ? ”

—" When six braw gentlemen
Kirkward shall carry ye."

" Who makes the bridal bed,
Birdie, say truly ? "

—" The grey-headed sexton
That delves the grave duly.

" The glow-worm o'er grave and stone
Shall light thee steady ;
The owl from the steeple sing
Welcome, proud lady ! "

BRIGNALL BANKS

O, BRIGNALL banks are wild and fair,
And Greta woods are green,
And you may gather garlands there,
Would grace a summer queen :
And as I rode by Dalton Hall,
Beneath the turrets high,
A Maiden on the castle wall
Was singing merrily :

" O, Brignall banks are fresh and fair,
And Greta woods are green !
I'd rather rove with Edmund there
Than reign our English Queen."

" If, Maiden, thou wouldst wend with me
To leave both tower and town,
Thou first must guess what life lead we,
That dwell by dale and down :
And if thou canst that riddle read,
As read full well you may,
Then to the green-wood shalt thou speed
As blithe as Queen of May."

Yet sung she, " Brignall banks are fair,
And Greta woods are green !
I'd rather rove with Edmund there
Than reign our English Queen.

" I read you by your bugle horn
And by your palfrey good,
I read you for a Ranger sworn
To keep the King's green-wood."
" A Ranger, Lady, winds his horn,
And 'tis at peep of light ;
His blast is heard at merry morn,
And mine at dead of night."

Yet sung she, " Brignall banks are fair,
And Greta woods are gay !
I would I were with Edmund there,
To reign his Queen of May !

" With burnish'd brand and musketoon
So gallantly you come,
I read you for a bold Dragoon,
That lists the tuck of drum."
" I list no more the tuck of drum,
No more the trumpet hear ;
But when the beetle sounds his hum,
My comrades take the spear.

" And O ! though Brignall banks be fair,
And Greta woods be gay,
Yet mickle must the maiden dare,
Would reign my Queen of May !

" Maiden ! a nameless life I lead,
A nameless death I'll die ;
The fiend whose lantern lights the mead
Were better mate than I !

And when I'm with my comrades met
Beneath the green-wood bough,
When once we were we all forget,
Nor think what we are now."

Chorus. Yet Brignall banks are fresh and fair,
And Greta woods are green,
And you may gather flowers there
Would grace a summer queen.

NELSON AND PITT

To mute and to material things
New life revolving summer brings ;
The genial call dead Nature hears,
And in her glory reappears.
But oh, my Country's wintry state
What second spring shall renovate ?
What powerful call shall bid arise
The buried warlike and the wise ;
The mind that thought for Britain's weal,
The hand that grasp'd the victor steel ?
The vernal sun new life bestows
Even on the meanest flower that blows ;
But vainly, vainly may he shine
Where glory weeps o'er NELSON's shrine ;
And vainly pierce the solemn gloom
That shrouds, O PITT, thy hallow'd tomb !

Deep graved in every British heart,
O never let those names depart !
Say to your sons,—Lo, here his grave,
Who victor died on Gadite wave !
To him, as to the burning levin,
Short, bright, resistless course was given.
Where'er his country's foes were found
Was heard the fated thunder's sound,
Till burst the bolt on yonder shore,
Roll'd, blazed, destroy'd—and was no more.

Nor mourn ye less his perish'd worth,
 Who bade the conqueror go forth,
 And launch'd that thunderbolt of war
 On Egypt, Hafnia, Trafalgar ;
 Who, born to guide such high emprise,
 For Britain's weal was early wise ;
 Alas ! to whom the Almighty gave,
 For Britain's sins, an early grave !
 —His worth, who in his mightiest hour
 A bauble held the pride of power,
 Spurn'd at the sordid lust of pelf,
 And served his Albion for herself ;
 Who, when the frantic crowd amain
 Strain'd at subjection's bursting rein,
 O'er their wild moon full conquest gain'd,
 The pride he would not crush, restrain'd,
 Show'd their fierce zeal a worthier cause,
 And brought the freeman's arm to aid the freeman's laws.

Hadst thou but lived, though stripp'd of power,
 A watchman on the lonely tower,
 Thy thrilling trump had roused the land,
 When fraud or danger were at hand ;
 By thee, as by the beacon-light,
 Our pilots had kept course aright ;
 As some proud column, though alone,
 Thy strength had propp'd the tottering throne.
 Now is the stately column broke,
 The beacon-light is quench'd in smoke,
 The trumpet's silver voice is still,
 The warder silent on the hill !

SOUND, SOUND THE CLARION

SOUND, sound the clarion, fill the fife !
 To all the sensual world proclaim,
 One crowded hour of glorious life
 Is worth an age without a name.

Adopted from THOMAS OSBERT MORDAUNT.

CHARLES LAMB

(1775-1834)

TO THOMAS MANNING

January 2, 1810.

DEAR MANNING,

When I last wrote to you I was in lodgings. I am now in chambers, No. 4, Inner Temple Lane, where I should be happy to see you any evening. Bring any of your friends, the Mandarins, with you. I have two sitting-rooms : I call them so *par excellence*, for you may stand, or loll, or lean, or try any posture in them, but they are best for sitting ; not squatting down Japanese fashion, but the more decorous use of the —— which European usage has consecrated. I have two of these rooms on the third floor, and five sleeping, cooking, etc., rooms, on the fourth floor. In my best room is a choice collection of the works of Hogarth, an English painter of some humour. In my next best are shelves containing a small but well-chosen library. My best room commands a court, in which there are trees and a pump, the water of which is excellent cold, with brandy, and not very insipid without. Here I hope to set up my rest, and not quit till Mr. Powell, the undertaker, gives me notice that I may have possession of my last lodging. He lets lodgings for single gentlemen. I sent you a parcel of books by my last, to give you some idea of the state of European literature. There comes with this two volumes, done up as letters, of minor poetry, a sequel to *Mrs. Leicester* ; the best you may suppose mine ; the next best are my coadjutor's. You may amuse yourself in guessing them out ; but I must tell you mine are but one-third in quantity of the whole. So much for a very delicate subject. It is hard to speak of one's self, etc. Holcroft had finished his life when I wrote to you, and Hazlitt has finished his life ; I do not mean his own life, but he has finished a life of Holcroft, which is going to press. Tuthill is Dr. Tuthill. I continue Mr. Lamb. I

have published a little book for children on titles of honour ; and to give them some idea of the difference of rank and gradual rising, I have made a little scale, supposing myself to receive the following various accessions of dignity from the king, who is the fountain of honour—As at first, 1, Mr. C. Lamb ; 2, C. Lamb, Esq. ; 3, Sir C. Lamb, Bart. ; 4, Baron Lamb, of Stamford ; 5, Viscount Lamb ; 6, Earl Lamb ; 7, Marquis Lamb ; 8, Duke Lamb. It would look like quibbling to carry it on further, and especially as it is not necessary for children to go beyond the ordinary titles of sub-regal dignity in our own country ; otherwise I have sometimes in my dreams imagined myself still advancing, as 9th, King Lamb ; 10th, Emperor Lamb ; 11th, Pope Innocent ; higher than which is nothing but the Lamb of God. Puns I have not made many (nor punch much) since the date of my last ; one I cannot help relating. A constable in Salisbury Cathedral was telling me that eight people dined at the top of the spire of the cathedral ; upon which I remarked, that they must be very sharp set. But in general I cultivate the reasoning part of my mind more than the imaginative. I am stuffed out so with eating turkey for dinner, and another turkey for supper yesterday (Turkey in Europe and Turkey in Asia), that I can't jog on. It is New Year here ; that is, it was New Year half a year back, when I was writing this. Nothing puzzles me more than time and space ; and yet nothing puzzles me less, for I never think about them. The Persian ambassador is the principal thing talked of now. I sent some people to see him worship the sun on Primrose Hill, at half-past six in the morning, 28th November ; but he did not come, which makes me think the old fire-worshippers are a sect almost extinct in Persia. The Persian ambassador's name is Shaw Ali Mirza. The common people call him Shaw Nonsense. While I think of it, I have put three letters, besides my own three, into the India post for you, from your brother, sister, and some gentleman whose name I forget. Will they, have they, did they come safe ? The distance you are at, cuts up tenses by the root. I think you said you did not know Kate *****. I express her by

nine stars, though she is but one. You must have seen her at her father's. Try and remember her. Coleridge is bringing out a paper in weekly Numbers, called the *Friend*, which I would send if I could ; but the difficulty I had in getting the packets of books out to you before, deters me ; and you'll want something new to read when you come home. It is chiefly intended to puff off Wordsworth's poetry ; but there are some noble things in it by the by. Except Kate, I have had no vision of excellence this year, and she passed by like the Queen on her coronation day ; you don't know whether you saw her or not. Kate is fifteen : I go about moping, and sing the old pathetic ballad I used to like in my youth :

She's sweet fifteen,
I'm *one year more*.

Mrs. Bland sang it in boy's clothes the first time I heard it. I sometimes think the lower notes in my voice are like Mrs. Bland's. That glorious singer, Braham, one of my lights, is fled. He was for a season. He was a rare composition of the Jew, the gentleman, and the angel ; yet all these elements mixed up so kindly in him, that you could not tell which preponderated ; but he is gone, and one Phillips is engaged instead. Kate is vanished, but Miss B—— is always to be met with !

Queens drop away, while blue-legg'd Maukin thrives ;
And courtly Mildred dies while country Madge survives.

That is not my poetry, but Quarles's ; but haven't you observed that the rarest things are the least obvious ? Don't show anybody the names in this letter. I write confidentially, and wish this letter to be considered as *private*. Hazlitt has written a *grammar* for Godwin. Godwin sells it bound up with a treatise of his own on language ; but the *gray mare is the better horse*. I don't allude to Mrs. [Godwin], but to the word *grammar*, which comes near to *gray mare*, if you observe, in sound. That figure is called paronomasia in Greek. I am sometimes happy in it. An old woman begged of me for charity. " Ah ! sir," said she, " I have seen better days." " So have I, good woman,"

I replied ; but I meant, literally, days not so rainy and overcast as that on which she begged : she meant more prosperous days. Mr. Dawe is made associate of the Royal Academy. By what law of association I can't guess. Mrs. Holcroft, Miss Holcroft, Mr. and Mrs. Godwin, Mr. and Mrs. Hazlitt, Mrs. Martin and Louisa, Mrs. Lum, Capt. Burney, Mrs. Burney, Martin Burney, Mr. Rickman, Mrs. Rickman, Dr. Stoddart, William Dollin, Mr. Thompson, Mr. and Mrs. Norris, Mr. Fenwick, Mrs. Fenwick, Miss Fenwick, a man that saw you at our house one day, and a lady that heard me speak of you ; Mrs. Buffam that heard Hazlitt mention you, Dr. Tuthill, Mrs. Tuthill, Colonel Harwood, Mrs. Harwood, Mr. Collier, Mrs. Collier, Mr. Sutton, Nurse, Mr. Fell, Mrs. Fell, Mr. Marshall, are very well, and occasionally inquire after you.

I remain yours ever,

CH. LAMB.

TO WILLIAM WORDSWORTH

ACCOUNTANT'S OFFICE, April 26, 1816.

DEAR W.,

I have just finished the pleasing task of correcting the revise of the poems and letter. I hope they will come out faultless. One blunder I saw and shuddered at. The hallucinating rascal had printed *battered* for *battened*, this last not conveying any distinct sense to his gaping soul. The Reader (as they call 'em) had discovered it, and given it the marginal brand, but the substitutory *n* had not yet appeared. I accompanied his notice with a most pathetic address to the printer not to neglect the correction. I know how such a blunder would "batter at your peace." With regard to the works, the Letter I read with unabated satisfaction. Such a thing was wanted—called for. The parallel of Cotton with Burns I heartily approve. Izaak Walton hallows any page in which his reverend name appears. "Duty archly bending to purposes of general benevolence" is exquisite. The poems I endeavoured not to understand, but to read them with my eye alone, and I think I succeeded. (Some people

will do that when they come out, you'll say.) As if I were to luxuriate to-morrow at some picture gallery I was never at before, and going by to-day by chance, found the door open, and had but five minutes to look about me, peeped in ; just such a *chastised* peep I took with my mind at the lines my luxuriating eye was coursing over unrestrained, not to anticipate another day's fuller satisfaction. Coleridge is printing *Christabel*, by Lord Byron's recommendation to Murray, with what he calls a vision, *Kubla Khan*, which said vision he repeats so enchantingly that it irradiates and brings heaven and elysian bowers into my parlour while he sings or says it ; but there is an observation, "Never tell thy dreams," and I am almost afraid that *Kubla Khan* is an owl that won't bear daylight. I fear lest it should be discovered by the lantern of typography and clear redacting to letters no better than nonsense or no sense. When I was young I used to chant with ecstasy "MILD ARCADIANs EVER BLOOMING," till somebody told me it was meant to be nonsense. Even yet I have a lingering attachment to it, and I think it better than *Windsor Forest*, *Dying Christian's Address*, etc. Coleridge has sent his tragedy to D[rury] L[ane] T[heatre]. It cannot be acted this season ; and by their manner of receiving, I hope he will be able to alter it to make them accept it for next. He is, at present, under the medical care of a Mr. Gillman (Killman ?) a Highgate apothecary, where he plays at leaving off laud——m. I think his essentials not touched : he is very bad ; but then he wonderfully picks up another day, and his face, when he repeats his verses, hath its ancient glory ; an archangel a little damaged. Will Miss H. pardon our not replying at length to her kind letter ? We are not quiet enough ; Morgan is with us every day, going betwixt Highgate and the Temple. Coleridge is absent but four miles, and the neighbourhood of such a man is as exciting as the presence of fifty ordinary persons. 'Tis enough to be within the whiff and wind of his genius for us not to possess our souls in quiet. If I lived with him or the Author of the *Excursion*, I should, in a very little time, lose my own identity, and be dragged along in the current of other

people's thoughts, hampered in a net. How cool I sit in this office, with no possible interruption further than what I may term *material* ! There is not as much metaphysics in thirty-six of the people here as there is in the first page of Locke's *Treatise on the Human Understanding*, or as much poetry as in any ten lines of the *Pleasures of Hope*, or more natural *Beggar's Petition*. I never entangle myself in any of their speculations. Interruptions, if I try to write a letter even, I have dreadful. Just now, within four lines, I was called off for ten minutes to consult dusty old books for the settlement of obsolete errors. I hold you a guinea you don't find the chasm where I left off, so excellently the wounded sense closed again and was healed.

N.B.—Nothing said above to the contrary, but that I hold the personal presence of the two mentioned potent spirits at a rate as high as any ; but I pay dearer. What amuses others robs me of myself : my mind is positively discharged into their greater currents, but flows with a willing violence. As to your question about work, it is far less oppressive to me than it was, from circumstances. It takes all the golden part of the day away, a solid lump, from ten to four ; but it does not kill my peace as before. Some day or other I shall be in a taking again. My head aches, and you have had enough. God bless you !

C. LAMB.

TO BERNARD BARTON

May 15, 1824.

DEAR B. B.,

I am oppressed with business all day, and Company all night. But I will snatch a quarter of an hour. Your recent acquisitions of the Picture and the Letter are greatly to be congratulated. I too have a picture of my father and the copy of his first love verses ; but they have been mine long. Blake is a real name, I assure you, and a most extraordinary man, if he be still living. He is the Robert¹ Blake, whose wild designs accompany a splendid

¹ William.

folio edition of the *Night Thoughts*, which you may have seen, in one of which he pictures the parting of soul and body by a solid mass of human form floating off, God knows how, from a lumpish mass (*fac simile* to itself) left behind on the dying bed. He paints in water colours marvellous strange pictures, visions of his brain, which he asserts that he has seen. They have great merit. He has *seen* the old Welsh bards on Snowdon—he has seen the Beautifullest, the Strongest, and the Ugliest Man, left alone from the Massacre of the Britons by the Romans, and has painted them from memory (I have seen his paintings), and asserts them to be as good as the figures of Raphael and Angelo, but not better, as they had precisely the same retro-visions and prophetic visions with themselves [himself]. The painters in Oil (which he will have it that neither of them practised) he affirms to have been the ruin of art, and affirms that all the while he was engaged in his Water paintings, Titian was disturbing him, Titian the Ill Genius of Oil Painting. His Pictures—one in particular, the Canterbury Pilgrims (far above Stothard's)—have great merit, but hard, dry, yet with grace. He has written a Catalogue of them with a most spirited criticism on Chaucer, but mystical and full of Vision. His poems have been sold hitherto only in Manuscript. I never read them; but a friend at my desire procured the *Sweep Song*. There is one to a Tiger, which I have heard recited, beginning

Tiger, Tiger, burning bright,
Thro' the desarts of the night,

which is glorious, but, alas! I have not the Book; for the man is flown, whither I know not—to Hades or a Mad House. But I must look on him as one of the most extraordinary persons of the age. Montgomery's Book I have not much hope from. The Society, with the affected name, has been labouring at it for these 20 years, and made few converts. I think it was injudicious to mix stories avowedly colour'd by fiction with the sad true statements from the parliamentary records, etc., but I wish the little Negroes all the good that can come from it. I batter'd my brains

(not butter'd them—but it is a bad *a*) for a few verses for them, but I could make nothing of it. You have been luckier. But Blake's are the flower of the set, you will, I am sure, agree, tho' some of Montgomery's at the end are pretty ; but the Dream awkwardly paraphras'd from B.

With the exception of an Epilogue for a Private Theatrical, I have written nothing now for near 6 months. It is in vain to spur me on. I must wait. I cannot write without a genial impulse, and I have none. 'Tis barren all and dearth. No matter ; life is something without scribbling. I have got rid of my bad spirits, and hold up pretty well this rain-damn'd May.

So we have lost another Poet. I never much relished his Lordship's mind, and shall be sorry if the Greeks have cause to miss him. He was to me offensive, and I never can make out his great *power*, which his admirers talk of. Why, a line of Wordsworth's is a lever to lift the immortal spirit ! Byron can only move the Spleen. He was at best a Satyrist,—in any other way, he was mean enough. I daresay I do him injustice ; but I cannot love him, nor squeeze a tear to his memory. He did not like the world, and he has left it, as Alderman Curtis advised the Radicals, " If they don't like their Country, damn 'em, let 'em leave it," they possessing no rood of ground in England, and he 10,000 acres. Byron was better than many Curtises.

Farewell, and accept this Apology for a Letter from one who owes you so much in that kind.

Yours ever truly,

C. L.

THE OLD FAMILIAR FACES

I HAVE had playmates, I have had companions,
In my days of childhood, in my joyful school-days—
All, all are gone, the old familiar faces.

I have been laughing, I have been carousing,
Drinking late, sitting late, with my bosom cronies—
All, all are gone, the old familiar faces.

I loved a Love once, fairest among women :
Closed are her doors on me, I must not see her—
All, all are gone, the old familiar faces.

I have a friend, a kinder friend has no man :
Like an ingrate, I left my friend abruptly ;
Left him, to muse on the old familiar faces.

Ghost-like I paced round the haunts of my childhood,
Earth seem'd a desert I was bound to traverse,
Seeking to find the old familiar faces.

Friend of my bosom, thou more than a brother,
Why wert not thou born in my father's dwelling ?
So might we talk of the old familiar faces—

How some they have died, and some they have left me,
And some are taken from me ; all are departed—
All, all are gone, the old familiar faces.

GEORGE CRABBE

(1754-1832)

THE LIBRARY

AMID these works, on which the eager eye
Delights to fix, or glides reluctant by,
When all combined, their decent pomp display,
Where shall we first our early offering pay ?—

To thee, DIVINITY ! to thee, the light
And guide of mortals, through their mental night ;
By whom we learn our hopes and fears to guide ;
To bear with pain, and to contend with pride ;
When grieved, to pray ; when injured, to forgive ;
And with the world in charity to live.

Not truths like these inspired that numerous race,
Whose pious labours fill this ample space ;

But questions nice, where doubt on doubt arose,
 Awaked to war the long-contending foes.
 For dubious meanings, learn'd polemics strove,
 And wars on faith prevented works of love ;
 The brands of discord far around were hurl'd,
 And holy wrath inflamed a sinful world :—
 Dull though impatient, peevish though devout,
 With wit disgusting, and despised without ;
 Saints in design, in execution men,
 Peace in their looks, and vengeance in their pen.

Methinks I see, and sicken at the sight,
 Spirits of spleen from yonder pile alight ;
 Spirits who prompted every damning page,
 With pontiff pride and still-increasing rage :
 Lo ! how they stretch their gloomy wings around,
 And lash with furious strokes the trembling ground !
 They pray, they fight, they murder, and they weep,—
 Wolves in their vengeance, in their manners sheep ;
 Too well they act the prophet's fatal part,
 Denouncing evil with a zealous heart ;
 And each, like Jonah, is displeased if God
 Repent his anger, or withhold his rod.

But here the dormant fury rests unsought,
 And Zeal sleeps soundly by the foes she fought ;
 Here all the rage of controversy ends,
 And rival zealots rest like bosom friends :
 An Athanasian here, in deep repose,
 Sleeps with the fiercest of his Arian foes ;
 Socinians here with Calvinists abide,
 And thin partitions angry chiefs divide ;
 Here wily Jesuits simple Quakers meet,
 And Bellarmine has rest at Luther's feet.
 Great authors, for the church's glory fired,
 Are for the church's peace, to rest retired ;
 And close beside, a mystic, maudlin race,
 Lie " Crumbs of Comfort for the Babes of Grace."

* * * * *

But who are these ? Methinks a noble mien
 And awful grandeur in their form are seen,

Now in disgrace : what though by time is spread
Polluting dust o'er every reverend head ;
What though beneath yon gilded tribe they lie,
And dull observers pass insulting by :
Forbid it shame, forbid it decent awe,
What seems so grave, should no attention draw !
Come, let us then with reverend step advance,
And greet—the ancient worthies of ROMANCE.

Hence, ye profane ! I feel a former dread,
A thousand visions float around my head :
Hark ! hollow blasts through empty courts resound,
And shadowy forms with staring eyes stalk round ;
See ! moats and bridges, walls and castles rise,
Ghosts, fairies, demons, dance before our eyes :
Lo ! magic verse inscribed on golden gate,
And bloody hand that beckons on to fate :—
“ And who art thou, thou little page, unfold ?
“ Say, doth thy lord my Claribel withhold ?
“ Go tell him straight, Sir Knight, thou must resign
“ The captive queen ;—for Claribel is mine.”
Away he flies ; and now for bloody deeds,
Black suits of armour, masks, and foaming steeds ;
The giant falls ; his recreant throat I seize,
And from his corslet take the massy keys :—
Dukes, lords, and knights in long procession move,
Released from bondage with my virgin love :—
She comes ! she comes ! in all the charms of youth,
Unequall'd love, and unsuspected truth !

Ah ! happy he who thus, in magic themes,
O'er worlds bewitch'd, in early rapture dreams,
Where wild Enchantment waves her potent wand,
And Fancy's beauties fill her fairy land ;
Where doubtful objects strange desires excite,
And Fear and Ignorance afford delight.

But lost, for ever lost, to me these joys,
Which Reason scatters, and which Time destroys ;
Too dearly bought : maturer judgment calls
My busied mind from tales and madrigals ;
My doughty giants all are slain or fled,

And all my knights—blue, green, and yellow—dead !
 No more the midnight fairy tribe I view,
 All in the merry moonshine tippling dew ;
 E'en the last lingering fiction of the brain,
 The churchyard ghost, is now at rest again ;
 And all these wayward wanderings of my youth
 Fly Reason's power, and shun the light of Truth.

With Fiction then does real joy reside,
 And is our reason the delusive guide ?
 Is it then right to dream the syrens sing ?
 Or mount enraptured on the dragon's wing ?
 No ; 'tis the infant mind, to care unknown,
 That makes th' imagined paradise its own ;
 Soon as reflections in the bosom rise,
 Light slumbers vanish from the clouded eyes :
 The tear and smile, that once together rose,
 Are then divorced ; the head and heart are foes :
 Enchantment bows to Wisdom's serious plan,
 And Pain and Prudence make and mar the man.

THE VILLAGE

YE gentle souls, who dream of rural ease,
 Whom the smooth stream and smoother sonnet please ;
 Go ! if the peaceful cot your praises share,
 Go look within, and ask if peace be there ;
 If peace be his—that drooping weary sire,
 Or theirs, that offspring round their feeble fire ;
 Or hers, that matron pale, whose trembling hand
 Turns on the wretched hearth th' expiring brand !

Nor yet can Time itself obtain for these
 Life's latest comforts, due respect and ease ;
 For yonder see that hoary swain, whose age
 Can with no cares except its own engage ;
 Who, propt on that rude staff, looks up to see
 The bare arms broken from the withering tree,
 On which, a boy, he climb'd the loftiest bough,

Then his first joy, but his sad emblem now.

He once was chief in all the rustic trade ;
His steady hand the straightest furrow made ;
Full many a prize he won, and still is proud
To find the triumphs of his youth allow'd ;
A transient pleasure sparkles in his eyes,
He hears and smiles, then thinks again and sighs :
For now he journeys to his grave in pain ;
The rich disdain him ; nay the poor disdain :
Alternate masters now their slave command,
Urge the weak efforts of his feeble hand,
And, when his age attempts its task in vain,
With ruthless taunts, of lazy poor complain.

Oft may you see him, when he tends the sheep,
His winter charge, beneath the hillock weep ;
Oft hear him murmur to the winds that blow
O'er his white locks and bury them in snow,
When, rous'd by rage and muttering in the morn,
He mends the broken hedge with icy thorn :

“ Why do I live, when I desire to be
At once from life and life's long labour free ?
Like leaves in spring, the young are blown away,
Without the sorrows of a slow decay ;
I, like yon wither'd leaf, remain behind,
Nipt by the frost, and shivering in the wind ;
There it abides till younger buds come on,
As I, now all my fellow-swains are gone ;
Then from the rising generation thrust,
It falls, like me, unnoticed to the dust.

“ These fruitful fields, these numerous flocks I see,
Are others' gain, but killing cares to me ;
To me the children of my youth are lords,
Cool in their looks, but hasty in their words :
Wants of their own demand their care ; and who
Feels his own want and succours others too ?
A lonely, wretched man, in pain I go,
None need my help, and none relieve my woe ;
Then let my bones beneath the turf be laid,
And men forget the wretch they would not aid.”

Thus groan the old, till by disease oppress'd,
They taste a final woe, and then they rest.

Theirs is yon House, that holds the parish poor,
Whose walls of mud scarce bear the broken door ;
There, where the putrid vapours, flagging, play,
And the dull wheel hums doleful through the day ;—
There children dwell who know no parents' care ;
Parents, who know no children's love, dwell there !
Heart-broken matrons on their joyless bed,
Forsaken wives, and mothers never wed ;
Dejected widows with unheeded tears,
And crippled age with more than childhood fears ;
The lame, the blind, and, far the happiest they !
The moping idiot, and the madman gay.

Here too the sick their final doom receive,
Here brought, amid the scenes of grief, to grieve,
Where the loud groans from some sad chamber flow,
Mixt with the clamours of the crowd below ;
Here, sorrowing, they each kindred sorrow scan,
And the cold charities of man to man :
Whose laws indeed for ruin'd age provide,
And strong compulsion plucks the scrap from pride ;
But still that scrap is bought with many a sigh,
And pride embitters what it can't deny.

Say, ye, oppress'd by some fantastic woes,
Some jarring nerve that baffles your repose ;
Who press the downy couch, while slaves advance
With timid eye to read the distant glance ;
Who with sad prayers the weary doctor tease,
To name the nameless ever new disease ;
Who with mock patience dire complaints endure,
Which real pain and that alone can cure ;
How would ye bear in real pain to lie,
Despised, neglected, left alone to die ?

CHARLES WOLFE

(1791-1823)

THE BURIAL OF SIR JOHN MOORE AFTER
CORUNNA

Not a drum was heard, not a funeral note,
As his corse to the rampart we hurried ;
Not a soldier discharged his farewell shot
O'er the grave where our hero we buried.

We buried him darkly at dead of night,
The sods with our bayonets turning,
By the struggling moonbeam's misty light
And the lanthorn dimly burning.

No useless coffin enclosed his breast,
Not in sheet or in shroud we wound him ;
But he lay like a warrior taking his rest,
With his martial cloak around him.

Few and short were the prayers we said,
And we spoke not a word of sorrow ;
But we steadfastly gazed on the face that was dead,
And we bitterly thought of the morrow.

We thought, as we hollow'd his narrow bed
And smooth'd down his lonely pillow,
That the foe and the stranger would tread o'er his head,
And we far away on the billow !

Lightly they'll talk of the spirit that's gone,
And o'er his cold ashes upbraid him—
But little he'll reck, if they let him sleep on
In the grave where a Briton has laid him.

But half of our heavy task was done
When the clock struck the hour for retiring ;
And we heard the distant and random gun
That the foe was sullenly firing.

Slowly and sadly we laid him down,
From the field of his fame fresh and gory ;
We carved not a line, and we raised not a stone,
But we left him alone with his glory.

ROBERT SOUTHEY

(1774-1843)

THE PILGRIMAGE TO WATERLOO

ILL had we done if we had hurried by
A scene in faithful history to be famed
Through long succeeding ages ; nor may I
The hospitality let pass unnamed,
And courteous kindness on that distant ground
Which, strangers as we were, for England's sake we found.

And dear to England should be Ligny's name,
Prussia and England both were proved that day ;
Each generous nation to the other's fame
Her ample tribute of applause will pay ;
Long as the memory of those labours past,
Unbroken may their Fair Alliance last !

The tales which of that field I could unfold,
Better it is that silence should conceal.
They who had seen them shudder'd while they told
Of things so hideous ; and they cried with zeal,
One man hath caused all this, of men the worst, . . .
O wherefore have ye spared his head accurst !

It fits not now to tell our farther way

Through many a scene by bounteous nature blest,
Nor how we found where'er our journey lay,

An Englishman was still an honour'd guest ;
But still upon this point where'er we went,
The indignant voice was heard of discontent.

And hence there lay, too plainly might we see,

An ominous feeling upon every heart :
What hope of lasting order could there be,

They said, where Justice has not had her part ;
Wisdom doth rule with Justice by her side ;
Justice from Wisdom none may e'er divide.

The shaken mind felt all things insecure :

Accustom'd long to see successful crimes,
And helplessly the heavy yoke endure,

They now look'd back upon their fathers' times,
Ere the wild rule of Anarchy began,
As to some happier world, or golden age of man.

As they who in the vale of years advance,

And the dark eve is closing on their way,
When on their mind the recollections glance

Of early joy, and Hope's delightful day,
Behold, in brighter hues than those of truth,
The light of morning on the fields of youth.

Those who amid these troubles had grown grey,

Recurr'd with mournful feeling to the past ;
Blest had we known our blessings, they would say,

We were not worthy that our bliss should last !
Peaceful we were, and flourishing and free
But madly we required more liberty.

Remorseless France had long oppress'd the land,

And for her frantic projects drain'd its blood ;
And now they felt the Prussian's heavy hand :

He came to aid them ; bravely had he stood

In their defence ; . . . but oh ! in peace how ill
The soldier's deeds, how insolent his will !

One general wish prevail'd, . . . if they might see
The happy order of old times restored !
Give them their former laws and liberty,
This their desires and secret prayers implored ; . . .
Forgetful, as the stream of time flows on,
That that which passes is for ever gone.

NELSON DEAD

THE death of Nelson was felt in England as something more than a public calamity : men started at the intelligence, and turned pale, as if they had heard of the loss of a dear friend. An object of our admiration and affection, of our pride and of our hopes, was suddenly taken from us ; and it seemed as if we had never, till then, known how deeply we loved and revered him. What the country had lost in its great naval hero—the greatest of our own, and of all former times—was scarcely taken into the account of grief. So perfectly, indeed, had he performed his part, that the maritime war, after the battle of Trafalgar, was considered at an end ; the fleets of the enemy were not merely defeated, but destroyed ; new navies must be built, and a new race of seamen reared for them, before the possibility of their invading our shores could again be contemplated. It was not, therefore, from any selfish reflection upon the magnitude of our loss that we mourned for him : the general sorrow was of a higher character. The people of England grieved that funeral ceremonies, public monuments, and posthumous rewards, were all which they could now bestow upon him, whom the king, the legislature, and the nation, would alike have delighted to honour ; whom every tongue would have blessed ; whose presence in every village through which he might have passed would have wakened the church bells, have

given school-boys a holiday, have drawn children from their sports to gaze upon him, and "old men from the chimney corner," to look upon Nelson ere they died. The victory of Trafalgar was celebrated, indeed, with the usual forms of rejoicing, but they were without joy; for such already was the glory of the British navy, through Nelson's surpassing genius, that it scarcely seemed to receive any addition from the most signal victory that ever was achieved upon the seas; and the destruction of this mighty fleet, by which all the maritime schemes of France were totally frustrated, hardly appeared to add to our security or strength; for, while Nelson was living to watch the combined squadrons of the enemy, we felt ourselves as secure as now, when they were no longer in existence.

There was reason to suppose from the appearances upon opening the body, that, in the course of nature, he might have attained, like his father, to a good old age. Yet he cannot be said to have fallen prematurely whose work was done; nor ought he to be lamented, who died so full of honours, and at the height of human fame. The most triumphant death is that of the martyr; the most awful, that of the martyred patriot; the most splendid, that of the hero in the hour of victory: and if the chariot and the horses of fire had been vouchsafed for Nelson's translation, he could scarcely have departed in a brighter blaze of glory. He has left us, not indeed his mantle of inspiration, but a name and an example, which are at this hour inspiring hundreds of the youth of England: a name which is our pride, and an example which will continue to be our shield and our strength. Thus it is that the spirits of the great and the wise continue to live and to act after them: verifying, in this sense, the language of the old mythologist:

Τοι μὲν δαίμονες εἰσι, Δίος μεγάλου δια βούλας,
Εσθλοὶ, ἐπιχθόνιοι, φύλακες θνήτων ἀνθρώπων.

The Life of Horatio Lord Nelson.

JANE AUSTEN

(1775-1817)

ANNE ELLIOT'S CLAIM

"AH!" cried Captain Harville, in a tone of strong feeling, "if I could but make you comprehend what a man suffers when he takes a last look at his wife and children, and watches the boat that he has sent them off in, as long as it is in sight, and then turns away and says, 'God knows whether we ever meet again!' And then, if I could convey to you the glow of his soul when he does see them again; when, coming back after a twelvemonth's absence, perhaps, and obliged to put into another port, he calculates how soon it be possible to get them there, pretending to deceive himself, and saying, 'They cannot be here till such a day,' but all the while hoping for them twelve hours sooner, and seeing them arrive at last, as if Heaven had given them wings, by many hours sooner still! If I could explain to you all this, and all that a man can bear and do, and glories to do, for the sake of these treasures of his existence! I speak, you know, only of such men as have hearts!" pressing his own with emotion.

"Oh!" cried Anne, eagerly, "I hope I do justice to all that is felt by you, and by those who resemble you. God forbid that I should undervalue the warm and faithful feelings of any of my fellow-creatures! I should deserve utter contempt if I dared to suppose that true attachment and constancy were known only by woman. No, I believe you capable of everything great and good in your married lives. I believe you equal to every important exertion, and to every domestic forbearance, so long as—if I may be allowed the expression, so long as you have an object. I mean while the woman you love lives, and lives for you. All the privilege I claim for my own sex (it is not a very enviable one: you need not covet it), is that of loving longest, when existence or when hope is gone!"

She could not immediately have uttered another sentence ; her heart was too full, her breath too much oppressed.

" You are a good soul," cried Captain Harville, putting his hand on her arm, quite affectionately. " There is no quarrelling with you. And when I think of Benwick, my tongue is tied."

Their attention was called towards the others. Mrs. Croft was taking leave.

" Here, Frederick, you and I part company, I believe," said she. " I am going home, and you have an engagement with your friend. To-night we may have the pleasure of all meeting again at your party " (turning to Anne). " We had your sister's card yesterday, and I understood Frederick had a card too, though I did not see it ; and you are disengaged, Frederick, are you not, as well as ourselves ? "

Captain Wentworth was folding up a letter in great haste, and either could not or would not answer fully.

" Yes," said he, " very true ; here we separate, but Harville and I shall soon be after you ; that is, Harville, if you are ready, I am in half a minute. I know you will not be sorry to be off. I shall be at your service in half a minute."

Mrs. Croft left them, and Captain Wentworth, having sealed his letter with great rapidity, was indeed ready, and had even a hurried, agitated air, which showed impatience to be gone. Anne knew not how to understand it. She had the kindest " Good morning, God bless you ! " from Captain Harville, but from him not a word, nor a look ! He had passed out of the room without a look !

She had only time, however, to move closer to the table where he had been writing, when footsteps were heard returning ; the door opened, it was himself. He begged their pardon, but he had forgotten his gloves, and instantly crossing the room to the writing table, and standing with his back towards Mrs. Musgrove, he drew out a letter from under the scattered paper, placed it before Anne with eyes of glowing entreaty fixed on her for a time, and hastily collecting his gloves, was again out of the room, almost before Mrs. Musgrove was aware of his being in it : the work of an instant !

The revolution which one instant had made in Anne was almost beyond expression. The letter, with a direction hardly legible, to "Miss A. E——," was evidently the one which he had been folding so hastily. While supposed to be writing only to Captain Benwick he had been also addressing her ! On the contents of that letter depended all which this world could do for her. Anything was possible, anything might be defied rather than suspense. Mrs. Musgrove had little arrangements of her own at her own table ; to their protection she must trust, and, sinking into the chair which he had occupied, succeeding to the very spot where he had leaned and written, her eyes devoured the following words :

" I can listen no longer in silence. I must speak to you by such means as are within my reach. You pierce my soul. I am half agony, half hope. Tell me not that I am too late, that such precious feelings are gone for ever. I offer myself to you again with a heart even more your own than when you almost broke it, eight years and a half ago. Dare not say that man forgets sooner than woman, that his love has an earlier death. I have loved none but you. Unjust I may have been, weak and resentful I have been, but never inconstant. You alone have brought me to Bath. For you alone, I think and plan. Have you not seen this ? Can you fail to have understood my wishes ? I had not waited even these ten days, could I have read your feelings, as I think you must have penetrated mine. I can hardly write. I am every instant hearing something which overpowers me. You sink your voice, but I can distinguish the tones of that voice when they would be lost on others. Too good, too excellent creature ! You do us justice, indeed. You do believe that there is true attachment and constancy among men. Believe it to be most fervent, most undeviating, in
" F. W.

" I must go, uncertain of my fate ; but I shall return hither, or follow your party, as soon as possible. A word, a look, will be enough to decide whether I enter your father's house this evening or never."

Such a letter was not to be soon recovered from. Half an hour's solitude and reflection might have tranquillised her ; but the ten minutes only which now passed before she was interrupted, with all the restraints of her situation, could do nothing towards tranquillity. Every moment rather brought fresh agitation. It was an overpowering happiness. And before she was beyond the first stage of full sensation, Charles, Mary, and Henrietta, all came in.

The absolute necessity of seeming like herself produced then an immediate struggle ; but after a while she could do no more. She began not to understand a word they said, and was obliged to plead indisposition and excuse herself. They could then see that she looked very ill, were shocked and concerned, and would not stir without her for the world. This was dreadful. Would they only have gone away, and left her in the quiet possession of that room it would have been her cure ; but to have them all standing or waiting around her was distracting, and in desperation, she said she would go home.

"By all means, my dear," cried Mrs. Musgrove, "go home directly, and take care of yourself, that you may be fit for the evening. I wish Sarah was here to doctor you, but I am no doctor myself. Charles, ring and order a chair. She must not walk."

But the chair would never do. Worse than all ! To lose the possibility of speaking two words to Captain Wentworth in the course of her quiet, solitary progress up the town (and she felt almost certain of meeting him) could not be borne. The chair was earnestly protested against, and Mrs. Musgrove, who thought only of one sort of illness, having assured herself with some anxiety, that there had been no fall in the case ; that Anne had not at any time lately slipped down, and got a blow on her head ; that she was perfectly convinced of having had no fall ; could part with her cheerfully, and depend on finding her better at night.

Anxious to omit no precaution, Anne struggled, and said :

"I am afraid, ma'am, that it is not perfectly understood. Pray be so good as to mention to the other gentlemen that we hope to see your whole party this evening. I am afraid

there has been some mistake ; and I wish you particularly to assure Captain Harville and Captain Wentworth, that we hope to see them both."

" Oh ; my dear, it is quite understood, I give you my word. Captain Harville has no thought but of going."

" Do you think so ? But I am afraid ; and I should be so very sorry. Will you promise me to mention it when you see them again ? You will see them both again this morning, I dare say. Do promise me."

" To be sure I will, if you wish it. Charles, if you see Captain Harville anywhere, remember to give Miss Anne's message. But, indeed, my dear, you need not be uneasy. Captain Harville holds himself quite engaged, I'll answer for it ; and Captain Wentworth the same, I dare say."

Anne could do no more ; but her heart prophesied some mischance to damp the perfection of her felicity. It could not be very lasting, however. Even if he did not come to Camden Place himself, it would be in her power to send an intelligible sentence by Captain Harville. Another momentary vexation occurred. Charles, in his real concern and good nature, would go home with her ; there was no preventing him. This was almost cruel. But she could not be long ungrateful ; he was sacrificing an engagement at a gun-smith's, to be of use to her, and she set off with him, with no feeling but gratitude apparent.

They were in Union Street, when a quicker step behind, a something of familiar sound, gave her two moments' preparation for the sight of Captain Wentworth. He joined them ; but, as if irresolute whether to join or to pass on, said nothing, only looked. Anne could command herself enough to receive that look, and not repulsively. The cheeks which had been pale now glowed, and the movements which had hesitated were decided. He walked by her side. Presently, struck by a sudden thought, Charles said :

" Captain Wentworth, which way are you going ? Only to Gay Street, or farther up the town ? "

" I hardly know," replied Captain Wentworth, surprised.

" Are you going as high as Belmont ? Are you going near

Camden Place ? Because, if you are, I shall have no scruple in asking you to take my place, and give Anne your arm to her father's door. She is rather done for this morning, and must not go so far without help, and I ought to be at that fellow's in the Market Place. He promised me the sight of a capital gun he is just going to send off ; said he would keep it unpacked to the last possible moment, that I might see it ; and if I do not turn back now, I have no chance. By his description, a good deal like the second sized double-barrel of mine, which you shot with one day round Winthrop."

There could not be an objection. There could be only a most proper alacrity, a most obliging compliance for public view ; and smiles reined in and spirits dancing in private rapture. In half a minute Charles was at the bottom of Union Street again, and the other two proceeding together : and soon words enough had passed between them to decide their direction towards the comparatively quiet and retired gravel walk, where the power of conversation would make the present hour a blessing indeed, and prepare it for all the immortality which the happiest recollections of their own future lives could bestow. There they exchanged again those feelings and those promises which had once before seemed to secure everything, but which had been followed by so many, many years of division and estrangement. There they returned again into the past, more exquisitely happy, perhaps, in their re-union, than when it had been first projected ; more tender, more tried, more fixed in a knowledge of each other's character, truth, and attachment ; more equal to act, more justified in acting. And there, as they slowly paced the gradual ascent, heedless of every group around them, seeing neither sauntering politicians, bustling house-keepers, flirting girls, nor nursery-maids and children, they could indulge in those retrospections and acknowledgments, and especially in those explanations of what had directly preceded the present moment, which were so poignant and so ceaseless in interest. All the little variations of the last week were gone through ; and of yesterday and to-day there could scarcely be an end.

Persuasion.

LEIGH HUNT

(1784-1859)

ABOU BEN ADHEM

ABOU BEN ADHEM (may his tribe increase !)
 Awoke one night from a deep dream of peace,
 And saw, within the moonlight in his room,
 Making it rich, and like a lily bloom,
 An angel writing in a book of gold :—
 Exceeding peace had made Ben Adhem bold,
 And to the presence in the room he said,
 “ What writest thou ? ”—The vision rais’d its head,
 And with a look made of all sweet accord,
 Answer’d, “ The names of those who love the Lord.”
 “ And is mine one ? ” said Abou. “ Nay, not so,”
 Replied the angel. Abou spoke more low,
 But cheerly still ; and said, “ I pray thee, then,
 Write me as one that loves his fellow men.”
 The angel wrote, and vanish’d. The next night
 It came again with a great wakening light,
 And show’d the names whom love of God had bless’d,
 And lo ! Ben Adhem’s name led all the rest.

MAJOR-GENERAL SIR W. F. P. NAPIER

(1785-1860)

THE DEATH OF SIR JOHN MOORE

SIR JOHN MOORE, while earnestly watching the result of the fight about the village of Elvina, was struck on the left breast by a cannon shot ; the shock threw him from his horse with violence ; yet he rose again in a sitting posture, his countenance unchanged, and his steadfast eye still fixed upon the regiments engaged in his front, no sigh betraying a sensation of pain. In a few moments, when he saw the

troops were gaining ground, his countenance brightened, and he suffered himself to be taken to the rear. Then was seen the dreadful nature of his hurt. The shoulder was shattered to pieces, the arm hanging by a piece of skin, the ribs over the heart broken, and bared of flesh, the muscles of the breast torn into long stripes, interlaced by their recoil from the dragging of the shot. As the soldiers placed him in a blanket his sword got entangled and the hilt entered the wound; Captain Hardinge, a staff officer, attempted to take it off, but the dying man stopped him, saying, "*It is as well as it is. I had rather it should go out of the field with me*"; and in that manner, so becoming to a soldier, Moore was borne from the fight.

Notwithstanding this great disaster the troops gained ground. The reserve overthrowing everything in the valley, forced La Houssaye's dismounted dragoons to retire, and thus turning the enemy, approached the eminence upon which the great battery was posted. On the left, Colonel Nicholls, at the head of some companies of the fourteenth, carried Palavia Abaxo, which General Foy defended but feebly. In the centre, the obstinate dispute for Elvina terminated in favour of the British; and when the night set in, their line was considerably advanced beyond the original position of the morning, while the French were falling back in confusion. If Fraser's division had been brought into action along with the reserve, the enemy could hardly have escaped a signal overthrow; for the little ammunition Soult had been able to bring up was nearly exhausted, the river Mero was in full tide behind him, and the difficult communication by the bridge of El Burgo was alone open for a retreat. On the other hand, to fight in the dark was to tempt fortune; the French were still the most numerous, their ground strong, and their disorder facilitated the original plan of embarking during the night. Hope, upon whom the command had devolved, resolved therefore to ship the army, and so complete were the arrangements, that no confusion or difficulty occurred; the piquets kindled fires to cover the retreat, and were themselves withdrawn at daybreak to embark

under the protection of Hill's brigade, which was in position under the ramparts of Coruña.

When morning dawned, the French, seeing the British position abandoned, pushed some battalions to the heights of San Lucia, and about midday opened a battery on the shipping in the harbour. This caused great confusion amongst the transports, several masters cut their cables, and four vessels went on shore, but the troops were rescued by the men-of-war's boats, the stranded vessels burned, and the fleet got out of harbour. Hill then embarked at the citadel, which was maintained by a rearguard under Beresford until the 18th, when the wounded being all on board, the troops likewise embarked, the inhabitants faithfully maintained the town meanwhile, and the fleet sailed for England. The loss of the British, never officially published, was estimated at eight hundred; of the French at three thousand. The latter is probably an exaggeration, yet it must have been great, for the English muskets were all new, the ammunition fresh; and whether from the peculiar construction of the muskets, the physical strength and coolness of the men, or all combined, the English fire is the most destructive known. The nature of the ground also barred artillery movements, and the French columns were exposed to grape, which they could not return because of the distance of their batteries.

Thus ended the retreat to Coruña, a transaction which has called forth as much of falsehood and malignity as servile and interested writers could offer to the unprincipled leaders of a base faction, but which posterity will regard as a genuine example of ability and patriotism. From the spot where he fell, the general was carried to the town by his soldiers; his blood flowed fast and the torture of the wound was great; yet the unshaken firmness of his mind made those about him, seeing the resolution of his countenance, express a hope of his recovery: he looked steadfastly at the injury for a moment, and said, "*No, I feel that to be impossible.*" Several times he caused his attendants to stop and turn round, that he might behold the field of battle; and when the firing indicated the

advance of the British, he discovered his satisfaction and permitted the bearers to proceed. When brought to his lodgings the surgeons examined his wound; there was no hope, the pain increased, he spoke with difficulty. At intervals he asked if the French were beaten, and addressing his old friend, Colonel Anderson, said, "*You know I always wished to die this way.*" Again he asked if the enemy were defeated, and being told they were, said, "*It is a great satisfaction to me to know we have beaten the French.*" His countenance continued firm, his thoughts clear, once only when he spoke of his mother he became agitated; but he often inquired after the safety of his friends and the officers of his staff, and he did not even in this moment forget to recommend those whose merit had given them claims to promotion. When life was just extinct, with an unsubdued spirit, as if anticipating the baseness of his posthumous calumniators, he exclaimed, "*I hope the people of England will be satisfied! I hope my country will do me justice!*" In a few minutes afterwards he died, and his corpse, wrapped in a military cloak, was interred by the officers of his staff in the citadel of Coruña. The guns of the enemy paid his funeral honours, and Soult with a noble feeling of respect for his valour raised a monument to his memory on the field of battle.

Thus ended the career of Sir John Moore, a man whose uncommon capacity was sustained by the purest virtue, and governed by a disinterested patriotism more in keeping with the primitive than the luxurious age of a great nation. His tall graceful person, his dark searching eyes, strongly defined forehead, and singularly expressive mouth, indicated a noble disposition and a refined understanding. The lofty sentiments of honour habitual to his mind, were adorned by a subtle playful wit, which gave him in conversation an ascendancy he always preserved by the decisive vigour of his actions. He maintained the right with a vehemence bordering upon fierceness, and every important transaction in which he was engaged increased his reputation for talent, and confirmed his character as a stern enemy to vice, a steadfast friend to merit, a just and

faithful servant of his country. The honest loved him, the dishonest feared him. For while he lived he did not shun, but scorned and spurned the base, and with characteristic propriety they spurned at him when he was dead.

A soldier from his earliest youth, Moore thirsted for the honours of his profession. He knew himself worthy to lead a British army, and hailed the fortune which placed him at the head of the troops destined for Spain. As the stream of time passed the inspiring hopes of triumph disappeared, but the austerer glory of suffering remained, and with a firm heart he accepted that gift of a severe fate. Confident in the strength of his genius, he disregarded the clamours of presumptuous ignorance. Opposing sound military views to the foolish projects so insolently thrust upon him by the ambassador, he conducted his long and arduous retreat with sagacity, intelligence, and fortitude; no insult disturbed, no falsehood deceived him, no remonstrance shook his determination; fortune frowned without subduing his constancy; death struck, but the spirit of the man remained unbroken when his shattered body scarcely afforded it a habitation. Having done all that was just towards others, he remembered what was due to himself. Neither the shock of the mortal blow, nor the lingering hours of acute pain which preceded his dissolution, could quell the pride of his gallant heart, or lower the dignified feeling with which, conscious of merit, he at the last moment asserted his right to the gratitude of the country he had served so truly.

If glory be a distinction, for such a man death is not a leveller!

History of the War in the Peninsula.

EBENEZER ELLIOT

(1781-1849)

PLAINT

DARK, deep, and cold the current flows
Unto the sea where no wind blows,
Seeking the land which no one knows.

O'er its sad gloom still comes and goes
The mingled wail of friends and foes,
Borne to the land which no one knows.

Why shrieks for help yon wretch, who goes
With millions, from a world of woes,
Unto the land which no one knows ?

Though myriads go with him who goes,
Alone he goes where no wind blows,
Unto the land which no one knows.

For all must go where no wind blows,
And none can go for him who goes ;
None, none return whence no one knows.

Yet why should he who shrieking goes
With millions, from a world of woes,
Reunion seek with it or those ?

Alone with God, where no wind blows,
And Death, his shadow—doom'd, he goes :
That God is there the shadow shows.

O shoreless Deep, where no wind blows !
And thou, O Land which no one knows !
That God is All, His shadow shows.

JOHN CLARE

(1793-1864)

THE WOOD-CUTTER'S NIGHT SONG

WELCOME, red and roundy sun,
Dropping lowly in the west ;
Now my hard day's work is done,
I'm as happy as the best.

Joyful are the thoughts of home,
Now I'm ready for my chair,
So, till morrow-morning's come,
Bill and mittens, lie ye there !

Though to leave your pretty song,
Little birds, it gives me pain,
Yet to-morrow is not long,
Then I'm with you all again.

If I stop, and stand about,
Well I know how things will be,
Judy will be looking out
Every now-and-then for me.

So fare ye well ! and hold your tongues,
Sing no more until I come ;
They're not worthy of your songs
That never care to drop a crumb.

All day long I love the oaks,
But, at nights, yon little cot,
Where I see the chimney smokes,
Is by far the prettiest spot.

Wife and children all are there,
To revive with pleasant looks,
Table ready set, and chair,
Supper hanging on the hooks.

Soon as ever I get in,
Where my faggot down I fling,
Little prattlers they begin
Teasing me to talk and sing.

Welcome, red and roundy sun,
Dropping lowly in the west ;
Now my hard day's work is done,
I'm as happy as the best.

Joyful are the thoughts of home,
Now I'm ready for my chair,
So, till morrow-morning's come,
Bill and mittens, lie ye there !

THE SHEPHERD'S TREE

HUGE elm, with rifted trunk all notched and scarred,
Like to a warrior's destiny ! I love
To stretch me often on thy shadowed sward,
And hear the laugh of summer leaves above ;
Or on thy buttressed roots to sit, and lean
In careless attitude, and there reflect
On times, and deeds, and darings that have been—
Old castaways, now swallowed in neglect ;
While thou art towering in thy strength of heart,
Stirring the soul to vain imaginings,
In which life's sordid being hath no part,
The wind of that eternal ditty sings,
Humming of future things, that burn the mind
To leave some fragment of itself behind.

WRITTEN IN NORTHAMPTON COUNTY ASYLUM

I AM ! yet what I am who cares, or knows ?
My friends forsake me like a memory lost.
I am the self-consumer of my woes ;
They rise and vanish, an oblivious host,

Shadows of life, whose very soul is lost,
And yet I am—I live—though I am toss'd

Into the nothingness of scorn and noise,
Into the living sea of waking dream,
Where there is neither sense of life, nor joys,
But the huge shipwreck of my own esteem
And all that's dear. Even those I loved the best
Are strange—nay, they are stranger than the rest.

I long for scenes where man has never trod—
For scenes where woman never smiled or wept—
There to abide with my Creator, God,
And sleep as I in childhood sweetly slept,
Full of high thoughts, unborn. So let me lie.—
The grass below ; above, the vaulted sky.

GEORGE GORDON BYRON, LORD BYRON

(1788-1824)

WHEN WE TWO PARTED

WHEN we two parted
In silence and tears,
Half broken-hearted
To sever for years,
Pale grew thy cheek and cold,
Colder thy kiss ;
Truly that hour foretold
Sorrow to this.

The dew of the morning
Sunk chill on my brow—
It felt like the warning
Of what I feel now.

Thy vows are all broken,
And light is thy fame :
I hear thy name spoken,
And share in its shame.

They name thee before me,
A knell to mine ear ;
A shudder comes o'er me—
Why wert thou so dear ?
They know not I knew thee,
Who knew thee too well :
Long, long shall I rue thee,
Too deeply to tell.

In secret we met—
In silence I grieve,
That thy heart could forget,
Thy spirit deceive.
If I should meet thee
After long years,
How should I greet thee ?
With silence and tears.

ON HIMSELF AND HIS EPIC

My poem's epic, and is meant to be
Divided in twelve books ; each book containing,
With love, and war, a heavy gale at sea,
A list of ships, and captains, and kings reigning,
New characters ; the episodes are three :
A panoramic view of hell's in training,
After the style of Virgil and of Homer,
So that my name of Epic's no misnomer.

All these things will be specified in time,
With strict regard to Aristotle's rules,
The *Vade Mecum* of the true sublime,
Which makes so many poets, and some fools :

Prose poets like blank-verse, I'm fond of rhyme,
 Good workmen never quarrel with their tools,
 I've got new mythological machinery,
 And very handsome supernatural scenery.

There's only one slight difference between
 Me and my epic brethren gone before,
 And here the advantage is my own, I ween ;
 (Not that I have not several merits more,
 But this will more peculiarly be seen) ;
 They so embellish, that 'tis quite a bore
 Their labyrinth of fables to thread through,
 Whereas this story's actually true.

If any person doubt it, I appeal
 To history, tradition, and to facts,
 To newspapers, whose truth all know and feel,
 To plays in five, and operas in three acts ;
 All these confirm my statement a good deal,
 But that which more completely faith exacts
 Is, that myself, and several now in Seville,
 Saw Juan's last elopement with the devil.

If ever I should condescend to prose,
 I'll write poetical commandments, which
 Shall supersede beyond all doubt all those
 That went before ; in these I shall enrich
 My text with many things that no one knows,
 And carry precept to the highest pitch :
 I'll call the work " Longinus o'er a Bottle,
 Or, Every Poet his *own* Aristotle."

Thou shalt believe in Milton, Dryden, Pope ;
 Thou shalt not set up Wordsworth, Coleridge, Southey ;
 Because the first is crazed beyond all hope,
 The second drunk, the third so quaint, and mouthy ;
 With Crabbe it may be difficult to cope,
 And Campbell's Hippocrene is somewhat drouthy :
 Thou shalt not steal from Samuel Rogers, nor
 Commit—flirtation with the muse of Moore.

Thou shalt not covet Mr. Sotheby's Muse,
 His Pegasus, nor any thing that's his ;
 Thou shalt not bear false witness like " the Blues "—
 (There's one, at least, is very fond of this) ;
 Thou shalt not write, in short, but what I choose :
 This is true criticism, and you may kiss—
 Exactly as you please, or not,—the rod ;
 But if you don't, I'll lay it on, by G—d !

If any person should presume to assert
 This story is not moral, first, I pray,
 That they will not cry out before they're hurt,
 Then that they'll read it o'er again, and say,
 (But, doubtless, nobody will be so pert,)
 That this is not a moral tale, though gay :
 Besides, in Canto Twelfth, I mean to show
 The very place where wicked people go.

If, after all, there should be some so blind
 To their own good this warning to despise,
 Led by some tortuosity of mind,
 Not to believe my verse and their own eyes,
 And cry that they " the moral cannot find,"
 I tell him, if a clergyman, he lies ;
 Should captains the remark, or critics, make,
 They also lie too—under a mistake.

The public approbation I expect,
 And beg they'll take my word about the moral,
 Which I with their amusement will connect
 (So children cutting teeth receive a coral) ;
 Meantime they'll doubtless please to recollect
 My epical pretensions to the laurel :
 For fear some prudish readers should grow skittish,
 I've bribed my grandmother's review—the *British*.

I sent it in a letter to the Editor,
 Who thank'd me duly by return of post—
 I'm for a handsome article his creditor ;
 Yet, if my gentle Muse he please to roast,

And break a promise after having made it her,
 Denying the receipt of what it cost,
 And smear his page with gall instead of honey,
 All I can say is—that he had the money.

I think that with this holy new alliance
 I may ensure the public, and defy
 All other magazines of art or science,
 Daily, or monthly, or three monthly ; I
 Have not essay'd to multiply their clients,
 Because they tell me 'twere in vain to try,
 And that the *Edinburgh Review* and *Quarterly*
 Treat a dissenting author very martyrly.

“ *Non ego hoc ferrem calida juventa*
Consule Planco,” Horace said, and so
 Say I ; by which quotation there is meant a
 Hint that some six or seven good years ago
 (Long ere I dreamt of dating from the Brenta)
 I was most ready to return a blow,
 And would not brook at all this sort of thing
 In my hot youth—when George the Third was King.

But now at thirty years my hair is grey—
 (I wonder what it will be like at forty ?
 I thought of a peruke the other day—)
 My heart is not much greener ; and, in short, I
 Have squander'd my whole summer while 'twas May,
 And feel no more the spirit to retort ; I
 Have spent my life, both interest and principal,
 And deem not, what I deem'd, my soul invincible.

No more—no more—Oh ! never more on me
 The freshness of the heart can fall like dew,
 Which out of all the lovely things we see
 Extracts emotions beautiful and new,
 Hived in our bosoms like the bag o' the bee,
 Think'st thou the honey with those objects grew ?
 Alas ! 'twas not in them, but in thy power
 To double even the sweetness of a flower.

No more—no more—Oh ! never more, my heart,
Canst thou be my sole world, my universe !
Once all in all, but now a thing apart,
Thou canst not be my blessing or my curse :
The illusion's gone for ever, and thou art
Insensible, I trust, but none the worse,
And in thy stead I've got a deal of judgment,
Though heaven knows how it ever found a lodgment.

My days of love are over ; me no more
The charms of maid, wife, and still less of widow,
Can make the fool of which they made before,—
In short, I must not lead the life I did do ;
The credulous hope of mutual minds is o'er,
The copious use of claret is forbid too,
So for a good old-gentlemanly vice,
I think I must take up with avarice.

Ambition was my idol, which was broken
Before the shrines of Sorrow, and of Pleasure ;
And the two last have left me many a token,
O'er which reflection may be made at leisure :
Now, like Friar Bacon's brazen head, I've spoken,
“ Time is, Time was, Time's past : ”—a chymic treasure
Is glittering youth, which I have spent betimes—
My heart in passion, and my head on rhymes.

Don Juan.

THE ISLES OF GREECE

THE isles of Greece ! the isles of Greece !
Where burning Sappho loved and sung,
Where grew the arts of war and peace,
Where Delos rose, and Phœbus sprung !
Eternal summer gilds them yet,
But all, except their sun, is set.

The Scian and the Teian muse,
 The hero's harp, the lover's lute,
 Have found the fame your shores refuse :
 Their place of birth alone is mute
 To sounds which echo further west
 Than your sires' " Islands of the Blest."

The mountains look on Marathon—
 And Marathon looks on the sea ;
 And musing there an hour alone,
 I dream'd that Greece might still be free ;
 For standing on the Persians' grave,
 I could not deem myself a slave.

A king sate on the rocky brow
 Which looks o'er sea-born Salamis ;
 And ships, by thousands, lay below,
 And men in nations ;—all were his !
 He counted them at break of day—
 And when the sun set, where were they ?

And where are they ? and where art thou,
 My country ? On thy voiceless shore
 The heroic lay is tuneless now—
 The heroic bosom beats no more !
 And must thy lyre, so long divine,
 Degenerate into hands like mine ?

'Tis something, in the dearth of fame,
 Though link'd among a fetter'd race,
 To feel at least a patriot's shame,
 Even as I sing, suffuse my face ;
 For what is left the poet here ?
 For Greeks a blush—for Greece a tear.

Must we but weep o'er days more blest ?
 Must we but blush ?—Our fathers bled.
 Earth ! render back from out thy breast
 A remnant of our Spartan dead !
 Of the three hundred grant but three,
 To make a new Thermopylæ !

What, silent still ? and silent all ?

Ah ! no ;—the voices of the dead
Sound like a distant torrent's fall,
And answer, " Let one living head,
But one, arise,—we come, we come ! "
'Tis but the living who are dumb.

In vain—in vain : strike other chords ;
Fill high the cup with Samian wine !
Leave battles to the Turkish hordes,
And shed the blood of Scio's vine !
Hark ! rising to the ignoble call—
How answers each bold Bacchanal !

You have the Pyrrhic dance as yet ;
Where is the Pyrrhic phalanx gone ?
Of two such lessons, why forget
The nobler and the manlier one ?
You have the letters Cadmus gave—
Think ye he meant them for a slave ?

Fill high the bowl with Samian wine !
We will not think of themes like these !
It made Anacreon's song divine :
He served—but served Polycrates—
A tyrant ; but our masters then
Were still, at least, our countrymen.

The tyrant of the Chersonese
Was freedom's best and bravest friend ;
That tyrant was Miltiades !
O that the present hour would lend
Another despot of the kind !
Such chains as his were sure to bind.

Fill high the bowl with Samian wine !
On Suli's rock, and Parga's shore,
Exists the remnant of a line
Such as the Doric mothers bore ;
And there, perhaps, some seed is sown,
The Heracleidan blood might own.

Trust not for freedom to the Franks—
 They have a king who buys and sells ;
 In native swords and native ranks
 The only hope of courage dwells :
 But Turkish force and Latin fraud
 Would break your shield, however broad.

Fill high the bowl with Samian wine !
 Our virgins dance beneath the shade—
 I see their glorious black eyes shine ;
 But gazing on each glowing maid,
 My own the burning tear-drop laves,
 To think such breasts must suckle slaves.

Place me on Sunium's marbled steep,
 Where nothing, save the waves and I,
 May hear our mutual murmurs sweep ;
 There, swan-like, let me sing and die :
 A land of slaves shall ne'er be mine—
 Dash down yon cup of Samian wine !

JOHN KEATS

(1795-1821)

ON FIRST LOOKING INTO CHAPMAN'S HOMER

MUCH have I travell'd in the realms of gold,
 And many goodly states and kingdoms seen ;
 Round many western islands have I been
 Which bards in fealty to Apollo hold.
 Oft of one wide expanse had I been told,
 That deep-brow'd Homer ruled as his demesne :
 Yet did I never breathe its pure serene
 Till I heard Chapman speak out loud and bold :
 Then felt I like some watcher of the skies
 When a new planet swims into his ken ;
 Or like stout Cortez when with eagle eyes
 He stared at the Pacific—and all his men
 Look'd at each other with a wild surmise—
 Silent, upon a peak in Darien.

ENDYMION

A THING of beauty is a joy for ever :
Its loveliness increases ; it will never
Pass into nothingness ; but still will keep
A bower quiet for us, and a sleep
Full of sweet dreams, and health, and quiet breathing.
Therefore, on every morrow, are we wreathing
A flowery band to bind us to the earth,
Spite of despondence, of the inhuman dearth
Of noble natures, of the gloomy days,
Of all the unhealthy and o'er-darken'd ways
Made for our searching : yes, in spite of all,
Some shape of beauty moves away the pall
From our dark spirits. Such the sun, the moon,
Trees old and young, sprouting a shady boon
For simple sheep ; and such are daffodils
With the green world they live in ; and clear rills
That for themselves a cooling covert make
'Gainst the hot season ; the mid-forest brake,
Rich with a sprinkling of fair musk-rose blooms :
And such too is the grandeur of the dooms
We have imagined for the mighty dead ;
All lovely tales that we have heard or read :
An endless fountain of immortal drink,
Pouring unto us from the heaven's brink.

ROBIN HOOD

TO A FRIEND

No ! those days are gone away,
And their hours are old and gray,
And their minutes buried all
Under the down-trodden pall
Of the leaves of many years :
Many times have Winter's shears,

JOHN KEATS

Frozen North, and chilling East,
Sounded tempests to the feast
Of the forest's whispering fleeces,
Since men knew nor rent nor leases.

No, the bugle sounds no more,
And the twanging bow no more ;
Silent is the ivory shrill
Past the heath and up the hill ;
There is no mid-forest laugh,
Where lone Echo gives the half
To some wight, amazed to hear
Jesting, deep in forest drear.

On the fairest time of June
You may go, with sun or moon,
Or the seven stars to light you,
Or the polar ray to right you ;
But you never may behold
Little John, or Robin bold :
Never one, of all the clan,
Thrumming on an empty can
Some old hunting ditty, while
He doth his green way beguile
To fair hostess Merriment,
Down beside the pasture Trent ;
For he left the merry tale,
Messenger for spicy ale.

Gone, the merry morris din ;
Gone, the song of Gamelyn ;
Gone, the tough-belted outlaw
Idling in the " grenè shawe " ;
All are gone away and past !
And if Robin should be cast
Sudden from his tufted grave,
And if Marian should have
Once again her forest days,
She would weep, and he would craze ;

He would swear, for all his oaks,
Fall'n beneath the dock-yard strokes,
Have rotted on the briny seas ;
She would weep that her wild bees
Sang not to her—strange ! that honey
Can't be got without hard money !

So it is ; yet let us sing
Honour to the old bow-string !
Honour to the bugle-horn !
Honour to the woods unshorn !
Honour to the Lincoln green !
Honour to the archer keen !
Honour to tight little John,
And the horse he rode upon !
Honour to bold Robin Hood,
Sleeping in the underwood :
Honour to maid Marian,
And to all the Sherwood clan !
Though their days have hurried by
Let us two a burden try.

TO AUTUMN

SEASON of mists and mellow fruitfulness !
Close bosom-friend of the maturing sun ;
Conspiring with him how to load and bless
With fruit the vines that round the thatch-eaves run ;
To bend with apples the moss'd cottage-trees,
And fill all fruit with ripeness to the core ;
To swell the gourd, and plump the hazel shells
With a sweet kernel ; to set budding more,
And still more, later flowers for the bees,
Until they think warm days will never cease,
For Summer has o'er-brimm'd their clammy cells.

Who hath not seen thee oft amid thy store ?
Sometimes whoever seeks abroad may find
Thee sitting careless on a granary floor,
Thy hair soft-lifted by the winnowing wind ;

Or on a half-reap'd furrow sound asleep,
 Drowsed with the fumes of poppies, while thy hook
 Spares the next swath and all its twinèd flowers ;
 And sometime like a gleaner thou dost keep
 Steady thy laden head across a brook ;
 Or by a cider-press, with patient look,
 Thou watchest the last ooziings, hours by hours.

Where are the songs of Spring ? Ay, where are they ?
 Think not of them, thou hast thy music too,
 While barrèd clouds bloom the soft-dying day,
 And touch the stubble-plains with rosy hue ;
 Then in a wailful choir, the small gnats mourn
 Among the river salallows, borne aloft
 Or sinking as the light wind lives or dies ;
 And full-grown lambs loud bleat from hilly bourn ;
 Hedge-crickets sing ; and now with treble soft
 The redbreast whistles from a garden-croft,
 And gathering swallows twitter in the skies.

ODE TO A NIGHTINGALE

My heart aches, and a drowsy numbness pains
 My sense, as though of hemlock I had drunk,
 Or emptied some dull opiate to the drains
 One minute past, and Lethe-wards had sunk :
 'Tis not through envy of thy happy lot,
 But being too happy in thy happiness,
 That thou, light-wingèd Dryad of the trees,
 In some melodious plot
 Of beechen green, and shadows numberless,
 Singest of summer in full-throated ease.

O for a draught of vintage ! that hath been
 Cool'd a long age in the deep-delvèd earth,
 Tasting of Flora and the country-green,
 Dance, and Provençal song, and sunburnt mirth !

O for a beaker full of the warm South !
Full of the true, the blushful Hippocrene,
With beaded bubbles winking at the brim,
And purple-stainèd mouth ;
That I might drink, and leave the world unseen,
And with thee fade away into the forest dim :

Fade far away, dissolve, and quite forget
What thou among the leaves hast never known,
The weariness, the fever, and the fret
Here, where men sit and hear each other groan ;
Where palsy shakes a few, sad, last grey hairs,
Where youth grows pale, and spectre-thin, and dies ;
Where but to think is to be full of sorrow
And leaden-eyed despairs ;
Where Beauty cannot keep her lustrous eyes,
Or new Love pine at them beyond to-morrow.

Away ! away ! for I will fly to thee,
Not charioted by Bacchus and his pards,
But on the viewless wings of Poesy,
Though the dull brain perplexes and retards :
Already with thee ! tender is the night,
And haply the Queen-Moon is on her throne,
Cluster'd around by all her starry Fays ;
But here there is no light,
Save what from heaven is with the breezes blown
Through verdurous glooms and winding mossy ways.

I cannot see what flowers are at my feet,
Nor what soft incense hangs upon the boughs,
But, in embalmèd darkness, guess each sweet
Wherewith the seasonable month endows
The grass, the thicket, and the fruit-tree wild ;
White hawthorn, and the pastoral eglantine ;
Fast-fading violets cover'd up in leaves ;
And mid-May's eldest child,
The coming musk-rose, full of dewy wine,
The murmurous haunt of flies on summer eves.

Darkling I listen ; and for many a time
 I have been half in love with easeful Death,
 Call'd him soft names in many a musèd rhyme,
 To take into the air my quiet breath ;
 Now more than ever seems it rich to die,
 To cease upon the midnight with no pain,
 While thou art pouring forth thy soul abroad
 In such an ecstasy !
 Still wouldst thou sing, and I have ears in vain—
 To thy high requiem become a sod.

Thou wast not born for death, immortal Bird !
 No hungry generations tread thee down ;
 The voice I hear this passing night was heard
 In ancient days by emperor and clown :
 Perhaps the self-same song that found a path
 Through the sad heart of Ruth, when, sick for home,
 She stood in tears amid the alien corn ;
 The same that ofttimes hath
 Charm'd magic casements, opening on the foam
 Of perilous seas, in faery lands forlorn.

Forlorn ! the very word is like a bell
 To toll me back from thee to my sole self !
 Adieu ! the fancy cannot cheat so well
 As she is fated to 'do, deceiving elf.
 Adieu ! adieu ! thy plaintive anthem fades
 Past the near meadows, over the still stream,
 Up the hill-side ; and now 'tis buried deep
 In the next valley-glades :
 Was it a vision, or a waking dream ?
 Fled is that music :—Do I wake or sleep ?

A LETTER FROM WINCHESTER

September 20, 1819.

THIS day is a grand day for Winchester. They elect the mayor. It was indeed high time the place should have some

sort of excitement. There was nothing going on—all asleep. Not an old maid's sedan returning from a card party ; and if any old women have got tipsy at christenings, they have not exposed themselves in the street. The first night, though, of our arrival here, there was a slight uproar took place at about ten of the clock. We heard distinctly a noise patting down the street, as of a walking-cane of the good old dowager breed ; and a little minute after we heard a less voice observe, " What a noise the ferril made—it must be loose." Brown wanted to call the stables, but I observed it was only a little breeze, and would soon pass over. The side streets here are excessively maiden-lady-like ; the door-steps always fresh from the flannel. The knockers have a very staid, serious, nay almost awful quietness about them. I never saw so quiet a collection of lions' and rams' heads. The doors most part black, with a little brass handle just above the keyhole, so that you may easily shut yourself out of your own house. He ! He ! There is none of your Lady Bellaston ringing and rapping here ; no thundering Jupiter-footmen, no opera-treble tattoos, but a modest lifting up of the knocker by a set of little wee old fingers that peep through the grey mittens, and a dying fall thereof. The great beauty of poetry is that it makes everything in every place interesting. The palatine Venice and the abbotine Winchester are equally interesting. Some time since I began a poem called *The Eve of St. Mark*, quite in the spirit of town quietude. I think I will give you the sensation of walking about an old country town in a coolish evening. I know not whether I shall ever finish it ; I will give it as far as I have gone. *Ut tibi placeat*—

THE EVE OF SAINT MARK

UPON a Sabbath-day it fell ;
Twice holy was the Sabbath-bell,
That call'd the folk to evening prayer ;
The city streets were clean and fair
From wholesome drench of April rains ;
And, on the western window panes,

The chilly sunset faintly told
Of unmatured green vallies cold,
Of the green thorny bloomless hedge,
Of rivers new with spring-tide sedge,
Of primroses by shelter'd rills,
And daisies on the aguish hills.
Twice holy was the Sabbath-bell :
The silent streets were crowded well
With staid and pious companies,
Warm from their fire-side orat'ries ;
And moving, with demurest air,
To even-song, and vesper prayer,
Each arched porch, and entry low,
Was fill'd with patient folk and slow,
With whispers hush, and shuffling feet,
While play'd the organ loud and sweet.

The bell had ceased, the prayers begun,
And Bertha had not yet half done
A curious volume, patch'd and torn,
That all day long, from earliest morn,
Had taken captive her two eyes,
Among its golden broideries ;
Perplex'd her with a thousand things,—
The stars of heaven, and angels' wings,
Martyrs in a fiery blaze,
Azure saints and silver rays,
Moses' breastplate, and the seven
Candlesticks John saw in heaven,
The winged Lion of Saint Mark,
And the Covenantal Ark,
With its many mysteries,
Cherubim and golden mice.

Bertha was a maiden fair,
Dwelling in th' old minster-square ;
From her fire-side she could see,
Sidelong, its rich antiquity,
Far as the Bishop's garden-wall ;
Where sycamores and elm-trees tall,

Full-leaved, the forest had outstript,
By no sharp north-wind ever nipt,
So shelter'd by the mighty pile.
Bertha arose, and read awhile,
With forehead 'gainst the window-pane.
Again she tried, and then again,
Until the dusk eve left her dark
Upon the legend of St. Mark.
From plaited lawn-frill, fine and thin,
She lifted up her soft warm chin,
With aching neck and swimming eyes,
And dazed with saintly imag'ries.

All was gloom, and silent all,
Save now and then the still foot-fall
Of one returning homewards late,
Past the echoing minster-gate.
The clamorous daws, that all the day
Above tree-tops and towers play,
Pair by pair had gone to rest,
Each in its ancient belfry nest,
Where asleep they fall betimes,
To music and the drowsy chimes.

All was silent, all was gloom,
Abroad and in the homely room :
Down she sat, poor cheated soul !
And struck a lamp from the dismal coal ;
Lean'd forward, with bright drooping hair
And slant book, full against the glare.
Her shadow, in uneasy guise,
Hover'd about, a giant size,
On ceiling-beam and old oak chair,
The parrot's cage, and panel square ;
And the warm angled winter-screen,
On which were many monsters seen,
Call'd doves of Siam, Lima mice,
And legless birds of Paradise,
Macaw, and tender Av'davat,
And silken-furr'd Angora cat.

Untired she read, her shadow still
 Glower'd about, as it would fill
 The room with wildest forms and shades,
 As though some ghostly queen of spades
 Had come to mock behind her back,
 And dance, and ruffle her garments black.
 Untired she read the legend page,
 Of holy Mark, from youth to age,
 On land, on sea, in pagan chains,
 Rejoicing for his many pains.
 Sometimes the learned eremite,
 With golden star, or dagger bright,
 Referr'd to pious poesies
 Written in smallest crow-quill size
 Beneath the text ; and thus the rhyme
 Was parcell'd out from time to time :
 —“ Als writith he of swevenis,
 Men han beforne they wake in bliss,
 Whanne that hir friendes thinke him bound
 In crimped shroude farre under grounde ;
 And how a litling child mote be
 A saint er its nativitie,
 Gif that the modre (God her blesse !)
 Kepen in solitarinesse,
 And kissen devoute the holy croce.
 Of Goddes love, and Sathan's force,—
 He writith ; and thinges many mo
 Of swiche thinges I may not shew.
 Bot I must tellen verilie
 Somdel of Saintè Cicilie,
 And chieflie what he auctorethe
 Of Saintè Markis life and dethe ” :

At length her constant eyelids come
 Upon the fervent martyrdom ;
 Then lastly to his holy shrine,
 Exalt amid the tapers' shine
 At Venice,—

HYPERION

DEEP in the shady sadness of a vale
Far sunken from the healthy breath of morn,
Far from the fiery noon, and eve's one star,
Sat grey-hair'd Saturn, quiet as a stone,
Still as the silence round about his lair ;
Forest on forest hung about his head
Like cloud on cloud. No stir of air was there,
Not so much life as on a summer's day
Robs not one light seed from the feather'd grass,
But where the dead leaf fell, there did it rest.
A stream went voiceless by, still deadened more
By reason of his fallen divinity,
Spreading a shade : the Naiad 'mid her reeds
Press'd her cold finger closer to her lips.

Along the margin-sand large foot-marks went,
No further than to where his feet had stray'd,
And slept there since. Upon the sodden ground
His old right hand lay nerveless, listless, dead,
Unsceptred ; and his realmless eyes were closed ;
While his bow'd head seem'd list'ning to the Earth,
His ancient mother, for some comfort yet.

It seem'd no force could wake him from his place ;
But there came one, who with a kindred hand
Touch'd his wide shoulders, after bending low
With reverence, though to one who knew it not.
She was a Goddess of the infant world ;
By her in stature the tall Amazon
Had stood a pigmy's height : she would have ta'en
Achilles by the hair and bent his neck ;
Or with a finger stay'd Ixion's wheel.
Her face was large as that of Memphian sphinx,
Pedestal'd haply in a palace-court,
When sages look'd to Egypt for their lore.
But oh ! how unlike marble was that face :
How beautiful, if sorrow had not made

Sorrow more beautiful than Beauty's self.
 There was a listening fear in her regard,
 As if calamity had but begun ;
 As if the vanward clouds of evil days
 Had spent their malice, and the sullen rear
 Was with its storèd thunder labouring up.
 One hand she press'd upon that aching spot
 Where beats the human heart, as if just there,
 Though an immortal, she felt cruel pain :
 The other upon Saturn's bended neck
 She laid, and to the level of his ear
 Leaning with parted lips, some words she spake
 In solemn tenour and deep organ tone :
 Some mourning words, which in our feeble tongue
 Would come in these like accents ; O how frail
 To that large utterance of the early Gods !
 " Saturn, look up !—though wherefore, poor old King ?
 I have no comfort for thee, no not one :
 I cannot say, ' O wherefore sleepest thou ? '
 For heaven is parted from thee, and the earth
 Knows thee not, thus afflicted, for a God ;
 And ocean too, with all its solemn noise,
 Has from thy sceptre pass'd ; and all the air
 Is emptied of thine hoary majesty.
 Thy thunder, conscious of the new command,
 Rumbles reluctant o'er our fallen house ;
 And thy sharp lightning in unpractised hands
 Scorches and burns our once serene domain.
 O aching time ! O moments big as years !
 All as ye pass swell out the monstrous truth,
 And press it so upon our weary griefs
 That unbelief has not a space to breathe.
 Saturn, sleep on :—O thoughtless, why did I
 Thus violate thy slumbrous solitude ?
 Why should I ope thy melancholy eyes ?
 Saturn, sleep on ! while at thy feet I weep."

As when, upon a trancèd summer-night,
 Those green-robed senators of mighty woods,

Tall oaks, branch-charmèd by the earnest stars,
Dream, and so dream all night without a stir,
Save from one gradual solitary gust
Which comes upon the silence, and dies off,
As if the ebbing air had but one wave :
So came these words and went ; the while in tears
She touch'd her fair large forehead to the ground,
Just where her falling hair might be outspread
A soft and silken mat for Saturn's feet.
One moon, with alternations slow, had shed
Her silver seasons four upon the night,
And still these two were postured motionless,
Like natural sculpture in cathedral cavern ;
The frozen God still couchant on the earth,
And the sad Goddess weeping at his feet :
Until at length old Saturn lifted up
His faded eyes, and saw his kingdom gone,
And all the gloom and sorrow of the place,
And that fair kneeling Goddess ; and then spake
As with a palsied tongue, and while his beard
Shook horrid with such aspen malady :
“ O tender spouse of gold Hyperion,
Thea, I feel thee ere I see thy face ;
Look up, and let me see our doom in it ;
Look up, and tell me, if this feeble shape
Is Saturn's ; tell me, if thou hear'st the voice
Of Saturn ; tell me, if this wrinkling brow,
Naked and bare of its great diadem,
Peers like the front of Saturn ? Who had power
To make me desolate ? whence came the strength ?
How was it nurtured to such bursting forth,
While Fate seem'd strangled in my nervous grasp ?
But it is so ; and I am smother'd up,
And buried from all godlike exercise
Of influence benign on planets pale,
Of admonitions to the winds and seas,
Of peaceful sway above man's harvesting,
And all those acts which Deity supreme
Doth ease its heart of love in. I am gone

Away from my own bosom : I have left
 My strong identity, my real self,
 Somewhere between the throne, and where I sit
 Here on this spot of earth. Search, Thea, search,
 Open thine eyes eterne, and sphere them round
 Upon all space : space starr'd, and lorn of light,
 Space region'd with life-air, and barren void,
 Spaces of fire, and all the yawn of hell.
 Search, Thea, search ! and tell me if thou seest
 A certain shape or shadow, making way
 With wings or chariot fierce to repossess
 A heaven he lost erewhile : it must—it must
 Be of ripe progress—Saturn must be king !
 Yes, there must be a golden victory ;
 There must be Gods thrown down, and trumpets blown
 Of triumph calm, and hymns of festival
 Upon the gold clouds metropolitan,
 Voices of soft proclaim, and silver stir
 Of strings in hollow shells ; and there shall be
 Beautiful things made new, for the surprise
 Of the sky-children ; I will give command :
 Thea ! Thea ! Thea ! where is Saturn ? ”

LA BELLE DAME SANS MERCI

“ O WHAT can ail thee, knight-at-arms,
 Alone and palely loitering ?
 The sedge is wither'd from the lake,
 And no birds sing.

“ O what can ail thee, knight-at-arms,
 So haggard and so woe-begone ?
 The squirrel's granary is full,
 And the harvest's done.

“ I see a lily on thy brow
 With anguish moist and fever dew ;
 And on thy cheek a fading rose
 Fast withereth too.”

“ I met a lady in the meads,
Full beautiful—a faery’s child,
Her hair was long, her foot was light,
And her eyes were wild.

“ I made a garland for her head,
And bracelets too, and fragrant zone ;
She look’d at me as she did love,
And made sweet moan.

“ I set her on my pacing steed
And nothing else saw all day long,
For sideways would she lean, and sing
A faery’s song.

“ She found me roots of relish sweet,
And honey wild and manna dew,
And sure in language strange she said,
‘ I love thee true ! ’

“ She took me to her elfin grot,
And there she wept and sigh’d full sore ;
And there I shut her wild, wild eyes
With kisses four.

“ And there she lullèd me asleep,
And there I dream’d—Ah ! woe betide !
The latest dream I ever dream’d
On the cold hill’s side.

“ I saw pale kings and princes too,
Pale warriors, death-pale were they all ;
Who cried—‘ La Belle Dame sans Merci
Hath thee in thrall ! ’

“ I saw their starved lips in the gloam
With horrid warning gapèd wide,
And I awoke and found me here
On the cold hill’s side.

“ And this is why I sojourn here
 Alone and palely loitering,
 Though the sedge is wither'd from the lake,
 And no birds sing.”

HIS LAST SONNET

BRIGHT star ! would I were steadfast as thou art—
 Not in lone splendour hung aloft the night,
 And watching, with eternal lids apart,
 Like Nature's patient, sleepless Eremite,
 The moving waters at their priestlike task
 Of pure ablution round earth's human shores,
 Or gazing on the new soft fallen mask
 Of snow upon the mountains and the moors—
 No—yet still steadfast, still unchangeable,
 Pillow'd upon my fair love's ripening breast,
 To feel for ever its soft fall and swell,
 Awake for ever in a sweet unrest,
 Still, still to hear her tender-taken breath,
 And so live ever—or else swoon to death.

PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY

(1792-1822)

TO A SKYLARK

HAIL to thee, blithe spirit !
 Bird thou never wert—
 That from heaven or near it
 Pourest thy full heart
 In profuse strains of unpremeditated art.

Higher still and higher
 From the earth thou springest,
 Like a cloud of fire ;
 The blue deep thou wingest,
 And singing still dost soar, and soaring ever singest.

In the golden light'ning
Of the sunken sun,
O'er which clouds are bright'ning,
Thou dost float and run,
Like an unbodied joy whose race is just begun.

The pale purple even
Melts around thy flight ;
Like a star of heaven,
In the broad daylight
Thou art unseen, but yet I hear thy shrill delight—

Keen as are the arrows
Of that silver sphere
Whose intense lamp narrows
In the white dawn clear,
Until we hardly see, we feel that it is there.

All the earth and air
With thy voice is loud,
As, when night is bare,
From one lonely cloud
The moon rains out her beams, and heaven is overflow'd.

What thou art we know not ;
What is most like thee ?
From rainbow clouds there flow not
Drops so bright to see,
As from thy presence showers a rain of melody :—

Like a poet hidden
In the light of thought,
Singing hymns unbidden,
Till the world is wrought
To sympathy with hopes and fears it heeded not :

Like a high-born maiden
In a palace tower,
Soothing her love-laden
Soul in secret hour
With music sweet as love, which overflows her bower :

Like a glow-worm golden
In a dell of dew,
Scattering unbeholden
Its aerial hue
Among the flowers and grass which screen it from the view.

Like a rose embower'd
In its own green leaves,
By warm winds deflower'd,
Till the scent it gives
Makes faint with too much sweet these heavy-wingèd thieves:

Sound of vernal showers
On the twinkling grass,
Rain-awaken'd flowers—
All that ever was
Joyous and clear and fresh—thy music doth surpass.

Teach us, sprite or bird,
What sweet thoughts are thine :
I have never heard
Praise of love or wine
That panted forth a flood of rapture so divine.

Chorus hymeneal,
Or triumphal chant,
Match'd with thine would be all
But an empty vaunt—
A thing wherein we feel there is some hidden want.

What objects are the fountains
Of thy happy strain ?
What fields, or waves, or mountains ?
What shapes of sky or plain ?
What love of thine own kind ? what ignorance of pain ?

With thy clear keen joyance
Languor cannot be :
Shadow of annoyance
Never came near thee :
Thou lovest, but ne'er knew love's sad satiety.

Waking or asleep,
 Thou of death must deem
 Things more true and deep
 Than we mortals dream,
 Or how could thy notes flow in such a crystal stream ?

We look before and after,
 And pine for what is not :
 Our sincerest laughter
 With some pain is fraught ;
 Our sweetest songs are those that tell of saddest thought.

Yet, if we could scorn
 Hate and pride and fear,
 If we were things born
 Not to shed a tear,
 I know not how thy joy we ever should come near.

Better than all measures
 Of delightful sound,
 Better than all treasures
 That in books are found,
 Thy skill to poet were, thou scorner of the ground !

Teach me half the gladness
 That thy brain must know ;
 Such harmonious madness
 From my lips would flow,
 The world should listen then, as I am listening now.

REMORSE

WAY ! the moor is dark beneath the moon,
 Rapid clouds have drunk the last pale beam of even :
 way ! the gathering winds will call the darkness soon,
 And profoundest midnight shroud the serene lights of heaven.
 Pause not ! the time is past ! Every voice cries " Away ! "
 Tempt not with one last tear thy friend's ungentle mood :
 thy lover's eye, so glazed and cold, dares not entreat thy stay :
 Duty and dereliction guide thee back to solitude.

Away, away ! to thy sad and silent home ;

Pour bitter tears on its desolated hearth ;

Watch the dim shades as like ghosts they go and come,

And complicate strange webs of melancholy mirth.

The leaves of wasted autumn woods shall float around thine head,

The blooms of dewy Spring shall gleam beneath thy feet :

But thy soul or this world must fade in the frost that binds the dead,

Ere midnight's frown and morning's smile, ere thou and peace, may meet

The cloud shadows of midnight possess their own repose,

For the weary winds are silent, or the moon is in the deep ;

Some respite to its turbulence unresting ocean knows,

Whatever moves or toils or grieves hath its appointed sleep.

Thou in the grave shalt rest :—yet, till the phantoms flee,

Which that house and heath and garden made dear to thee erewhile,

Thy remembrance and repentance and deep musings are not free

From the music of two voices, and the light of one sweet smile.

A VOICE IN THE AIR SINGING

LIFE of Life ! thy lips enkindle

With their love the breath between them ;

And thy smiles before they dwindle

Make the cold air fire ; then screen them

In those looks, where whoso gazes

Faints, entangled in their mazes.

Child of Light ! thy lips are burning

Through the vest which seems to hide them ;

As the radiant lines of morning

Through the clouds ere they divide them ;

And this atmosphere divinest

Shrouds thee whereso'er thou shinest.

Fair are others ; none beholds thee,

But thy voice sounds low and tender

Like the fairest, for it folds thee

From the sight, that liquid splendour,

And all feel, yet see thee never,
As I feel now, lost for ever !

Lamp of Earth ! where'er thou movest
Its dim shapes are clad with brightness,
And the souls of whom thou lovest
Walk upon the winds with lightness.
Till they fail, as I am failing,
Dizzy, lost, yet unbewailing !

Prometheus Unbound.

ASIA'S REPLY

My soul is an enchanted boat,
Which, like a sleeping swan, doth float
Upon the silver waves of thy sweet singing ;
And thine doth like an angel sit
Beside the helm conducting it,
Whilst all the winds with melody are ringing.
It seems to float ever, for ever,
Upon that many-winding river,
Between mountains, woods, abysses,
A paradise of wildernesses !
Till, like one in slumber bound,
Borne to the ocean, I float down, around,
Into a sea profound, of ever-spreading sound :
Meanwhile thy spirit lifts its pinions
In music's most serene dominions ;
Catching the winds that fan that happy heaven.
And we sail on, away, afar,
Without a course, without a star,
But, by the instinct of sweet music driven ;
Till through Elysian garden islets
By thee, most beautiful of pilots,
Where never mortal pinnace glided,
The boat of my desire is guided :
Realms where the air we breathe is love,
Which in the winds on the waves doth move,
Harmonising this earth with what we feel above.

We have passed Age's icy caves,
 And Manhood's dark and tossing waves,
 And Youth's smooth ocean, smiling to betray :
 Beyond the glassy gulfs we flee
 Of shadow-peopled Infancy,
 Through Death and Birth, to a diviner day ;
 A paradise of vaulted flowers,
 And watery paths that wind between
 Wildernesses calm and green,
 Peopled by shapes too bright to see,
 And rest, having beheld, somewhat like thee ;
 Which walk upon the sea, and chant melodiously !
Prometheus Unbound.

EMPIRE AND VICTORY

THIS is the day, which down the void abysm
 At the Earth-born's spell yawns for Heaven's despotism,
 And Conquest is dragged captive through the deep :
 Love, from its awful throne of patient power
 In the wise heart, from the last giddy hour
 Of dead endurance, from the slippery steep,
 And narrow verge of crag-like agony, springs
 And folds over the world its healing wings.

Gentleness, Virtue, Wisdom, and Endurance,
 These are the seals of that most firm assurance
 Which bars the pit over Destruction's strength ;
 And if, with infirm hand, Eternity,
 Mother of many acts and hours, should free
 The serpent that would clasp her with his length ;
 These are the spells by which to re-assume
 An empire o'er the disentangled doom.

To suffer woes which Hope thinks infinite ;
 To forgive wrongs darker than death or night ;
 To defy Power, which seems omnipotent ;
 To love, and bear ; to hope till Hope creates
 From its own wreck the thing it contemplates ;

Neither to change, nor flatter, nor repent ;
This, like thy glory, Titan, is to be
Good, great and joyous, beautiful and free ;
This is alone Life, Joy, Empire, and Victory.

Prometheus Unbound.

CHORUS

THE world's great age begins anew,
The golden years return,
The earth doth like a snake renew
Her winter weeds outworn :
Heaven smiles, and faiths and empires gleam
Like wrecks of a dissolving dream.

A brighter Hellas rears its mountains
From waves serener far ;
A new Peneus rolls his fountains
Against the morning star ;
Where fairer Tempes bloom, there sleep
Young Cyclads on a sunnier deep.

A loftier Argo cleaves the main,
Fraught with a later prize ;
Another Orpheus sings again,
And loves, and weeps, and dies ;
A new Ulysses leaves once more
Calypso for his native shore.

Oh ! write no more the Tale of Troy,
If earth Death's scroll must be !
Nor mix with Laian rage the joy
Which dawns upon the free,
Although a subtler Sphinx renew
Riddles of death Thebes never knew.

Another Athens shall arise,
And to remoter time
Bequeath, like sunset to the skies,
The splendour of its prime ;

WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR

And leave, if naught so bright may live,
All earth can take or heaven can give.

Saturn and Love their long repose
Shall burst more bright and good
Than all who fell, than one who rose,
Than many unsubdued :
Not gold, not blood, their altar dowers,
But votive tears and symbol flowers.

Oh cease ! must hate and death return ?
Cease ! must men kill and die ?
Cease ! drain not to its dregs the urn
Of bitter prophecy.
The world is weary of the past,
Oh might it die or rest at last !

Hellas.

WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR

(1775-1864)

IMMORTALITY

PAST ruin'd Ilion Helen lives,
Alcestis rises from the shades ;
Verse calls them forth ; 'tis verse that gives
Immortal youth to mortal maids.

Soon shall Oblivion's deepening veil
Hide all the peopled hills you see,
The gay, the proud, while lovers hail
These many summers you and me.

IANTHE

FROM you, Ianthé, little troubles pass
Like little ripples down a sunny river ;
Your pleasures spring like daisies in the grass,
Cut down, and up again as blithe as ever.

ROSE AYLMER

AH what avails the sceptred race,
 Ah what the form divine !
 What every virtue, every grace !
 Rose Aylmer, all were thine.
 Rose Aylmer, whom these wakeful eyes
 May weep, but never see,
 A night of memories and of sighs
 I consecrate to thee.

BYRON AND THE REST

BYRON was not *all* Byron ; one small part
 Bore the impression of a human heart.
 Guided by no clear love-star's panting light
 Thro' the sharp surges of a northern night,
 In Satire's narrow strait he swam the best,
 Scattering the foam that hist about his breast.
 He, who might else have been more tender, first
 From Scottish saltness caught his rapid thirst.
 Praise Keats . . .

“ I think I've heard of him.”

“ With you

Shelley stands foremost.”

. . . And his lip was blue.

“ I hear with pleasure any one commend
 So good a soul ; for Shelley is my friend.”
 One leaf from Southey's laurel made explode
 All his combustibles . . .

“ An ass ! by God ! ”

Who yet surmounted in romantic Spain
 Highths our brisk courser never could attain.
 I lagg'd ; he call'd me ; urgent to prolong
 My matin chirpings into mellow song.
 Mournfuller tones came then . . . O ne'er be they
 Drown'd in night howlings from the Forth and Spey !

YOUTH AND AGE

THE place where soon I think to lie,
 In its old creviced nook hard-by
 Rears many a weed :
 If parties bring you there, will you
 Drop sily in a grain or two
 Of wall-flower seed ?

I shall not see it, and (too sure !)
 I shall not ever hear that your
 Light step was there ;
 But the rich odour some fine day
 Will, what I cannot do, repay
 That little care.

MUSIC

MANY love music but for music's sake,
 Many because her touches can awake
 Thoughts that repose within the breast half-dead,
 And rise to follow where she loves to lead.
 What various feelings come from days gone by !
 What tears from far-off sources dim the eye !
 Few, when light fingers with sweet voices play
 And melodies swell, pause, and melt away,
 Mind how at every touch, at every tone,
 A spark of life hath glisten'd and hath gone.

MILTON IN ITALY

O MILTON ! couldst thou rise again and see
 The land thou lovedst in thy earlier day,
 See springing from her tomb, fair Italy
 (Fairer than ever) cast her shroud away,
 That tightly-fasten'd triply-folded shroud,
 Torn by her children off their mother's face !
 O couldst thou see her now, more justly proud
 Than of an earlier and a stronger race.

THE DYING FIRE

I STROVE with none, for none was worth my strife.
Nature I loved and, next to Nature, Art :
I warm'd both hands before the fire of life ;
It sinks, and I am ready to depart.

PETRARCA'S ADVICE TO BOCCACCIO

Petrarca. Middling men, favoured in their lifetime by circumstances, often appear of higher stature than belongs to them ; great men always of lower. Time, the sovran, invests with befitting raiment and distinguishes with proper ensigns the familiars he has received into his eternal habitations : in these alone are they deposited : you must wait for them.

No advice is less necessary to you, than the advice to express your meaning as clearly as you can. Where the purpose of glass is to be seen through, we do not want it tinted nor wavy. In certain kinds of poetry the case may be slightly different ; such, for instance, as are intended to display the powers of association and combination in the writer, and to invite and exercise the compass and comprehension of the intelligent. Pindar and the Attic tragedians wrote in this manner, and rendered the minds of their audience more alert and ready and capacious. They found some fit for them, and made others. Great painters have always the same task to perform. What is excellent in their art cannot be thought excellent by many, even of those who reason well on ordinary matters, and see clearly beauties elsewhere. All correct perceptions are the effect of careful practice. We little doubt that a mirror would direct us in the most familiar of our features, and that our hand would follow its guidance, until we try to cut a lock of our hair. We have no such criterion to demonstrate our liability to error in judging of poetry ; a quality so rare that perhaps no five contemporaries ever were masters of it.

Boccaccio. We admire by tradition ; we censure by

caprice ; and there is nothing in which we are more ingenious and inventive. A wrong step in politics sprains a foot in poetry ; eloquence is never so unwelcome as when it issues from a familiar voice ; and praise hath no echo but from a certain distance. Our critics, who know little about them, would gaze with wonder at anything similar, in our days, to Pindar and Sophocles, and would cast it aside, as quite impracticable. They are in the right : for sonnet and canzonet charm greater numbers. There are others, or may be hereafter, to whom far other things will afford far higher gratification.

Petrarca. But our business at present is with prose and Cicero ; and our question now is, what is Ciceronian ? He changed his style according to his matter and his hearers. His speeches to the people vary from his speeches to the senate. Toward the one he was impetuous and exacting ; toward the other he was usually but earnest and anxious, and sometimes but submissive and imploring, yet equally unwilling, on both occasions, to conceal the labour he had taken to captivate their attention and obtain success. At the tribunal of Cæsar, the dictator, he laid aside his costly armour, contracted the folds of his capacious robe, and became calm, insinuating, and adulative, showing his spirit not utterly extinguished, his dignity not utterly fallen, his consular year not utterly abolished from his memory, but Rome, and even himself, lowered in the presence of his judge.

Boccaccio. And after all this, can you bear to think what I am ?

Petrarca. Complacently and joyfully ; venturing, nevertheless, to offer you a friend's advice.

Enter into the mind and heart of your own creatures : think of them long, entirely, solely : never of style, never of self, never of critics, cracked or sound. Like the miles of an open country, and of an ignorant population, when they are correctly measured they become smaller. In the loftiest rooms and richest entablatures are suspended the most spider-webs ; and the quarry out of which palaces are erected is the nursery of nettle and bramble.

Boccaccio. It is better to keep always in view such writers as Cicero, than to run after those idlers who throw stones that can never reach us.

Petrarca. If you copied him to perfection, and on no occasion lost sight of him, you would be an indifferent, not to say a bad writer.

Boccaccio. I begin to think you are in the right. Well then, retrenching some of my licentious tales, I must endeavour to fill up the vacancy with some serious and some pathetic.

Petrarca. I am heartily glad to hear of this decision ; for, admirable as you are in the jocose, you descend from your natural position when you come to the convivial and the festive. You were placed among the Affections, to move and master them, and gifted with the rod that sweetens the fount of tears. My nature leads me also to the pathetic ; in which, however, an imbecile writer may obtain celebrity. Even the hard-hearted are fond of such reading, when they are fond of any ; and nothing is easier in the world than to find and accumulate its sufferings. Yet this very profusion and luxuriance of misery is the reason why few have excelled in describing it. The eye wanders over the mass without noticing the peculiarities. To mark them distinctly is the work of genius ; a work so rarely performed, that, if time and space may be compared, specimens of it stand at wider distances than the trophies of Sesostris. Here we return again to the *Inferno* of Dante, who overcame the difficulty. In this vast desert are its greater and its less oasis ; Ugolino and Francesca di Rimini. The peopled region is peopled chiefly with monsters and moschitoes : the rest for the most part is sand and suffocation.

The Pentameron.

THOMAS LOVE PEACOCK

(1785-1866)

MR. CYPRESS' FAREWELL

SCYTHROP,¹ attending one day the summons to dinner, found in the drawing-room his friend Mr. Cypress the poet,² whom he had known at college, and was a great favourite of Mr. Glowry.³ Mr. Cypress said he was on the point of leaving England, but could not think of doing so without a farewell-look at Nightmare Abbey and his respected friends, the moody Mr. Glowry and the mysterious Mr. Scythrop, the sublime Mr. Flosky⁴ and the pathetic Mr. Listless;⁵ to all of whom, and the morbid hospitality of the melancholy dwelling in which they were then assembled, he assured them he should always look back with as much affection as his lacerated spirit could feel for anything. The sympathetic condolence of their respective replies was cut short by Raven's announcement of "dinner on table."

The conversation that took place when the wine was in circulation, and the ladies were withdrawn, we shall report with our usual scrupulous fidelity.

Mr. Glowry. You are leaving England, Mr. Cypress. There is a delightful melancholy in saying farewell to an old acquaintance, when the chances are twenty to one against ever meeting again. A smiling bumper to a sad parting, and let us all be unhappy together.

Mr. Cypress (filling a bumper). This is the only social habit that the disappointed spirit never unlearns.

The Reverend Mr. Larynx⁶ (filling). It is the only piece of academical learning that the finished educatee retains.

Mr. Flosky (filling). It is the only objective fact which the sceptic can realise.

Scythrop (filling). It is the only styptic for a bleeding heart.

¹ Shelley (in part).² Byron.³ The melancholy man.⁴ Coleridge.⁵ The fashionable man.⁶ The neighbouring vicar.

The Honourable Mr. Listless (filling). It is the only trouble that is very well worth taking.

Mr. Asterias ¹ (filling). It is the only key of conversational truth.

Mr. Toobad ² (filling). It is the only antidote to the great wrath of the devil.

Mr. Hilary ³ (filling). It is the only symbol of perfect life. The inscription "HIC NON BIBITUR" will suit nothing but a tombstone.

Mr. Glowry. You will see many fine old ruins, Mr. Cypress; crumbling pillars, and mossy walls—many a one-legged Venus and headless Minerva—many a Neptune buried in sand—many a Jupiter turned topsy-turvy—many a perforated Bacchus doing duty as a water-pipe—many reminiscences of the ancient world, which I hope was better worth living in than the modern; though, for myself, I care not a straw more for one than the other, and would not go twenty miles to see anything that either could show.

Mr. Cypress. It is something to seek, Mr. Glowry. The mind is restless, and must persist in seeking, though to find is to be disappointed. Do you feel no aspirations towards the countries of Socrates and Cicero? No wish to wander among the venerable remains of the greatness that has passed for ever?

Mr. Glowry. Not a grain.

Scythrop. It is, indeed, much the same as if a lover should dig up the buried form of his mistress, and gaze upon relics which are any thing but herself, to wander among a few mouldy ruins, that are only imperfect indexes to lost volumes of glory, and meet at every step the more melancholy ruins of human nature—a degenerate race of stupid and shrivelled slaves, grovelling in the lowest depths of servility and superstition.

The Honourable Mr. Listless. It is the fashion to go abroad. I have thought of it myself, but am hardly equal to the exertion. To be sure, a little eccentricity and origin-

¹ An ichthyologist.

² A Manichean Millenarian.

³ The cheerful man.

ality are allowable in some cases ; and the most eccentric and original of all characters is an Englishman who stays at home.

Scythrop. I should have no pleasure in visiting countries that are past all hope of regeneration. There is great hope of our own ; and it seems to me that an Englishman, who, either by his station in society, or by his genius, or (as in your instance, Mr. Cypress) by both, has the power of essentially serving his country in its arduous struggle with its domestic enemies, yet forsakes his country, which is still so rich in hope, to dwell in others which are only fertile in the ruins of memory, does what none of those ancients, whose fragmentary memorials you venerate, would have done in similar circumstances.

Mr. Cypress. Sir, I have quarrelled with my wife ; and a man who has quarrelled with his wife is absolved from all duty to his country. I have written an ode to tell the people as much, and they may take it as they list.

Scythrop. Do you suppose, if Brutus had quarrelled with his wife, he would have given it as a reason to Cassius for having nothing to do with his enterprise ? Or would Cassius have been satisfied with such an excuse ?

Mr. Flosky. Brutus was a senator ; so is our dear friend : but the cases are different. Brutus had some hope of political good : Mr. Cypress has none. How should he, after what we have seen in France ?

Scythrop. A Frenchman is born in harness, ready saddled, bitted, and bridled, for any tyrant to ride. He will fawn under his rider one moment, and throw him and kick him to death the next ; but another adventurer springs on his back, and by dint of whip and spur on he goes as before. We may, without much vanity, hope better of ourselves.

Mr. Cypress. I have no hope for myself or for others. Our life is a false nature ; it is not in the harmony of things ; it is an all-blasting upas, whose root is earth, and whose leaves are the skies which rain their poison-dews upon mankind. We wither from our youth ; we gasp with unslaked thirst for unattainable good ; lured from the first to the last by phantoms—love, fame, ambition, avarice—

all idle, and all ill—one meteor of many names, that vanishes in the smoke of death.

Mr. Flosky. A most delightful speech, Mr. Cypress. A most amiable and instructive philosophy. You have only to impress its truth on the minds of all living men, and life will then, indeed, be the desert and the solitude; and I must do you, myself, and our mutual friends, the justice to observe, that let society only give fair play at one and the same time, as I flatter myself it is inclined to do, to your system of morals, and my system of metaphysics, and Scythrop's system of politics, and Mr. Listless's system of manners, and Mr. Toobad's system of religion, and the result will be as fine a mental chaos as even the immortal Kant himself could ever have hoped to see; in the prospect of which I rejoice.

Mr. Hilary. "Certainly, ancient, it is not a thing to rejoice at": I am one of those who cannot see the good that is to result from all this mystifying and blue-devilling of society. The contrast it presents to the cheerful and solid wisdom of antiquity is too forcible not to strike any one who has the least knowledge of classical literature. To represent vice and misery as the necessary accompaniments of genius, is as mischievous as it is false, and the feeling is as unclassical as the language in which it is usually expressed.

Mr. Toobad. It is our calamity. The devil has come among us, and has begun by taking possession of all the cleverest fellows. Yet, forsooth, this is the enlightened age. Marry, how? Did our ancestors go peeping about with dark lanterns, and do we walk at our ease in broad sunshine? Where is the manifestation of our light? By what symptoms do you recognise it? What are its signs, its tokens, its symptoms, its symbols, its categories, its conditions? What is it, and why? How, where, when is it to be seen, felt, and understood? What do we see by it which our ancestors saw not, and which at the same time is worth seeing? We see a hundred men hanged, where they saw one. We see five hundred transported, where they saw one. We see five thousand in the workhouse,

where they saw one. We see scores of Bible Societies, where they saw none. We see paper, where they saw gold. We see men in stays, where they saw men in armour. We see painted faces, where they saw healthy ones. We see children perishing in manufactories, where they saw them flourishing in the fields. We see prisons, where they saw castles. We see masters, where they saw representatives. In short, they saw true men, where we see false knaves. They saw Milton, and we see Mr. Sackbut.

Mr. Flosky. The false knave, sir, is my honest friend ; therefore, I beseech you, let him be countenanced. God forbid but a knave should have some countenance at his friend's request.

Mr. Toobad. " Good men and true " was their common term, like the *καλος κἀγαθος* of the Athenians. It is so long since men have been either good or true, that it is to be questioned which is most obsolete, the fact or the phraseology.

Mr. Cypress. There is no worth nor beauty but in the mind's idea. Love sows the wind and reaps the whirlwind. Confusion, thrice confounded, is the portion of him who rests even for an instant on that most brittle of reeds—the affection of a human being. The sum of our social destiny is to inflict or to endure.

Mr. Hilary. Rather to bear and forbear, Mr. Cypress—a maxim which you perhaps despise. Ideal beauty is not the mind's creation : it is real beauty, refined and purified in the mind's alembic, from the alloy which always more or less accompanies it in our mixed and imperfect nature. But still the gold exists in a very ample degree. To expect too much is a disease in the expectant, for which human nature is not responsible ; and, in the common name of humanity, I protest against these false and mischievous ravings. To rail against humanity for not being abstract perfection, and against human love for not realising all the splendid visions of the poets of chivalry, is to rail at the summer for not being all sunshine, and at the rose for not being always in bloom.

Mr. Cypress. Human love ! Love is not an inhabitant

of the earth. We worship him as the Athenians did their unknown God : but broken hearts are the martyrs of his faith, and the eye shall never see the form which phantasy paints, and which passion pursues through paths of delusive beauty, among flowers whose odours are agonies, and trees whose gums are poison.

Mr. Hilary. You talk like a Rosicrucian, who will love nothing but a sylph, who does not believe in the existence of a sylph, and who yet quarrels with the whole universe for not containing a sylph.

Mr. Cypress. The mind is diseased of its own beauty, and fevers into false creation. The forms which the sculptor's soul has seized exist only in himself.

Mr. Flosky. Permit me to discept. They are the mediums of common forms combined and arranged into a common standard. The ideal beauty of the Helen of Zeuxis was the combined medium of the real beauty of the virgins of Crotona.

Mr. Hilary. But to make ideal beauty the shadow in the water, and, like the dog in the fable, to throw away the substance in catching at the shadow, is scarcely the characteristic of wisdom, whatever it may be of genius. To reconcile man as he is to the world as it is, to preserve and improve all that is good, and destroy or alleviate all that is evil, in physical and moral nature—have been the hope and aim of the greatest teachers and ornaments of our species. I will say, too, that the highest wisdom and the highest genius have been invariably accompanied with cheerfulness. We have sufficient proofs on record that Shakespeare and Socrates were the most festive of companions. But now the little wisdom and genius we have seem to be entering into a conspiracy against cheerfulness.

Mr. Toobad. How can we be cheerful with the devil among us ?

The Honourable Mr. Listless. How can we be cheerful when our nerves are shattered ?

Mr. Flosky. How can we be cheerful when our great general designs are crossed every moment by our little particular passions ?

Mr. Cypress. How can we be cheerful in the midst of disappointment and despair ?

Mr. Glowry. Let us all be unhappy together.

Mr. Hilary. Let us sing a catch.

Mr. Glowry. No : a nice tragical ballad. The Norfolk Tragedy to the tune of the Hundredth Psalm.

Mr. Hilary. I say a catch.

Mr. Glowry. I say no. A song from *Mr. Cypress*.

All. A song from *Mr. Cypress*.

Mr. Cypress sung :

There is a fever of the spirit,
The brand of Cain's unresting doom,
Which in the lone dark souls that bear it
Glow like the lamp in Tullia's tomb ;
Unlike that lamp, its subtle fire
Burns, blasts, consumes its cell, the heart,
Till, one by one, hope, joy, desire,
Like dreams of shadowy smoke depart.

When hope, love, life itself, are only
Dust—spectral memories—dead and cold—
The unfed fire burns bright and lonely,
Like that undying lamp of old :
And by that drear illumination,
Till time its clay-built home has rent,
Thought broods on feeling's desolation—
The soul is its own monument.

Mr. Glowry. Admirable. Let us all be unhappy together.

Mr. Hilary. Now, I say again, a catch.

The Reverend Mr. Larynx. I am for you.

Mr. Hilary. "Seamen" three."

The Reverend Mr. Larynx. Agreed. I'll be Harry Gill, with the voice of three. Begin.

Mr. Hilary and the Reverend Mr. Larynx :

Seamen three ! What men be ye ?
Gotham's three wise men we be.
Whither in your bowl so free ?
To rake the moon from out the sea.
The bowl goes trim. The moon doth shine.
And our ballast is old wine ;
And your ballast is old wine.

Who art thou, so fast adrift ?
I am he they call Old Care.
Here on board we will thee lift.
No : I may not enter there.

Wherefore so ? 'Tis Jove's decree,
In a bowl Care may not be ;
In a bowl Care may not be.

Fear ye not the waves that roll ?
No ; in charmèd bowl we swim.
What the charm that floats the bowl ?
Water may not pass the brim.
The bowl goes trim. The moon doth shine.
And our ballast is old wine ;
And your ballast is old wine.

This catch was so well executed by the spirit and science of Mr. Hilary, and the deep tri-une voice of the reverend gentleman, that the whole party, in spite of themselves, caught the contagion, and joined in chorus at the conclusion, each raising a bumper to his lips :

The bowl goes trim : the moon doth shine :
And our ballast is old wine.

Mr. Cypress, having his ballast on board, stepped, the same evening, into his bowl, or travelling chariot, and departed to rake seas and rivers, lakes and canals, for the moon of ideal beauty.

Nightmare Abbey.

THE GREENWOOD TREE

For the slender beech and the sapling oak
That grow by the shadowy rill,
You may cut down both at a single stroke,
You may cut down which you will.

But this you must know, that as long as they grow,
Whatever change may be,
You never can teach either oak or beech
To be aught but a greenwood tree.

THOMAS LOVELL BEDDOES

(1803-49)

DREAM-PEDLARY

IF there were dreams to sell,
What would you buy ?
Some cost a passing bell ;
Some a light sigh,
That shakes from Life's fresh crown
Only a rose-leaf down.
If there were dreams to sell,
Merry and sad to tell,
And the crier rang the bell,
What would you buy ?

A cottage lone and still,
With bowers nigh,
Shadowy, my woes to still,
Until I die.
Such pearl from Life's fresh crown
Fain would I shake me down.
Were dreams to have at will,
This would best heal my ill,
This would I buy.

WINTHROP MACKWORTH PRAED

(1802-39)

THE VICAR

SOME years ago, ere Time and Taste
Had turn'd our Parish topsy-turvy,
When Darnel Park was Darnel Waste,
And roads as little known as scurvy,

The man, who lost his way between
 St. Mary's Hill and Sandy Thicket,
 Was always shown across the Green,
 And guided to the Parson's wicket.

Back flew the bolt of lissom lath ;
 Fair Margaret, in her tidy kirtle,
 Led the lorn traveller up the path,
 Through clean-clipt rows of box and myrtle ;
 And Don and Sancho, Tramp and Tray,
 Upon the parlour steps collected,
 Wagged all their tails, and seemed to say,
 " Our master knows you ; you're expected."

Up rose the Reverend Doctor Brown,
 Up rose the Doctor's " winsome marrow " ;
 The lady laid her knitting down,
 Her husband clasped his ponderous Barrow :
 Whate'er the stranger's caste or creed,
 Pundit or Papist, saint or sinner,
 He found a stable for his steed,
 And welcome for himself, and dinner.

If, when he reached his journey's end,
 And warmed himself in Court or College,
 He had not gained an honest friend,
 And twenty curious scraps of knowledge—
 If he departed as he came,
 With no new light on love or liquor,—
 Good sooth, the traveller was to blame,
 And not the Vicarage or the Vicar.

His talk was like a stream which runs
 With rapid change from rocks to roses,
 It slipped from politics to puns ;
 It passed from Mahomet to Moses :
 Beginning with the laws which keep
 The planets in their radiant courses,
 And ending with some precept deep
 For dressing eels or shoeing horses.

He was a shrewd and sound Divine,
Of loud Dissent the mortal terror ;
And when, by dint of page and line,
He 'stablished Truth, or startled Error,
The Baptist found him far too deep,
The Deist sighed with saving sorrow :
And the lean Levite went to sleep,
And dreamed of tasting pork to-morrow.

His sermon never said nor show'd
That Earth is foul, that Heaven is gracious,
Without refreshment on the road
From Jerome or from Athanasius ;
And sure a righteous zeal inspired
The hand and heart that penn'd and plann'd them,
For all who understood admired,
And some who did not understand them.

And he was kind, and loved to sit
In the low hut or garnished cottage
And praise the farmer's homely wit,
And share the widow's homelier pottage ;
At his approach complaint grew mild.
And when his hand unbarred the shutter,
The clammy lips of Fever smiled
The welcome, which they could not utter.

He always had a tale for me
Of Julius Cæsar or of Venus :
From him I learned the Rule of Three,
Cat's-cradle, leap-frog, and *Quæ genus* ;
I used to singe his powder'd wig,
To steal the staff he put such trust in ;
And make the puppy dance a jig,
When he began to quote Augustine.

Alack the change ! in vain I look
For haunts in which my boyhood trifled,—
The level lawn, the trickling brook,
The trees I climbed, the beds I rifled :

The church is larger than before ;
You reach it by a carriage entry :
It holds three hundred people more ;
And pews are fitted up for gentry.

Sit in the Vicar's seat : you'll hear
The doctrine of a gentle Johnian,
Whose hand is white, whose tone is clear,
Whose style is very Ciceronian.
Where is the old man laid ? Look down,
And construe on the slab before you,
" Hic jacet GULIELMUS BROWN,
Vir nulla non donandus lauru."

WILLIAM HAZLITT

(1778-1830)

NETHER STOWEY AND LINTON

THE next day Wordsworth arrived from Bristol at Coleridge's cottage. I think I see him now. He answered in some degree to his friend's description of him, but was more gaunt and Don Quixote-like. He was quaintly dressed (according to the *costume* of that unconstrained period) in a brown fustian jacket and striped pantaloons. There was something of a roll, a lounge in his gait, not unlike his own Peter Bell. There was a severe, worn pressure of thought about his temples, a fire in his eye (as if he saw something in objects more than the outward appearance), an intense, high, narrow forehead, a Roman nose, cheeks furrowed by strong purpose and feeling, and a convulsive inclination to laughter about the mouth, a good deal at variance with the solemn, stately expression of the rest of his face. Chantrey's bust wants the marking traits ; but he was teased into making it regular and heavy : Haydon's head of him, introduced into the *Entrance of Christ into Jerusalem*, is the most like his drooping weight of thought and

expression. He sat down and talked very naturally and freely, with a mixture of clear, gushing accents in his voice, a deep guttural intonation, and a strong tincture of the northern *burr*, like the crust on wine. He instantly began to make havoc of the half of a Cheshire cheese on the table, and said, triumphantly, that "his marriage with experience had not been so productive as Mr. Southey's in teaching him a knowledge of the good things of this life." He had been to see the *Castle Spectre* by Monk Lewis, while at Bristol, and described it very well. He said "It fitted the taste of the audience like a glove." This *ad captandum* merit was however by no means a recommendation of it, according to the severe principles of the new school, which reject rather than court popular effect. Wordsworth, looking out of the low, latticed window, said, "How beautifully the sun sets on that yellow bank!" I thought within myself, "With what eyes these poets see nature!" and ever after, when I saw the sun-set stream upon the objects facing it, conceived I had made a discovery, or thanked Mr. Wordsworth for having made one for me! We went over to All-Foxden again the day following, and Wordsworth read us the story of *Peter Bell* in the open air; and the comment upon it by his face and voice was very different from that of some later critics! Whatever might be thought of the poem, "his face was as a book where men might read strange matters," and he announced the fate of his hero in prophetic tones. There is a *chaunt* in the recitation both of Coleridge and Wordsworth, which acts as a spell upon the hearer, and disarms the judgment. Perhaps they have deceived themselves by making habitual use of this ambiguous accompaniment. Coleridge's manner is more full, animated, and varied; Wordsworth's more equable, sustained, and internal. The one might be termed more *dramatic*, the other more *lyrical*. Coleridge has told me that he himself liked to compose in walking over uneven ground, or breaking through the straggling branches of a copse-wood; whereas Wordsworth always wrote (if he could) walking up and down a straight gravel walk, or in some spot where the

continuity of his verse met with no collateral interruption. Returning that same evening, I got into a metaphysical argument with Wordsworth, while Coleridge was explaining the different notes of the nightingale to his sister, in which we neither of us succeeded in making ourselves perfectly clear and intelligible. Thus I passed three weeks at Nether Stowey and in the neighbourhood, generally devoting the afternoons to a delightful chat in an arbour made of bark by the poet's friend Tom Poole, sitting under two fine elm-trees, and listening to the bees humming round us, while we quaffed our *flip*. It was agreed, among other things, that we should make a jaunt down the Bristol Channel, as far as Linton. We set off together on foot, Coleridge, John Chester, and I. This Chester was a native of Nether Stowey, one of those who were attracted to Coleridge's discourse as flies are to honey, or bees in swarming-time to the sound of a brass pan. He "followed in the chase like a dog who hunts, not like one that made up the cry." He had on a brown cloth coat, boots, and corduroy breeches, was low in stature, bow-legged, had a drag in his walk like a drover, which he assisted by a hazel switch, and kept on a sort of trot by the side of Coleridge, like a running footman by a state coach, that he might not lose a syllable or sound that fell from Coleridge's lips. He told me his private opinion, that Coleridge was a wonderful man. He scarcely opened his lips, much less offered an opinion the whole way : yet of the three, had I to choose during that journey, I would be John Chester. He afterwards followed Coleridge into Germany, where the Kantian philosophers were puzzled how to bring him under any of their categories. When he sat down at table with his idol, John's felicity was complete ; Sir Walter Scott's, or Mr. Blackwood's, when they sat down at the same table with the King, was not more so. We passed Dunster on our right, a small town between the brow of a hill and the sea. I remember eyeing it wistfully as it lay below us : contrasted with the woody scene around, it looked as clear, as pure, as *embrowned* and ideal as any landscape I have seen since, of Gaspar Poussin's or Domenichino's. We had

a long day's march (our feet kept time to the echoes of Coleridge's tongue) through Minehead and by the Blue Anchor, and on to Linton, which we did not reach till near midnight, and where we had some difficulty in making a lodgment. We, however, knocked the people of the house up at last, and we were repaid for our apprehensions and fatigue by some excellent rashers of fried bacon and eggs. The view in coming along had been splendid. We walked for miles and miles on dark brown heaths overlooking the Channel, with the Welsh hills beyond, and at times descended into little sheltered valleys close by the sea-side, with a smuggler's face scowling by us, and then had to ascend conical hills with a path winding up through a coppice to a barren top, like a monk's shaven crown, from one of which I pointed out to Coleridge's notice the bare masts of a vessel on the very edge of the horizon, and within the red orb'd disk of the setting sun, like his own spectre-ship in the *Ancient Mariner*. At Linton the character of the sea-coast becomes more marked and rugged. There is a place called the *Valley of Rocks* (I suspect this was only the poetical name for it), bedded among precipices overhanging the sea, with rocky caverns beneath, into which the waves dash, and where the sea-gull for ever wheels its screaming flight. On the tops of these are huge stones thrown transverse, as if an earthquake had tossed them there, and behind these is a fretwork of perpendicular rocks, something like the *Giant's Causeway*. A thunder-storm came on while we were at the inn, and Coleridge was running out bare-headed to enjoy the commotion of the elements in the *Valley of Rocks*, but as if in spite, the clouds only muttered a few angry sounds, and let fall a few refreshing drops. Coleridge told me that he and Wordsworth were to have made this place the scene of a prose-tale, which was to have been in the manner of, but far superior to, the *Death of Abel*, but they had relinquished the design. In the morning of the second day, we breakfasted luxuriously in an old-fashioned parlour on tea, toast, eggs, and honey, in the very sight of the bee-hives from which it had been taken, and a garden full of thyme and

wild flowers that had produced it. On this occasion Coleridge spoke of Virgil's *Georgics*, but not well. I do not think he had much feeling for the classical and elegant. It was in this room that we found a little worn-out copy of the *Seasons*, lying in a window-seat, on which Coleridge exclaimed, "*That is true fame!*" He said Thomson was a great poet, rather than a good one; his style was as meretricious as his thoughts were natural. He spoke of Cowper as the best modern poet. He said the *Lyrical Ballads* were an experiment about to be tried by him and Wordsworth, to see how far the public taste would endure poetry written in a more natural and simple style than had hitherto been attempted; totally discarding the artifices of poetical diction, and making use only of such words as had probably been common in the most ordinary language since the days of Henry II.

Winterslow.

THOMAS BABINGTON MACAULAY

(1800-59)

THE ARMADA

THE sentinel on Whitehall gate looked forth into the night,
 And saw o'erhanging Richmond Hill the streak of blood-red light;
 Then bugle's note and cannon's roar the death-like silence broke,
 And with one start and with one cry, the royal city woke.
 At once on all her stately gates arose the answering fires;
 At once the wild alarum clashed from all her reeling spires;
 From all the batteries of the Tower pealed loud the voice of fear;
 And all the thousand masts of Thames sent back a louder cheer;
 And from the furthest wards was heard the rush of hurrying feet,
 And the broad streams of pikes and flags rushed down each roaring street;
 And broader still became the blaze, and louder still the din,
 As fast from every village round the horse came spurring in:
 And eastward straight from wild Blackheath the warlike errand went,
 And roused in many an ancient hall the gallant squires of Kent.

Southward from Surrey's pleasant hills flew those bright couriers forth ;
High on bleak Hampstead's swarthy moor they started for the north ;
And on, and on, without a pause, untired they bounded still :
All night from tower to tower they sprang : they sprang from hill to hill :
Till the proud Peak unfurled the flag o'er Darwin's rocky dales,
Till like volcanoes flared to heaven the stormy hills of Wales.
Till twelve fair counties saw the blaze on Malvern's lonely height,
Till streamed in crimson on the wind the Wrekin's crest of light,
Till broad and fierce the star came forth on Ely's stately fane,
And tower and hamlet rose in arms o'er all the boundless plain ;
Till Belvoir's lordly terraces the sign to Lincoln sent,
And Lincoln sped the message on o'er the wide vale of Trent ;
Till Skiddaw saw the fire that burned on Gaunt's embattled pile,
And the red glare on Skiddaw roused the burghers of Carlisle.

THE CRITIC AND THE ARTIST

THAT critical discernment is not sufficient to make men poets is generally allowed. Why it should keep them from becoming poets is not perhaps equally evident ; but the fact is, that poetry requires not an examining but a believing frame of mind. Those feel it most, and write it best, who forget that it is a work of art ; to whom its imitations, like the realities from which they are taken, are subjects, not for connoisseurship, but for tears and laughter, resentment and affection ; who are too much under the influence of the illusion to admire the genius which has produced it ; who are too much frightened for Ulysses in the cave of Polyphemus to care whether the pun about Outis be good or bad ; who forget that such a person as Shakespeare ever existed, while they weep and curse with Lear. It is by giving faith to the creations of the imagination that a man becomes a poet. It is by treating those creations as deceptions, and by resolving them, as nearly as possible, into their elements, that he becomes a critic. In the moment in which the skill of the artist is perceived, the spell of the art is broken.

These considerations account for the absurdities into which the greatest writers have fallen, when they have attempted to give general rules for composition, or to pronounce judgment on the works of others. They are unaccustomed to analyse what they feel; they, therefore, perpetually refer their emotions to causes which have not in the slightest degree tended to produce them. They feel pleasure in reading a book. They never consider that this pleasure may be the effect of ideas which some unmeaning expression, striking on the first link of a chain of associations, may have called up in their own minds—that they have themselves furnished to the author the beauties which they admire.

Cervantes is the delight of all classes of readers. Every schoolboy thumbs to pieces the most wretched translations of his romance, and knows the lantern jaws of the Knight Errant, and the broad cheeks of the Squire, as well as the faces of his own playfellows. The most experienced and fastidious judges are amazed at the perfection of that art which extracts inextinguishable laughter from the greatest of human calamities without once violating the reverence due to it; at that discriminating delicacy of touch which makes a character exquisitely ridiculous, without impairing its worth, its grace, or its dignity. In *Don Quixote* are several dissertations on the principles of poetic and dramatic writing. No passages in the whole work exhibit stronger marks of labour and attention; and no passages in any work with which we are acquainted are more worthless and puerile. In our time they would scarcely obtain admittance into the literary department of the *Morning Post*. Every reader of the *Divine Comedy* must be struck by the veneration which Dante expresses for writers far inferior to himself. He will not lift up his eyes from the ground in the presence of Brunetto, all whose works are not worth the worst of his own hundred cantos. He does not venture to walk in the same line with the bombastic Statius. His admiration of Virgil is absolute idolatry. If, indeed, it had been excited by the elegant, splendid, and harmonious diction of the Roman poet, it

would not have been altogether unreasonable ; but it is rather as an authority on all points of philosophy, than as a work of imagination, that he values the *Æneid*. The most trivial passages he regards as oracles of the highest authority, and of the most recondite meaning. He describes his conductor as the sea of all wisdom—the sun which heals every disordered sight. As he judged of Virgil, the Italians of the fourteenth century judged of him ; they were proud of him ; they praised him ; they struck medals bearing his head ; they quarrelled for the honour of possessing his remains ; they maintained professors to expound his writings. But what they admired was not that mighty imagination which called a new world into existence, and made all its sights and sounds familiar to the eye and ear of the mind. They said little of those awful and lovely creations on which later critics delight to dwell—Farinata lifting his haughty and tranquil brow from his couch of everlasting fire—the lion-like repose of Sordello—or the light which shone from the celestial smile of Beatrice. They extolled their great poet for his smattering of ancient literature and history ; for his logic and his divinity ; for his absurd physics, and his more absurd metaphysics ; for everything but that in which he pre-eminently excelled. Like the fool in the story, who ruined his dwelling by digging for gold, which, as he had dreamed, was concealed under its foundations, they laid waste one of the noblest works of human genius, by seeking in it for buried treasures of wisdom which existed only in their own wild reveries. The finest passages were little valued till they had been debased into some monstrous allegory. Louder applause was given to the lecture on fate and free-will, or to the ridiculous astronomical theories, than to those tremendous lines which disclose the secrets of the tower of hunger, or to that half-told tale of guilty love, so passionate and so full of tears.

We do not mean to say that the contemporaries of Dante read with less emotion than their descendants of Ugolino groping among the wasted corpses of his children, or of Francesca starting at the tremulous kiss and dropping the fatal volume. Far from it. We believe that they admired

these things less than ourselves, but that they felt them more. We should perhaps say that they felt them too much to admire them. The progress of a nation from barbarism to civilisation produces a change similar to that which takes place during the progress of an individual from infancy to mature age. What man does not remember with regret the first time that he read *Robinson Crusoe* ? Then, indeed, he was unable to appreciate the powers of the writer ; or, rather, he neither knew nor cared whether the book had a writer at all. He probably thought it not half so fine as some rant of Macpherson about dark-browed Foldath, and white-bosomed Strinadona. He now values Fingal and Temora only as showing with how little evidence a story may be believed, and with how little merit a book may be popular. Of the romance of Defoe he entertains the highest opinion. He perceives the hand of a master in ten thousand touches which formerly he passed by without notice. But, though he understands the merits of the narrative better than formerly, he is far less interested by it. Xury, and Friday, and pretty Poll, the boat with the shoulder-of-mutton sail, and the canoe which could not be brought down to the water edge, the tent with its hedge and ladders, the preserve of kids, and the den where the old goat died, can never again be to him the realities which they were. The days when his favourite volume set him upon making wheel-barrows and chairs, upon digging caves and fencing huts in the garden, can never return. Such is the law of our nature. Our judgment ripens ; our imagination decays. We cannot at once enjoy the flowers of the spring of life and the fruits of its autumn, the pleasures of close investigation and those of agreeable error. We cannot sit at once in the front of the stage and behind the scenes. We cannot be under the illusion of the spectacle, while we are watching the movements of the ropes and pulleys which dispose it.

Essay on John Dryden.

GEORGE DARLEY

(1795-1846)

SONG

SWEET in her green dell the flower of beauty slumbers,
Lull'd by the faint breezes sighing through her hair ;
Sleeps she and hears not the melancholy numbers
Breathed to my sad lute 'mid the lonely air.

Down from the high cliffs the rivulet is teeming
To wind round the willow banks that lure him from above :
O that in tears, from my rocky prison streaming,
I too could glide to the bower of my love !

Ah ! where the woodbines with sleepy arms have wound her,
Opes she her eyelids at the dream of my lay,
Listening, like the dove, while the fountains echo round her,
To her lost mate's call in the forests far away.

Come then, my bird ! For the peace thou ever bearest,
Still Heaven's messenger of comfort to me—
Come—this fond bosom, O faithfullest and fairest,
Bleeds with its death-wound, its wound of love for thee !

THOMAS HOOD

(1798-1845)

THE DEATH-BED

WE watch'd her breathing thro' the night,
Her breathing soft and low,
As in her breast the wave of life
Kept heaving to and fro.

So silently we seem'd to speak,
So slowly moved about,
As we had lent her half our powers
To eke her living out.

Our very hopes belied our fears,
Our fears our hopes belied—
We thought her dying when she slept,
And sleeping when she died.

For when the morn came dim and sad,
And chill with early showers,
Her quiet eyelids closed—she had
Another morn than ours.

THOMAS DE QUINCEY

(1785-1859)

THE ENGLISH CLASSICS IN EDUCATION

IN after years, when an undergraduate at Oxford, I had an opportunity of reading as it were in a mirror the characteristic pretensions and the average success of many celebrated schools. Such a mirror I found in the ordinary conversation and in the favourite reading of young gownsmen belonging to the many different colleges of Oxford. Generally speaking, each college had a filial connection (strict or not strict) with some one or more of our great public schools. These, fortunately for England, are diffused through all her counties : and, as the main appointments to the capital offices in such *public* schools are often vested by law in Oxford or Cambridge, this arrangement guarantees a sound system of teaching ; so that any failures in the result must presumably be due to the individual student. Failures, on the whole, I do not suppose that there were. Classical attainments that might be styled even splendid were not then, nor are now, uncommon. And yet in one great feature many of those schools, even the very best,

when thus tried by their fruits, left a painful memento of failure ; or rather not of failure as in relation to any purpose that they steadily recognised, but of *wilful* and *intentional* disregard, as towards a purpose alien from any duty of theirs, or any task which they had ever undertaken—a failure, namely, in relation to *modern* literature—a neglect to unroll its mighty charts : and amongst this modern literature a special neglect (such as seems almost brutal) of our own English literature, though pleading its patent of precedency in a voice so trumpet-tongued. To myself, whose homage ascended night and day towards the great altars of English Poetry or Eloquence, it was shocking and revolting to find in high-minded young countrymen, burning with sensibility that sought vainly for a corresponding object, deep unconsciousness of an all-sufficient object—namely, in that great inheritance of our literature which sometimes kindled enthusiasm in our public enemies. How painful to see or to know that vast revelations of grandeur and beauty are wasting themselves for ever—forests teeming with gorgeous life, floral wildernesses hidden inaccessibly ; whilst, at the same time, in contraposition to that evil, behold a corresponding evil—viz., that with equal prodigality the great capacities of enjoyment are running also to waste, and are everywhere burning out unexercised—waste, in short, in the world of things *enjoyable*, balanced by an equal waste in the organs and the machineries of enjoyment ! This picture—would it not fret the heart of an Englishman ? Some years (say twenty) after the era of my own entrance at that Oxford which then furnished me with records so painful of slight regard to our national literature, behold at the court of London a French ambassador, a man of genius blazing (as some people thought) with nationality, but, in fact, with something inexpressibly nobler and deeper—viz., patriotism. For true and unaffected patriotism will show its love in a noble form by sincerity and truth. But nationality, as I have always found, is mean ; is dishonest ; is ungenerous ; is incapable of candour ; and, being continually besieged with temptations to falsehood, too often ends by becoming habitually mendacious. This

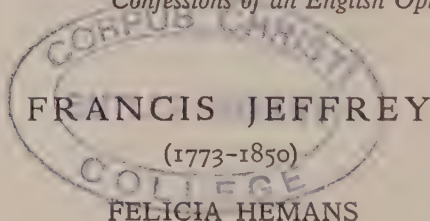
Frenchman above all things valued literature : his own trophies of distinction were all won upon that field : and yet, when called upon to review the literature of Europe, he found himself conscientiously coerced into making his work a mere monument to the glory of one man, and that man the son of a hostile land. The name of Milton, in *his* estimate, swallowed up all others. This Frenchman was Chateaubriand. The personal splendour which surrounded him gave a corresponding splendour to his act. And, because he, as an ambassador, was a representative man, this act might be interpreted as a representative act. The tutelary genius of France in this instance might be regarded as bending before that of England. But homage so free, homage so noble, must be interpreted and received in a corresponding spirit of generosity. It was not, like the testimony of Balaam on behalf of Israel, an unwilling submission to a hateful truth : it was a concession, in the spirit of saintly magnanimity, to an interest of human nature that *as such*, transcended by many degrees all considerations merely national.

Now, then, with this unlimited devotion to one great luminary of our literary system emblazoned so conspicuously in the testimony of a Frenchman—that is, of one trained, and privileged to be a public enemy—contrast the humiliating spectacle of young Englishmen suffered (so far as their training is concerned) to ignore the very existence of this mighty poet. Do I mean, then, that it would have been advisable to place the *Paradise Lost*, and the *Paradise Regained*, and the *Samson*, in the library of schoolboys ? By no means. That mode of sensibility which deals with the Miltonic sublimity is rarely developed in boyhood. And these divine works should in prudence be reserved to the period of mature manhood. But then it should be made known that they *are* so reserved, and upon what principle of reverential regard for the poet himself. In the meantime, selections from Milton, from Dryden, from Pope, and many other writers, though not everywhere appreciable by those who have but small experience of life, would not generally transcend the intellect or sensibility of

a boy sixteen or seventeen years old. And, beyond all other sections of literature, the two which I am going to mention are fitted (or might be fitted by skilful management) to engage the interest of those who are no longer boys, but have reached the age which is presumable in English university matriculation—viz., the close of the eighteenth year. Search through all languages, from Benares the mystical, and the banks of the Ganges, travelling westwards to the fountains of the Hudson, I deny that any two such *bibliothecæ* for engaging youthful interest could be brought together as these two which follow :

First, the philosophic eloquence of the seventeenth century, secondly, the English Drama from 1580–1635.

Confessions of an English Opium Eater.



It would be easy to show how habitually this is done, by Shakespeare and Milton especially, and how much many of their finest passages are indebted, both for force and richness of effect, to this general diffusive harmony of the external character of their scenes with the passions of their living agents—this harmonising and appropriate glow with which they kindle the whole surrounding atmosphere, and bring all that strikes the sense into unison with all that touches the heart.

But it is more to our present purpose to say, that we think the fair writer before us is eminently a mistress of this poetical secret ; and, in truth, it was solely for the purpose of illustrating this great charm and excellence in her imagery, that we have ventured upon this little dissertation. Almost all her poems are rich with fine descriptions, and studded over with images of visible beauty. But these are never idle ornaments : all her pomps have a

meaning ; and her flowers and her gems are arranged, as they are said to be among Eastern lovers, so as to speak the language of truth and of passion. This is peculiarly remarkable in some little pieces, which seem at first sight to be purely descriptive, but are soon found to tell upon the heart, with a deep moral and pathetic impression. But it is in truth nearly as conspicuous in the greater part of her productions ; where we scarcely meet with any striking sentiment that is not ushered in by some such symphony of external nature, and scarcely a lovely picture that does not serve as an appropriate foreground to some deep or lofty emotion. We may illustrate this proposition, we think, by opening either of these little volumes at random, and taking what they first present to us. . . .

The following, which the author has named *Graves of a Household*, has rather less of external scenery, but serves, like the others, to show how well the graphic and pathetic may be made to set off each other :

They grew in beauty, side by side,
They fill'd one home with glee ;
Their graves are sever'd, far and wide,
By mount, and stream, and sea !

The same fond mother bent at night
O'er each fair sleeping brow ;
She had each folded flower in sight,
Where are those dreamers now ?

One, 'midst the forests of the West,
By a dark stream is laid,
The Indian knows his place of rest,
Far in the cedar shade.

The sea, the blue lone sea, hath one !
He lies where pearls lie deep :
He was the lov'd of all, yet none
O'er his low bed may weep.

One sleeps where southern vines are drest
Above the noble slain :
He wrapt his colours round his breast,
On a blood-red field of Spain.

And one—o'er her the myrtle showers
Its leaves, by soft winds fann'd ;
She faded 'midst Italian flowers,
The last of that bright band !

And parted thus they rest, who play'd
 Beneath the same green tree !
 Whose voices mingled as they pray'd
 Around one parent knee !

They that with smiles lit up the hall,
 And cheer'd with song the hearth,
 Alas ! for Love, if *thou* wert all,
 And nought beyond, oh earth !

* * * * *

We have seen too much of the perishable nature of modern literary fame, to venture to predict to Mrs. Hemans that hers will be immortal, or even of very long duration. Since the beginning of our critical career we have seen a vast deal of beautiful poetry pass into oblivion, in spite of our feeble efforts to recall or retain it in remembrance. The tuneful quartos of Southey are already little better than lumber : and the rich melodies of Keats and Shelley, and the fantastical emphasis of Wordsworth, and the plebeian pathos of Crabbe, are melting fast from the field of our vision. The novels of Scott have put out his poetry. Even the splendid strains of Moore are fading into distance and dimness, except where they have been married to immortal music ; and the blazing star of Byron himself is receding from its place of pride. We need say nothing of Milman, and Croly, and Atherstone, and Hood, and a legion of others, who, with no ordinary gifts of taste and fancy, have not so properly survived their fame, as been excluded, by some hard fatality, from what seemed their just inheritance. The two who have the longest withstood this rapid withering of the laurel, and with the least marks of decay on their branches, are Rogers and Campbell ; neither of them, it may be remarked, a voluminous writer, and both distinguished rather for the fine taste and consummate elegance of their writings, than for that fiery passion, and disdainful vehemence, which seemed for a time to be so much more in favour with the public.

If taste and elegance, however, be titles to enduring fame, we might venture securely to promise that rich boon to the author before us ; who adds to those great merits a tenderness and loftiness of feeling, and an ethereal purity

of sentiment, which could only emanate from the soul of a woman. She must beware, however, of becoming too voluminous ; and must not venture again on anything so long as the *Forest Sanctuary*. But if the next generation inherits our taste for short poems, we are persuaded it will not readily allow her to be forgotten. For we do not hesitate to say, that she is, beyond all comparison, the most touching and accomplished writer of occasional verses that our literature has yet to boast of.

Edinburgh Review, October, 1829.

CAPTAIN FREDERICK MARRYAT

(1792-1848)

THE GENTEEL BOATSWAIN

BUT although we had possession of the privateer, our difficulties, as it will prove, were by no means over. We were now exposed not only to the fire of the two batteries at the harbour-mouth which we had to pass, but also to that of the battery at the bottom of the bay, which had fired at the frigate. In the meantime, we were very busy in cutting the cable, lowering the topsails, and taking the wounded men on board the privateer, from out of the boats. All this was, however, but the work of a few minutes. Most of the Frenchmen were killed ; our own wounded amounted to only nine seamen and Mr. Chucks, the boatswain, who was shot through the body, apparently with little chance of surviving. As Mr. Phillott observed, the captain's epaulettes had made him a mark for the enemy, and he had fallen in his borrowed plumes.

As soon as they were all on board, and laid on the deck—for there were, as near as I can recollect, about fourteen wounded Frenchmen as well as our own—tow-ropes were got out forwards, the boats were manned, and we proceeded to tow the brig out of the harbour. It was a dead calm, and we made but little way, but our boat's crew, flushed with

victory, cheered, and rallied, and pulled with all their strength. The enemy perceiving that the privateer was taken, and the French boats drifting empty up the harbour, now opened their fire upon us, and with great effect. Before we had towed abreast of the two water batteries, we had received three shots between wind and water from the other batteries, and the sea was pouring fast into the vessel. I had been attending to poor Mr. Chucks, who lay on the starboard side, near the wheel, the blood flowing from his wound, and tracing its course down the planks of the deck, to a distance of some feet from where he lay. He appeared very faint, and I tied my handkerchief round his body, so as to stop the effusion of blood, and brought him some water, with which I bathed his face, and poured some into his mouth. He opened his eyes wide, and looked at me.

"Ah, Mr. Simple," said he, faintly, "is it you? It's all over with me; but it could not be better—could it?"

"How do you mean?" inquired I.

"Why, have I not fallen dressed like an officer and a gentleman?" said he, referring to the captain's jacket and epaulettes. "I'd sooner die now with this dress on, than recover to put on the boatswain's uniform. I feel quite happy."

He pressed my hand, and then closed his eyes again, from weakness. We were now nearly abreast of the two batteries on the points, the guns of which had been trained so as to bear upon our boats that were towing out the brig. The first shot went through the bottom of the launch, and sank her; fortunately, all the men were saved; but as she was the boat that towed next to the brig, great delay occurred in getting the others clear of her, and taking the brig again in tow. The shot now poured in thick, and the grape became very annoying. Still our men gave way, cheering at every shot fired, and we had nearly passed the batteries, with trifling loss, when we perceived that the brig was so full of water that she could not swim many minutes longer, and that it would be impossible to tow her alongside of the frigate. Mr. Phillott, under these circumstances, decided that it would be useless to risk more lives, and that

the wounded should be taken out of the brig, and the boats should pull away for the ship. He desired me to get the wounded men into the cutter, which he sent alongside, and then to follow the other boats. I made all the haste I could, not wishing to be left behind ; and as soon as all our wounded men were in the boats, I went to Mr. Chucks, to remove him. He appeared somewhat revived, but would not allow us to remove him.

“ My dear Mr. Simple,” said he, “ it is of no use ; I never can recover it, and I prefer dying here. I entreat you not to move me. If the enemy take possession of the brig before she sinks, I shall be buried with military honours ; if they do not, I shall at least die in the dress of a gentleman. Hasten away as fast as you can, before you lose more men. Here I stay—that’s decided.”

I expostulated with him, but at that time two boats full of men appeared, pulling out of the harbour to the brig. The enemy had perceived that our boats had deserted her, and were coming to take possession. I had therefore no time to urge Mr. Chucks to change his resolution, and not wishing to force a dying man, I shook his hand and left him. It was with some difficulty I escaped, for the boats had come up close to the brig ; they chased me a little while, but the yawl and the cutter turning back to my assistance, they gave up the pursuit. On the whole, this was a very well arranged and well conducted expedition. The only man lost was Mr. Chucks, for the wounds of the others were none of them mortal. Captain Kearney was quite satisfied with our conduct, and so was the admiral, when it was reported to him. Captain Kearney did indeed grumble a little about his jacket, and sent for me to inquire why I had not taken it off Mr. Chucks, and brought it on board. As I did not choose to tell him the exact truth, I replied, “ That I could not disturb a dying man, and that the jacket was so saturated with blood, that he never could have worn it again,” which was the case.

“ At all events, you might have brought away my epaulettes,” replied he ; “ but you youngsters think of nothing but gormandising.”

I had the first watch that night, when Swinburne, the quarter-master, came up to me, and asked me all the particulars of the affair, for he was not in the boats. "Well," said he, "that Mr. Chucks appeared to be a very good boatswain in his way, if he could only have kept his rattan a little quiet. He was a smart fellow, and knew his duty. We had just such another killed in our ship, in the action off Cape St. Vincent."

Peter Simple.

BENJAMIN DISRAELI, EARL OF BEACONSFIELD

(1804-81)

TADPOLE AND TAPER

IN the meantime, after dinner, Tadpole and Taper, who were among the guests of Mr. Ormsby, withdrew to a distant sofa, out of earshot, and indulged in confidential talk.

"Such a strength in debate was never before found on a Treasury bench," said Mr. Tadpole; "the other side will be dumfounded."

"And what do you put our members at now?" inquired Mr. Taper.

"Would you take fifty-five for our majority?" rejoined Mr. Tadpole.

"It is not so much the tail they have, as the excuse their junction will be for the moderate, sensible men to come over," said Taper. "Our friend Sir Everard, for example, it would settle him."

"He is a solemn impostor," rejoined Mr. Tadpole; "but he is a baronet and a county member, and very much looked up to by the Wesleyans. The other men, I know, have refused him a peerage."

"And we might hold out judicious hopes," said Taper.

"No one can do that better than you," said Tadpole. "I am apt to say too much about those things."

"I make it a rule never to open my mouth on such subjects," said Taper. "A nod or a wink will speak volumes. An affectionate pressure of the hand will sometimes do a great deal; and I have promised many a peerage without committing myself, by an ingenuous habit of deference which cannot be mistaken by the future noble."

"I wonder what they will do with Rigby," said Tadpole.

"He wants a good deal," said Taper.

"I tell you what, Mr. Taper; the time is gone by when a Marquess of Monmouth was Letter A, No. 1."

"Very true, Mr. Tadpole. A wise man would do well now to look to the great middle class, as I said the other day to the electors of Shabbyton."

"I had sooner be supported by the Wesleyans," said Mr. Tadpole, "than by all the marquesses in the peerage."

"At the same time," said Mr. Taper, "Rigby is a considerable man. If we want a slashing article——"

"Pooh!" said Mr. Tadpole. "He is quite gone by. He takes three months for his slashing articles. Give me a man who can write a leader. Rigby can't write a leader."

"Very few can," said Mr. Taper. "However, I don't think much of the press. Its power is gone by. They overdid it."

"There is Tom Chudleigh," said Tadpole. "What is he to have?"

"Nothing, I hope," said Taper. "I hate him. A coxcomb! cracking his jokes and laughing at us."

"He has done a good deal for the party, though," said Tadpole. "That, to be sure, is only an additional reason for throwing him over, as he is too far committed to venture to oppose us. But I am afraid from something that dropped to-day, that Sir Robert thinks he has claims."

"We must stop them," said Taper, growing pale. "Fellows like Chudleigh when they once get in, are always in one's way. I have no objection to young noblemen being put forward, for they are preferred so rapidly,

and then their fathers die, that in the long run they do not practically interfere with us."

"Well, his name was mentioned," said Tadpole. "There is no concealing that."

"I will speak to Earwig," said Taper. "He shall just drop into Sir Robert's ear by chance, that Chudleigh used to quiz him in the smoking-room. Those little bits of information do a great deal of good."

"Well, I leave him to you," said Tadpole. "I am heartily with you in keeping out all fellows like Chudleigh. They are very well for opposition; but in office we don't want wits."

"And when shall we have the answer from Knowsley?" inquired Taper. "You anticipate no possible difficulty?"

"I tell you it is 'carte blanche,'" replied Tadpole. "Four places in the cabinet. Two secretaryships at the least. Do you happen to know any gentlemen of your acquaintance, Mr. Taper, who refuse secretaryships of state so easily, that you can for an instant doubt of the present arrangement?"

"I know none, indeed," said Mr. Taper, with a grim smile.

"The thing is done," said Mr. Tadpole.

"And now for our cry," said Mr. Taper.

"It is not a cabinet for a good cry," said Tadpole; "but then on the other hand, it is a cabinet that will sow dissension in the opposite ranks, and prevent them having a good cry."

"Ancient institutions and modern improvements, I suppose, Mr. Tadpole?"

"Ameliorations is the better word; ameliorations. Nobody knows exactly what it means."

"We go strong on the Church?" said Mr. Taper.

"And no repeal of the malt tax; you were right, Taper. It can't be listened to for a moment."

"Something might be done with prerogative," said Mr. Taper; "the king's constitutional choice."

"Not too much," replied Mr. Tadpole. "It is a raw time yet for prerogative."

"Ah! Tadpole," said Mr. Taper, getting a little maudlin;

"I often think, if the time should ever come, when you and I should be joint secretaries of the treasury ! "

"We shall see, we shall see. All we have to do is to get into parliament, work well together, and keep other men down."

"We will do our best," said Taper. "A dissolution you hold inevitable ? "

"How are you and I to get into parliament, if there be not one ? We must make it inevitable. I tell you what, Taper, the lists must prove a dissolution inevitable. You understand me ? If the present parliament goes on, where shall we be ? We shall have new men cropping up every session."

"True, terribly true," said Mr. Taper. "That we should ever live to see a Tory government again ! We have reason to be very thankful."

"Hush !" said Mr. Tadpole. "The time has gone by for Tory governments ; what the country requires is a sound Conservative government."

"A sound Conservative government," said Taper musingly. "I understand : Tory men and Whig measures."

Coningsby.

EDWARD BULWER LYTTON, LORD LYTTON

(1803-73)

THE FINAL SHOCK

ADVANCING, as men grope for escape in a dungeon, Ione and her lover continued their uncertain way. At the moments when the volcanic lightnings lingered over the streets, they were enabled, by that awful light, to steer and guide their progress : yet, little did the view it presented to them cheer or encourage their path. In parts, where the ashes lay dry and uncommixed with the boiling torrents, cast upward from the mountain at capricious intervals, the

surface of the earth presented a leprous and ghastly white. In other places, cinder and rock lay matted in heaps, from beneath which emerged the half-hid limbs of some crushed and mangled fugitive. The groans of the dying were broken by wild shrieks of women's terror—now near, now distant—which, when heard in the utter darkness, were rendered doubly appalling by the crushing sense of helplessness and the uncertainty of the perils around ; and clear and distinct through all were the mighty and various noises from the Fatal Mountain : its rushing winds ; its whirling torrents ; and, from time to time, the burst and roar of some more fiery and fierce explosion. And ever as the winds swept howling along the street, they bore sharp streams of burning dust, and such sickening and poisonous vapours, as took away, for the instant, breath and consciousness, followed by a rapid revulsion of the arrested blood, and a tingling sensation of agony trembling through every nerve and fibre of the frame.

“ Oh, Glaucus ! my beloved ! my own !—take me to thy arms ! One embrace ! let me feel thy arms around me—and in that embrace let me die—I can no more ! ”

“ For my sake, for my life—courage, yet, sweet Ione—my life is linked with thine : and see—torches—this way ! Lo ! how they brave the wind ! Ha ! they live through the storm—doubtless, fugitives to the sea ! we will join them.”

As if to aid and reanimate the lovers, the winds and showers came to a sudden pause ; the atmosphere was profoundly still—the mountain seemed at rest, gathering, perhaps, fresh fury for its next burst ; the torch-bearers moved quickly on. “ We are nearing the sea,” said, in a calm voice, the person at their head. “ Liberty and wealth to each slave who survives this day ! Courage ! I tell you that the gods themselves have assured me of deliverance—On ! ”

Redly and steadily the torches flashed full on the eyes of Glaucus and Ione, who lay trembling and exhausted on his bosom. Several slaves were bearing, by the light, panniers and coffers, heavily laden ; in front of them,—a drawn sword in his hand,—towered the lofty form of Arbaces.

"By my fathers!" cried the Egyptian, "Fate smiles upon me even through these horrors, and, amidst the dreaddest aspects of woe and death, bodes me happiness and love. Away, Greek! I claim my ward, Ione!"

"Traitor and murderer!" cried Glaucus, glaring upon his foe, "Nemesis hath guided thee to my revenge!—a just sacrifice to the shades of Hades, that now seem loosed on earth. Approach—touch but the hand of Ione, and thy weapon shall be as a reed—I will tear thee limb from limb!"

Suddenly, as he spoke, the place became lighted with and intense and lurid glow. Bright and gigantic through the darkness, which closed around it like the walls of hell, the mountain shone—a pile of fire! Its summit seemed riven in two; or rather, above its surface there seemed to rise two monster shapes, each confronting each, as Demons contending for a World. These were of one deep blood-red hue of fire, which lighted up the whole atmosphere far and wide; but, *below*, the nether part of the mountain was still dark and shrouded, save in three places, adown which flowed, serpentine and irregular, rivers of the molten lava. Darkly red through the profound gloom of their banks, they flowed slowly on, as towards the devoted city. Over the broadest there seemed to spring a cragged and stupendous arch, from which, as from the jaws of hell, gushed the sources of the sudden Phlegethon. And through the stilled air was heard the rattling of the fragments of rock, hurtling one upon another as they were borne down the fiery cataracts—darkening, for one instant, the spot where they fell, and suffused, the next, in the burnished hues of the flood along which they floated!

The slaves shrieked aloud, and, cowering, hid their faces. The Egyptian himself stood transfixed to the spot, the glow lighting up his commanding features and jewelled robes. High behind him rose a tall column that supported the bronze statue of Augustus; and the imperial image seemed changed to a shape of fire!

With his left hand circled round the form of Ione—with his right arm raised in menace, and grasping the stilus which

was to have been his weapon in the arena, and which he still fortunately bore about him, with his brow knit, his lips apart, the wrath and menace of human passions arrested as by a charm, upon his features, Glaucus fronted the Egyptian !

Arbaces turned his eyes from the mountain—they rested on the form of Glaucus ! He paused a moment : “ Why,” he muttered, “ should I hesitate ? Did not the stars foretell the only crisis of imminent peril to which I was subjected ? —Is not that peril past ? ”

“ The soul,” cried he aloud, “ can brave the wreck of worlds and the wrath of imaginary gods ! By that soul will I conquer to the last ! Advance, slaves !—Athenian, resist me, and thy blood be on thine own head ! Thus, then, I regain Ione ! ”

He advanced one step—it was his last on earth ! The ground shook beneath him with a convulsion that cast all around upon its surface. A simultaneous crash resounded through the city, as down toppled many a roof and pillar ! —the lightning, as if caught by the metal, lingered an instant on the Imperial Statue—then shivered bronze and column ! Down fell the ruin, echoing along the street, and riving the solid pavement where it crashed !—The prophecy of the stars was fulfilled !

The sound—the shock, stunned the Athenian for several moments. When he recovered, the light still illuminated the scene—the earth still slid and trembled beneath ! Ione lay senseless on the ground ; but he saw her not yet—his eyes were fixed upon a ghastly face that seemed to emerge, without limbs or trunk, from the huge fragments of the shattered column—a face of unutterable pain, agony, and despair ! The eyes³ shut and opened rapidly, as if sense were not yet fled ; the lips quivered and grinned—then sudden stillness and darkness fell over the features, yet retaining that aspect of horror never to be forgotten !

So perished the wise Magician—the great Arbaces—the Hermes of the Burning Belt—the last of the royalty of Egypt !

The Last Days of Pompeii.

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW

(1807-82)

MY LOST YOUTH

OFTEN I think of the beautiful town
 That is seated by the sea ;
 Often in thought go up and down
 The pleasant streets of that dear old town,
 And my youth comes back to me.
 And a verse of a Lapland song
 Is haunting my memory still :
 " A boy's will is the wind's will,
 And the thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts."

I can see the shadowy lines of its trees,
 And catch, in sudden gleams,
 The sheen of the far-surrounding seas,
 And islands that were the Hesperides
 Of all my boyish dreams.
 And the burden of that old song,
 It murmurs and whispers still :
 " A boy's will is the wind's will,
 And the thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts."

I remember the black wharves and the slips,
 And the sea-tides tossing free ;
 And Spanish sailors with bearded lips,
 And the beauty and mystery of the ships,
 And the magic of the sea.
 And the voice of that wayward song
 Is singing and saying still :
 " A boy's will is the wind's will,
 And the thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts."

I remember the bulwarks by the shore,
 And the fort upon the hill ;
 The sunrise gun with its hollow roar,
 The drum-beat repeated o'er and o'er,

And the bugle wild and shrill.

And the music of that old song

Throbs in my memory still :

“ A boy’s will is the wind’s will,

And the thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts.”

I remember the sea-fight far away,

How it thunder’d o’er the tide !

And the dead sea-captains, as they lay

In their graves o’erlooking the tranquil bay

Where they in battle died.

And the sound of that mournful song

Goes through me with a thrill :

“ A boy’s will is the wind’s will,

And the thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts.”

I can see the breezy dome of groves,

The shadows of Deering’s woods ;

And the friendships old and the early loves

Come back with a Sabbath sound, as of doves

In quiet neighbourhoods.

And the verse of that sweet old song,

It flutters and murmurs still :

“ A boy’s will is the wind’s will,

And the thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts.”

I remember the gleams and glooms that dart

Across the schoolboy’s brain ;

The song and the silence in the heart,

That in part are prophecies, and in part

Are longings wild and vain.

And the voice of that fitful song

Sings on, and is never still :

“ A boy’s will is the wind’s will,

And the thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts.”

There are things of which I may not speak ;

There are dreams that cannot die ;

There are thoughts that make the strong heart weak,

And bring a pallor into the cheek,

And a mist before the eye.

And the words of that fatal song

Come over me like a chill :

“ A boy’s will is the wind’s will,

And the thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts.”

Strange to me now are the forms I meet

When I visit the dear old town ;

But the native air is pure and sweet,

And the trees that o’ershadow each well-known street,

As they balance up and down,

Are singing the beautiful song,

Are sighing and whispering still :

“ A boy’s will is the wind’s will,

And the thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts.”

And Deering’s woods are fresh and fair,

And with joy that is almost pain

My heart goes back to wander there,

And among the dreams of the days that were

I find my lost youth again.

And the strange and beautiful song,

The groves are repeating it still :

“ A boy’s will is the wind’s will,

And the thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts.”

THOMAS CARLYLE

(1795-1881)

THE DEATH OF THE PROTECTOR

IN the same dark days, occurred George Fox’s third and last interview with Oliver. Their first interview we have seen. The second, which had fallen out some two years ago, did not prosper quite so well. George, riding into Town, “ one evening,” with some “ Edward Pyot ” or other broadbrimmed man, espied the Protector “ at Hyde Park

Corner among his Guards," and made up to his carriage-window, in spite of opposition ; and was altogether cordially welcomed there. But on the following day, at Whitehall, the Protector "spake lightly" ; he sat down loosely "on a table," and "spake light things to me,"—in fact, rather quizzed me ; finding my enormous sacred Self-confidence none of the least of my attainments ! Such had been our second interview ; here now is the third and last.—George dates nothing ; and his facts everywhere lie round him like the leather-parings of his old shop : but we judge it may have been about the time when the Manzinis and Ducs de Crequi were parading in their gilt coaches, That George and two Friends "going out of Town," on a summer day, "two of Hacker's men" had met them,—taken them, brought them to the Mews. "Prisoners there a while" :—but the Lord's power was over Hacker's men ; they had to let us go. Whereupon :

"The same day, taking boat I went down" (*up*) "to Kingston, and from thence to Hampton Court, to speak with the Protector about the Sufferings of Friends. I met him riding into Hampton-Court Park ; and before I came to him, as he rode at the head of his Lifeguard, I saw and felt a waft" (*whiff*) "of death go against him"—Or in favour of him, George ? His life, if thou knew it, has not been a merry thing for this man, now or heretofore ! I fancy he has been looking, this long while, to give it up, whenever the Commander-in-chief required. To quit his laborious sentry-post ; honourably lay-up his arms, and be gone to his rest :—all Eternity to rest in, O George ! Was thy own life merry, for example, in the hollow of the tree ; clad permanently in leather ? And does kingly purple, and governing refractory worlds instead of stitching coarse shoes, make it merrier ? The waft of death is not against *him*, I think,—perhaps against thee, and me, and others, O George, when the Nell-Gwyn Defender and Two Centuries of all-victorious Cant have come in upon us ! My unfortunate George—"a waft of death go forth against him ; and when I came to him, he looked like a dead man. After I had laid the Sufferings of Friends before

him, and had warned him according as I was moved to speak to him, he bade me come to his house. So I returned to Kingston; and, the next day, went up to Hampton Court to speak farther with him. But when I came, Harvey, who was one that waited on him, told me the Doctors were not willing that I should speak with him. So I passed away, and never saw him more."

Friday, the 20th of August 1658, this was probably the day on which George Fox saw Oliver riding into Hampton Park with his Guards, for the last time. That Friday, as we find, his Highness seemed much better: but on the morrow a sad change had taken place; feverish symptoms, for which the Doctors rigorously prescribed quiet. Saturday to Tuesday the symptoms continued ever worsening: a kind of tertian ague, "bastard tertian" as the old Doctors name it; for which it was ordered that his Highness should return to Whitehall, as to a more favourable air in that complaint. On Tuesday accordingly he quitted Hampton Court;—never to see it more.

"His time was come," says Harvey; "and neither prayers nor tears could prevail with God to lengthen out his life and continue him longer to us. Prayers abundantly and incessantly poured out on his behalf, both publicly and privately, as was observed, in a more than ordinary way. Besides many a secret sigh,—secret and unheard by men, yet like the cry of Moses, more loud, and strongly laying hold on God, than many spoken supplications. All which,—the hearts of God's People being thus mightily stirred up,—did seem to beget confidence in some, and hopes in all; yea some thoughts in himself, that God would restore him."

"Prayers public and private": they are worth imagining to ourselves. Meetings of Preachers, Chaplains, and Godly Persons; "Owen, Goodwin, Sterry, with a company of others, in an adjoining room"; in Whitehall, and elsewhere over religious London and England, fervent outpourings of many a loyal heart. For there were hearts to whom the nobleness of this man was known, and his worth to the Puritan Cause was evident. Prayers,—strange

enough to us ; in a dialect fallen obsolete, forgotten now. Authentic wrestlings of ancient Human Souls,—who were alive then, with their affections, awe-struck pieties ; with their Human Wishes, risen to be *transcendent*, hoping to prevail with the Inexorable. All swallowed now in the depths of dark Time ; which is full of such, since the beginning !—Truly it is a great scene of World-History, this in old Whitehall : Oliver Cromwell drawing nigh to his end. The exit of Oliver Cromwell and of English Puritanism ; a great Light, one of our few authentic Solar Luminaries, going down now amid the clouds of Death. Like the setting of a great victorious Summer Sun ; its course now finished. “ *So stirbt ein Held,*” says Schiller, “ So dies a Hero ! Sight worthy to be worshipped ! ”—He died, this Hero Oliver, in Resignation to God ; as the Brave have all done. “ We could not be more desirous he should abide,” says the pious Harvey, “ than he was content and willing to be gone.” The struggle lasted, amid hope and fear, for ten days.—Some small miscellaneous traits and confused gleanings of last-words ; and then our poor History ends.

When the morrow’s sun rose, Oliver was speechless ; between three and four in the afternoon, he lay dead. Friday, 3d September 1658. “ The consternation and astonishment of all people,” writes Fauconberg, “ are inexpressible ; their hearts seem as if sunk within them. My poor Wife,—I know not what on earth to do with her. When seemingly quieted, she bursts out again into a passion that tears her very heart in pieces.”—Husht, poor weeping Mary ! Here is a Life-battle right nobly done. Seest thou not,

The storm is changed into a calm,
At His command and will ;
So that waves which raged before
Now quiet are and still !

Then are *they* glad,—because at rest
And quiet now they be :
So to the haven He them brings
Which they desired to see.

“Blessed are the dead that die in the Lord”; blessed are the valiant that have lived in the Lord. “Amen, saith the Spirit,”—Amen. “They do rest from their labours, and their works follow them.”

“Their works follow them.” As, I think, this Oliver Cromwell’s works have done and are still doing! We have had our “Revolutions of Eighty-eight,” officially called “glorious”; and other Revolutions not yet called glorious; and somewhat has been gained for poor Mankind. Men’s ears are not now slit off by rash Officiality; Officiality will, for long henceforth, be more cautious about men’s ears. The tyrannous Star-chambers, branding-irons, chimerical Kings and Surplices at All-hallowtide, they are gone, or with immense velocity going. Oliver’s works do follow him!—The works of a man, bury them under what guano-mountains and obscene owl-droppings you will, do not perish, cannot perish. What of Heroism, what of Eternal Light was in a Man and his Life, is with very great exactness added to the Eternities; remains forever a new divine portion of the Sun of Things; and no owl’s voice, this way or that, in the least avails in the matter.—But we have to end here.

Oliver is gone; and with him England’s Puritanism, laboriously built together by this man, and made a thing far-shining miraculous to its own Century, and memorable to all the Centuries, soon goes. Puritanism, without its King, is *kingless*, anarchic; falls into dislocation, self-collision; staggers, plunges into ever deeper anarchy; King, Defender of the Puritan Faith there can now none be found;—and nothing is left but recall the old disowned Defender with the remnants of his Four Surplices, and Two Centuries of *Hypocrisis* (or Play-acting *not* so-called), and put-up with all that, the best we may. The genius of England no longer soars Sunward, world-defiant, like an Eagle through the storms, “mewing her mighty youth,” as John Milton saw her do: the Genius of England, much liker a greedy Ostrich intent on provender and a whole skin mainly, stands with its *other* extremity Sunward; with

its Ostrich-head stuck into the readiest bush, of old Church-tippets, King-cloaks, or what other "sheltering Fallacy" there may be, and so awaits the issue. The issue has been slow; but it is now seen to have been inevitable. No Ostrich, intent on gross terrene provender, and sticking its head into Fallacies, but will be awakened one day,—in a terrible *à-posteriori* manner, if not otherwise!—Awake before it come to that; gods and men bid us awake! The Voices of our Fathers, with thousandfold stern monition to one and all, bid us awake.

Letters of Cromwell.

CHARLES KINGSLEY

(1819-75)

EVERY MAN TO HIS OWN PLACE

EARLY the next morning, Raphael was standing in Cyril's anteroom, awaiting an audience. There were loud voices within; and after a while a tribune whom he knew well hurried out, muttering curses—

"What brings you here, friend?" said Raphael.

"The scoundrel will not give them up," answered he, in an undertone.

"Give up whom?"

"The murderers. They are in sanctuary now at the Cæsareium. Orestes sent me to demand them: and this fellow defies him openly!" And the tribune hurried out.

Raphael, sickened with disgust, half-turned to follow him: but his better angel conquered, and he obeyed the summons of the deacon who ushered him in.

Cyril was walking up and down, according to his custom, with great strides. When he saw who was his visitor, he stopped short with a look of fierce inquiry. Raphael entered on business at once, with a cold calm voice.

"You know me, doubtless; and you know what I was. I am now a Christian catechumen. I come to make such restitution as I can for certain past ill-deeds done in this

city. You will find among these papers the trust-deeds for such a yearly sum of money as will enable you to hire a house of refuge for a hundred fallen women, and give such dowries to thirty of them yearly as will enable them to find suitable husbands. I have set down every detail of my plan. On its exact fulfilment depends the continuance of my gift."

Cyril took the document eagerly, and was breaking out with some commonplace about pious benevolence, when the Jew stopped him.

"Your Holiness's compliments are unnecessary. It is to your office, not to yourself, that this business relates."

Cyril, whose conscience was ill enough at ease that morning, felt abashed before Raphael's dry and quiet manner, which bespoke, as he well knew, reproof more severe than all open upbraidings. So looking down, not without something like a blush, he ran his eye hastily over the paper; and then said, in his blandest tone:

"My brother will forgive me for remarking, that while I acknowledge his perfect right to dispose of his charities as he will, it is somewhat startling to me, as Metropolitan of Egypt, to find not only the Abbot Isidore of Pelusium, but the secular Defender of the Plebs, a civil officer, implicated, too, in the late conspiracy, associated with me as co-trustees."

"I have taken the advice of more than one Christian bishop on the matter. I acknowledge your authority, by my presence here. If the Scriptures say rightly, the civil magistrates are as much God's ministers as you; and I am therefore bound to acknowledge their authority also. I should have preferred associating the Prefect with you in the trust: but as your dissensions with the present occupant of that post might have crippled my scheme, I have named the Defender of the Plebs, and have already put into his hands a copy of this document. Another copy has been sent to Isidore, who is empowered to receive all moneys from my Jewish bankers in Pelusium."

"You doubt, then, either my ability or my honesty?" said Cyril, who was becoming somewhat nettled.

"If your Holiness dislikes my offer, it is easy to omit your name in the deed. One word more. If you deliver up to justice the murderers of my friend Hypatia, I double my bequest on the spot."

Cyril burst out instantly :

"Thy money perish with thee! Do you presume to bribe me into delivering up my children to the tyrant?"

"I offer to give you the means of showing more mercy, provided that you will first do simple justice."

"Justice?" cried Cyril, "Justice? If it be just that Peter should die, sir, see first whether it was not just that Hypatia should die. Not that I compassed it. As I live, I would have given my own right hand that this had not happened! But now that it is done—let those who talk of justice look first in which scale of the balance it lies! Do you fancy, sir, that the people do not know their enemies from their friends? Do you fancy that they are to sit with folded hands, while a pedant makes common cause with a profligate, to drag them back again into the very black gulf of outer darkness, ignorance, brutal lust, grinding slavery, from which The Son of God died to free them, from which they are painfully and slowly struggling upward to the light of day? You, sir, if you be a Christian catechumen, should know for yourself what would have been the fate of Alexandria had the devil's plot of two days since succeeded. What if the people struck too fiercely? They struck in the right place. What if they have given the rein to passions fit only for heathens? Recollect the centuries of heathendom which bred those passions in them, and blame not my teaching, but the teaching of their forefathers. That very Peter . . . What if he have for once given place to the devil, and avenged where he should have forgiven? Has he no memories which may excuse him for fancying, in a just paroxysm of dread, that idolatry and falsehood must be crushed at any risk?—He who counts back for now three hundred years, in persecution after persecution, martyrs, sir! martyrs—if you know what that word implies—of his own blood and kin; who, when he was but a seven years' boy, saw his own father made a

sightless cripple to this day, and his elder sister, a consecrated nun, devoured alive by swine in the open streets, at the hands of those who supported the very philosophy, the very gods, which Hypatia attempted yesterday to restore. God shall judge such a man ; not I, nor you ! ”

“ Let God judge him, then, by delivering him to God’s minister.”

“ God’s minister ? That heathen and apostate prefect ? When he has expiated his apostacy by penance, and returned publicly to the bosom of the Church, it will be time enough to obey him : till then he is the minister of none but the devil. And no ecclesiastic shall suffer at the tribunal of an infidel. Holy Writ forbids us to go to law before the unjust. Let the world say of me what it will. I defy it and its rulers. I have to establish the kingdom of God in this city, and do it I will, knowing that other foundation can no man lay than that which is laid, which is Christ.”

“ Wherefore you proceed to lay it afresh. A curious method of proving that it is laid already.”

“ What do you mean ? ” asked Cyril, angrily.

“ Simply that God’s kingdom, if it exists at all, must be a sort of kingdom, considering Who is The King of it, which would have established itself without your help some time since ; probably, indeed, if the Scriptures of my Jewish forefathers are to be believed, before the foundation of the world ; and that your business was to believe that God was King of Alexandria, and had put the Roman law there to crucify all murderers, ecclesiastics included, and that crucified they must be accordingly, as high as Haman himself.”

“ I will hear no more of this, sir ! I am responsible to God alone, and not to you : let it be enough that by virtue of the authority committed to me, I shall cut off these men from the Church of God, by solemn excommunication, for three years to come.”

“ They are not cut off, then, it seems, as yet ? ”

“ I tell you, sir, that I shall cut them off ! Do you come here to doubt my word ? ”

“ Not in the least, most august sir. But I should have

fancied that, according to my carnal notions of God's Kingdom and The Church, they had cut off themselves most effectually already, from the moment when they cast away the Spirit of God, and took to themselves the spirit of murder and cruelty ; and that all which your most just and laudable excommunication could effect, would be to inform the public of that fact. However, farewell ! My money shall be forthcoming in due time ; and that is the most important matter between us at this moment. As for your client Peter and his fellows, perhaps the most fearful punishment which can befall them, is to go on as they have begun. I only hope that you will not follow in the same direction."

" I ? " cried Cyril, trembling with rage.

" Really I wish your Holiness well when I say so. If my notions seem to you somewhat secular, yours—forgive me—seem to be somewhat atheistic ; and I advise you honestly to take care lest while you are busy trying to establish God's kingdom, you forget what it is like, by shutting your eyes to those of its laws which are established already. I have no doubt that with your Holiness's great powers you will succeed in establishing something. My only dread is, that when it is established, you should discover to your horror that it is the devil's kingdom and not God's."

And without waiting for an answer, Raphael bowed himself out of the august presence, and sailing for Berenice that very day, with Eudæmon and his negro wife, went to his own place ; there to labour and to succour, a sad and stern, and yet a loving and a much-loved man, for many a year to come.

And now we will leave Alexandria also, and taking a forward leap of some twenty years, see how all other persons mentioned in this history went, likewise, each to his own place.

* * * * *

A little more than twenty years after, the wisest and holiest man in the East was writing of Cyril, just deceased :

"His death made those who survived him joyful; but it grieved most probably the dead; and there is cause to fear, lest, finding his presence too troublesome, they should send him back to us. . . . May it come to pass, by your prayers, that he may obtain mercy and forgiveness, and that the immeasurable grace of God may prevail over his wickedness!" . . .

So wrote Theodoret, in days when men had not yet intercalated into Holy Writ that line of an obscure modern hymn, which proclaims to man the good news that "There is no repentance in the grave." Let that be as it may, Cyril has gone to his own place. What that place is in history is but too well known. What it is in the sight of Him unto whom all live for ever, is no concern of ours. May He whose mercy is over all his works, have mercy upon all, whether orthodox or unorthodox, Papist or Protestant, who, like Cyril, begin by lying for the cause of truth; and setting off upon that evil road, arrive surely, with the Scribes and Pharisees of old, sooner or later at their own place!

True, he and his monks had conquered; but Hypatia did not die unavenged. In the hour of that unrighteous victory, the Church of Alexandria received a deadly wound. It had admitted and sanctioned those habits of doing evil that good may come, of pious intrigue, and at last of open persecution, which are certain to creep in wheresoever men attempt to set up a merely religious empire, independent of human relationships and civil laws;—to "establish," in short, a "theocracy," and by that very act confess their secret disbelief that God is ruling already. And the Egyptian Church grew, year by year, more lawless and inhuman. Freed from enemies without, and from the union which fear compels, it turned its ferocity inward, to prey on its own vitals, and to tear itself in pieces, by a voluntary suicide, with mutual anathemas and exclusions, till it ended as a mere chaos of idolatrous sects, persecuting each other for metaphysical propositions, which, true or false, were equally heretical in their mouths, because they used them only as watchwords of division. Orthodox or

unorthodox, they knew not God, for they knew neither righteousness, nor love, nor peace. . . . They "hated their brethren, and walked on still in darkness, not knowing whither they were going" . . . till Amrou and his Mahommedans appeared; and whether they discovered the fact or not, they went to their own place. . . .

Hypatia.

THE SANDS OF DEE

"O MARY, go and call the cattle home,
And call the cattle home,
And call the cattle home
Across the sands of Dee";

The western wind was wild and dank with foam,
And all alone went she.

The western tide crept up along the sand,
And o'er and o'er the sand,
And round and round the sand,
As far as eye could see.

The rolling mist came down, and hid the land:
And never home came she.

"Oh! is it weed, or fish, or floating hair—
A tress of golden hair,
A drownèd maiden's hair,
Above the nets at sea?"

Was never salmon yet that shone so fair
Among the stakes on Dee.

They row'd her in across the rolling foam,
The cruel crawling foam,
The cruel hungry foam,
To her grave beside the sea.

But still the boatmen hear her call the cattle home,
Across the sands of Dee.

Andromeda and other Poems, 1858.

RALPH WALDO EMERSON

(1803-82)

BRAHMA

If the red slayer think he slays,
Or if the slain think he is slain,
They know not well the subtle ways
I keep, and pass, and turn again.

Far or forgot to me is near ;
Shadow and sunlight are the same ;
The vanish'd gods to me appear ;
And one to me are shame and fame.

They reckon ill who leave me out ;
When me they fly, I am the wings ;
I am the doubter and the doubt,
And I the hymn the Brahmin sings.

The strong gods pine for my abode,
And pine in vain the sacred Seven ;
But thou, meek lover of the good !
Find me, and turn thy back on heaven.

THE OVER-SOUL

THE Supreme Critic on the errors of the past and the present, and the only prophet of that which must be, is that great nature in which we rest, as the earth lies in the soft arms of the atmosphere ; that Unity, that Over-soul, within which every man's particular being is contained and made one with all other ; that common heart, of which all sincere conversation is the worship, to which all right action is submission ; that overpowering reality which confutes our tricks and talents, and constrains every one to pass for what he is, and to speak from his character, and not from his

tongue, and which evermore tends to pass into our thought and hand, and become wisdom, and virtue, and power, and beauty. We live in succession, in division, in parts, in particles. Meantime within man is the soul of the whole ; the wise silence ; the universal beauty, to which every part and particle is equally related ; the eternal ONE. And this deep power in which we exist, and whose beatitude is all accessible to us, is not only self-sufficing and perfect in every hour, but the act of seeing and the thing seen, the seer and the spectacle, the subject and the object, are one. We see the world piece by piece, as the sun, the moon, the animal, the tree ; but the whole, of which these are the shining parts, is the soul. Only by the vision of that Wisdom can the horoscope of the ages be read, and by falling back on our better thoughts, by yielding to the spirit of prophecy which is innate in every man, we can know what it saith. Every man's words, who speaks from that life, must sound vain to those who do not dwell in the same thought on their own part. I dare not speak for it. My words do not carry its august sense, they fall short and cold. Only itself can inspire whom it will, and behold ! their speech shall be lyrical, and sweet, and universal as the rising of the wind. Yet I desire, even by profane words, if I may not use sacred, to indicate the heaven of this deity, and to report what hints I have collected of the transcendent simplicity and energy of the Highest Law.

If we consider what happens in conversation, in reveries, in remorse, in times of passion, in surprises, in the instructions of dreams, wherein often we see ourselves in masquerade, —the droll disguises only magnifying and enhancing a real element, and forcing it on our distinct notice—we shall catch many hints that will broaden and lighten into knowledge of the secret of nature. All goes to show that the soul in man is not an organ, but animates and exercises all the organs ; is not a function, like the power of memory, of calculation, of comparison, but uses these as hands and feet ; is not a faculty, but a light ; is not the intellect or the will, but the master of the intellect and the will ; is the background of our being, in which they lie—an immensity

not possessed and that cannot be possessed. From within or from behind, a light shines through us upon things, and makes us aware that we are nothing, but the light is all. A man is the façade of a temple wherein all wisdom and all good abide. What we commonly call man, the eating, drinking, planting, counting man, does not, as we know him, represent himself, but misrepresents himself. Him we do not respect, but the soul, whose organ he is, would he let it appear through his action, would make our knees bend. When it breathes through his intellect, it is genius; when it breathes through his will, it is virtue; when it flows through his affection, it is love. And the blindness of the intellect begins, when it would be something of itself. The weakness of the will begins, when the individual would be something of himself. All reform aims, in some one particular, to let the soul have its way through us; in other words, to engage us to obey.

Of this pure nature every man is at some time sensible. Language cannot paint it with his colours. It is too subtile. It is undefinable, unmeasurable, but we know that it pervades and contains us. We know that all spiritual being is in man. A wise old proverb says, "God comes to see us without bell"; that is, as there is no screen or ceiling between our heads and the infinite heavens, so is there no bar or wall in the soul where man, the effect, ceases, and God, the cause, begins. The walls are taken away. We lie open on one side to the deeps of spiritual nature, to the attributes of God. Justice we see and know, Love, Freedom, Power. These natures no man ever got above, but they tower over us, and most in the moment when our interests tempt us to wound them.

Essays.

ALFRED TENNYSON, LORD TENNYSON

(1809-92)

MARIANA

WITH blackest moss the flower-plots
 Were thickly crusted, one and all :
 The rusted nails fell from the knots
 That held the pear to the gable wall.
 The broken sheds look'd sad and strange :
 Unlifted was the clinking latch ;
 Weeded and worn the ancient thatch
 Upon the lonely moated grange.
 She only said, " My life is dreary,
 He cometh not," she said ;
 She said, " I am aweary, aweary,
 I would that I were dead ! "

Her tears fell with the dews at even ;
 Her tears fell ere the dews were dried ;
 She could not look on the sweet heaven,
 Either at morn or eventide.
 After the flitting of the bats,
 When thickest dark did trance the sky,
 She drew her casement-curtain by,
 And glanced athwart the glooming flats.
 She only said, " The night is dreary,
 He cometh not," she said ;
 She said, " I am aweary, aweary,
 I would that I were dead ! "

Upon the middle of the night,
 Waking she heard the night-fowl crow :
 The cock sung out an hour ere light :
 From the dark fen the oxen's low

Came to her : without hope of change,
In sleep she seem'd to walk forlorn,
Till cold winds woke the gray-eyed morn
About the lonely moated grange.

She only said, " The day is dreary,
He cometh not," she said ;
She said, " I am aweary, aweary,
I would that I were dead ! "

About a stone-cast from the wall
A sluice with blacken'd waters slept,
And o'er it many, round and small,
The cluster'd marish-mosses crept.
Hard by a poplar shook alway,
All silver-green with gnarlèd bark :
For leagues no other tree did mark
The level waste, the rounding gray.

She only said, " My life is dreary,
He cometh not," she said ;
She said, " I am aweary, aweary,
I would that I were dead ! "

And ever when the moon was low,
And the shrill winds were up and away,
In the white curtain, to and fro,
She saw the gusty shadow sway.
But when the moon was very low,
And wild winds bound within their cell,
The shadow of the poplar fell
Upon her bed, across her brow.

She only said, " The night is dreary,
He cometh not," she said ;
She said, " I am aweary, aweary,
I would that I were dead ! "

All day within the dreamy house,
The doors upon their hinges creak'd ;
The blue fly sung in the pane ; the mouse
Behind the mouldering wainscot shriek'd,

Or from the crevice peer'd about.
 Old faces glimmer'd thro' the doors,
 Old footsteps trod the upper floors,
 Old voices call'd her from without.
 She only said, " My life is dreary,
 He cometh not," she said ;
 She said, " I am aweary, aweary,
 I would that I were dead ! "

The sparrow's chirrup on the roof,
 The slow clock ticking, and the sound
 Which to the wooing wind aloof
 The poplar made, did all confound
 Her sense ; but most she loathed the hour
 When the thick-moted sunbeam lay
 Athwart the chambers, and the day
 Was sloping toward his western bower.
 Then, said she, " I am very dreary,
 He will not come," she said ;
 She wept, " I am aweary, aweary,
 O God, that I were dead ! "

THE LADY OF SHALOTT

PART I

ON either side the river lie
 Long fields of barley and of rye,
 That clothe the wold and meet the sky ;
 And thro' the field the road runs by
 To many-tower'd Camelot ;
 And up and down the people go,
 Gazing where the lilies blow
 Round an island there below,
 The island of Shalott.

Willows whiten, aspens quiver,
 Little breezes dusk and shiver

Thro' the wave that runs for ever
By the island in the river
 Flowing down to Camelot.
Four gray walls, and four gray towers,
Overlook a space of flowers,
And the silent isle imbowers
 The Lady of Shalott.

By the margin, willow-veil'd,
Slide the heavy barges trail'd
By slow horses ; and unhail'd
The shallop flitteth silken-sail'd
 Skimming down to Camelot :
But who hath seen her wave her hand ?
Or at the casement seen her stand ?
Or is she known in all the land,
 The Lady of Shalott ?

Only reapers, reaping early
In among the bearded barley,
Hear a song that echoes cheerly
From the river winding clearly,
 Down to tower'd Camelot :
And by the moon the reaper weary,
Piling sheaves in uplands airy,
Listening, whispers " 'Tis the fairy
 Lady of Shalott."

PART II

There she weaves by night and day
A magic web with colours gay.
She has heard a whisper say,
A curse is on her if she stay
 To look down to Camelot.
She knows not what the curse may be,
And so she weaveth steadily,
And little other care hath she,
 The Lady of Shalott.

And moving thro' a mirror clear
 That hangs before her all the year,
 Shadows of the world appear.
 There she sees the highway near
 Winding down to Camelot :
 There the river eddy whirls,
 And there the surly village-churls,
 And the red cloaks of market girls,
 Pass onward from Shalott.

Sometimes a troop of damsels glad,
 An abbot on an ambling pad,
 Sometimes a curly shepherd-lad,
 Or long-hair'd page in crimson clad,
 Goes by to tower'd Camelot ;
 And sometimes thro' the mirror blue
 The knights come riding two and two
 She hath no loyal knight and true,
 The Lady of Shalott.

But in her web she still delights
 To weave the mirror's magic sights,
 For often thro' the silent nights
 A funeral, with plumes and lights
 And music went to Camelot :
 Or when the moon was overhead,
 Came two young lovers lately wed ;
 " I am half sick of shadows," said
 The Lady of Shalott.

PART III

A bow-shot from her bower-eaves,
 He rode between the barley-sheaves,
 The sun came dazzling thro' the leaves,
 And flamed upon the brazen greaves
 Of bold Sir Lancelot.
 A red-cross knight for ever kneel'd
 To a lady in his shield,
 That sparkled on the yellow field,
 Beside remote Shalott.

The gemmy bridle glitter'd free,
Like to some branch of stars we see
Hung in the golden Galaxy.
The bridle bells rang merrily
 As he rode down to Camelot :
And from his blazon'd baldrick slung
A mighty silver bugle hung,
And as he rode his armour rung,
 Beside remote Shalott.

All in the blue unclouded weather
Thick-jewell'd shone the saddle-leather,
The helmet and the helmet-feather
Burn'd like one burning flame together,
 As he rode down to Camelot.
As often thro' the purple night,
Below the starry clusters bright,
Some bearded meteor, trailing light,
 Moves over still Shalott.

His broad clear brow in sunlight glow'd ;
On burnish'd hooves his war-horse trode ;
From underneath his helmet flow'd
His coal-black curls as on he rode,
 As he rode down to Camelot.
From the bank and from the river
He flash'd into the crystal mirror,
" Tirra lirra," by the river
 Sang Sir Lancelot.

She left the web, she left the loom,
She made three paces thro' the room,
She saw the water-lily bloom,
She saw the helmet and the plume,
 She look'd down to Camelot.
Out flew the web and floated wide ;
The mirror crack'd from side to side ;
" The curse is come upon me ! " cried
 The Lady of Shalott.

PART IV

In the stormy east-wind straining,
 The pale yellow woods were waning,
 The broad stream in his banks complaining,
 Heavily the low sky raining
 Over tower'd Camelot ;
 Down she came and found a boat
 Beneath a willow left afloat,
 And round about the prow she wrote
 The Lady of Shalott.

And down the river's dim expanse—
 Like some bold seër in a trance,
 Seeing all his own mischance—
 With a glassy countenance
 Did she look to Camelot.
 And at the closing of the day
 She loosed the chain, and down she lay ;
 The broad stream bore her far away,
 The Lady of Shalott.

Lying, robed in snowy white
 That loosely flew to left and right—
 The leaves upon her falling light—
 Thro' the noises of the night
 She floated down to Camelot :
 And as the boat-head wound along
 The willowy hills and fields among,
 They heard her singing her last song,
 The Lady of Shalott.

Heard a carol, mournful, holy,
 Chanted loudly, chanted lowly,
 Till her blood was frozen slowly,
 And her eyes were darken'd wholly,
 Turn'd to tower'd Camelot ;
 For ere she reach'd upon the tide

The first house by the water-side,
Singing in her song she died,
The Lady of Shalott.

Under tower and balcony,
By garden-wall and gallery,
A gleaming shape she floated by,
Dead-pale between the houses high,
Silent into Camelot.
Out upon the wharfs they came,
Knight and burgher, lord and dame,
And round the prow they read her name,
The Lady of Shalott.

Who is this ? and what is here ?
And in the lighted palace near
Died the sound of royal cheer ;
And they cross'd themselves for fear,
All the knights at Camelot :
But Lancelot mused a little space ;
He said, " She has a lovely face ;
God in His mercy lend her grace,
The Lady of Shalott."

SONG OF THE LOTOS-EATERS

THERE is sweet music here that softer falls
Than petals from blown roses on the grass,
Or night-dews on still waters between walls
Of shadowy granite, in a gleaming pass ;
Music that gentler on the spirit lies,
Than tired eyelids upon tired eyes ;
Music that brings sweet sleep down from the blissful skies.
Here are cool mosses deep,
And thro' the moss the ivies creep,
And in the stream the long-leaved flowers weep,
And from the craggy ledge the poppy hangs in sleep.

Why are we weigh'd upon with heaviness,
 And utterly consumed with sharp distress,
 While all things else have rest from weariness ?
 All things have rest : why should we toil alone,
 We only toil, who are the first of things,
 And make perpetual moan,
 Still from one sorrow to another thrown :
 Nor ever fold our wings,
 And cease from wanderings,
 Nor steep our brows in slumber's holy balm ;
 Nor harken what the inner spirit sings,
 " There is no joy but calm ! " —
 Why should we only toil, the roof and crown of things ?

Lo ! in the middle of the wood,
 The folded leaf is woo'd from out the bud
 With winds upon the branch, and there
 Grows green and broad, and takes no care,
 Sun-steep'd at noon, and in the moon
 Nightly dew-fed ; and turning yellow
 Falls, and floats adown the air.
 Lo ! sweeten'd with the summer light,
 The full-juiced apple, waxing over-mellow,
 Drops in a silent autumn night.
 All its allotted length of days,
 The flower ripens in its place,
 Ripens and fades, and falls, and hath no toil,
 Fast-rooted in the fruitful soil.

Hateful is the dark-blue sky,
 Vaulted o'er the dark-blue sea.
 Death is the end of life ; ah, why
 Should life all labour be ?
 Let us alone. Time driveth onward fast,
 And in a little while our lips are dumb.
 Let us alone. What is it that will last ?
 All things are taken from us, and become
 Portions and parcels of the dreadful Past.
 Let us alone. What pleasure can we have

To war with evil ? Is there any peace
In ever climbing up the climbing wave ?
All things have rest, and ripen toward the grave
In silence ; ripen, fall and cease :
Give us long rest or death, dark death, or dreamful ease.

How sweet it were, hearing the downward stream,
With half-shut eyes to seem
Falling asleep in a half-dream !
To dream and dream, like yonder amber light,
Which will not leave the myrrh-bush on the height ;
To hear each other's whisper'd speech ;
Eating the Lotos day by day,
To watch the crisping ripples on the beach,
And tender curving lines of creamy spray ;
To lend our hearts and spirits wholly
To the influence of mild-minded melancholy ;
To muse and brood and live again in memory,
With those old faces of our infancy
Heap'd over with a mound of grass,
Two handfuls of white dust, shut in an urn of brass !

Dear is the memory of our wedded lives,
And dear the last embraces of our wives
And their warm tears : but all hath suffer'd change ;
For surely now our household hearths are cold :
Our sons inherit us : our looks are strange :
And we should come like ghosts to trouble joy.
Or else the island princes over-bold
Have eat our substance, and the minstrel sings
Before them of the ten years' war in Troy,
And our great deeds, as half-forgotten things.
Is there confusion in the little isle ?
Let what is broken so remain.
The Gods are hard to reconcile :
'Tis hard to settle order once again.
There is confusion worse than death,
Trouble on trouble, pain on pain,
Long labour unto aged breath.

Sore task to hearts worn out with many wars
And eyes grown dim with gazing on the pilot-stars.

But, propt on beds of amaranth and moly,
How sweet (while warm airs lull us, blowing lowly)
With half-dropt eyelids still,
Beneath a heaven dark and holy,
To watch the long bright river drawing slowly
His waters from the purple hill—
To hear the dewy echoes calling
From cave to cave thro' the thick-twinèd vine—
To watch the emerald-colour'd water falling
Thro' many a wov'n acanthus-wreath divine !
Only to hear and see the far-off sparkling brine,
Only to hear were sweet, stretch'd out beneath the pine.

The Lotos blooms below the barren peak :
The Lotos blows by every winding creek :
All day the wind breathes low with mellower tone :
Thro' every hollow cave and alley lone
Round and round the spicy downs the yellow Lotos-dust is blown.
We have had enough of action, and of motion we,
Roll'd to starboard, roll'd to larboard, when the surge was seething free
Where the wallowing monster spouted his foam-fountains in the sea.
Let us swear an oath, and keep it with an equal mind,
In the hollow Lotos-land to live and lie reclined
On the hills like Gods together, careless of mankind.
For they lie beside their nectar, and the bolts are hurl'd
Far below them in the valleys, and the clouds are lightly curl'd
Round their golden houses, girdled with the gleaming world :
Where they smile in secret, looking over wasted lands,
Blight and famine, plague and earthquake, roaring deeps and fiery sand
Clanging fights, and flaming towns, and sinking ships, and praying hand
But they smile, they find a music centred in a doleful song
Steaming up, a lamentation and an ancient tale of wrong,
Like a tale of little meaning tho' the words are strong ;
Chanted from an ill-used race of men that cleave the soil,
Sow the seed, and reap the harvest with enduring toil,
Storing yearly little dues of wheat, and wine and oil ;
Till they perish and they suffer—some, 'tis whisper'd—down in hell

Suffer endless anguish, others in Elysian valleys dwell,
Resting weary limbs at last on beds of asphodel.
Surely, surely, slumber is more sweet than toil, the shore
Than labour in the deep mid-ocean, wind and wave and oar
O rest ye, brother mariners, we will not wander more.

O THAT 'TWERE POSSIBLE

O THAT 'twere possible
After long grief and pain
To find the arms of my true love
Round me once again ! . . .

A shadow flits before me,
Not thou, but like to thee :
Ah, Christ ! that it were possible
For one short hour to see
The souls we loved, that they might tell us
What and where they be !

EDGAR ALLAN POE

(1809-49)

ANNABEL LEE

It was many and many a year ago,
In a kingdom by the sea,
That a maiden there lived whom you may know
By the name of Annabel Lee.
And this maiden she lived with no other thought
Than to love and be loved by me.

I was a child and she was a child
In this kingdom by the sea :
But we loved with a love that was more than love—
I and my Annabel Lee,
With a love that the wingèd seraphs of heaven
Coveted her and me.

And this was the reason that, long ago,
In this kingdom by the sea,
A wind blew out of a cloud, chilling
My beautiful Annabel Lee,
So that her high-born kinsman came
And bore her away from me,
To shut her up in a sepulchre
In this kingdom by the sea.

The angels, not half so happy in heaven,
Went envying her and me—
Yes ! that was the reason (as all men know,
In this kingdom by the sea)
That the wind came out of the cloud one night,
Chilling and killing my Annabel Lee.

But our love it was stronger by far than the love
Of those who were older than we—
Of many far wiser than we—
And neither the angels in heaven above,
Nor the demons down under the sea,
Can ever dissever my soul from the soul
Of the beautiful Annabel Lee :

For the moon never beams without bringing me dreams
Of the beautiful Annabel Lee ;
And the stars never rise, but I feel the bright eyes
Of the beautiful Annabel Lee ;
And so, all the night-tide, I lie down by the side
Of my darling—my darling—my life and my bride,
In the sepulchre there by the sea,
In her tomb by the sounding sea.

CHARLES DICKENS

(1812-70)

MR. PICKWICK ON THE ICE

WHILE Mr. Pickwick was delivering himself of the sentiments just recorded, Mr. Weller and the fat boy, having by their joint endeavours cut out a slide, were exercising themselves thereupon, in a very masterful and brilliant manner. Sam Weller, in particular, was displaying that beautiful feat of fancy-sliding which is currently denominated "knocking at the cobbler's door," and which is achieved by skimming over the ice on one foot, and occasionally giving a two-penny postman's knock upon it, with the other. It was a good long slide, and there was something in the motion which Mr. Pickwick, who was very cold with standing still, could not help envying.

"It looks a nice warm exercise that, doesn't it?" he inquired of Wardle, when that gentleman was thoroughly out of breath, by reason of the indefatigable manner in which he had converted his legs into a pair of compasses, and drawn complicated problems on the ice.

"Ah, it does, indeed," replied Wardle. "Do you slide?"

"I used to do so, on the gutters, when I was a boy," replied Mr. Pickwick.

"Try it now," said Wardle.

"Oh do, please, Mr. Pickwick," cried all the ladies.

"I should be very happy to afford you any amusement," replied Mr. Pickwick, "but I haven't done such a thing these thirty years."

"Pooh! pooh! nonsense!" said Wardle, dragging off his skaits with the impetuosity which characterised all his proceedings. "Here; I'll keep you company; come along." And away went the good-tempered old fellow down the slide, with a rapidity which came very close upon Mr. Weller, and beat the fat boy all to nothing.

Mr. Pickwick paused, considered, pulled off his gloves and put them in his hat, took two or three short runs,

balked himself as often, and at last took another run and went slowly and gravely down the slide, with his feet about a yard and a quarter apart, amidst the gratified shouts of all the spectators.

“Keep the pot a bilin’, Sir,” said Sam ; and down went Wardle again, and then Mr. Pickwick, and then Sam, and then Mr. Winkle, and then Mr. Bob Sawyer, and then the fat boy, and then Mr. Snodgrass, following closely upon each other’s heels, and running after each other with as much eagerness as if all their future prospects in life depended on their expedition.

It was the most intensely interesting thing, to observe the manner in which Mr. Pickwick performed his share in the ceremony : to watch the torture of anxiety with which he viewed the person behind, gaining upon him at the imminent hazard of tripping him up : to see him gradually expend the painful force which he had put on at first, and turn slowly round on the slide, with his face towards the point from which he had started : to contemplate the playful smile which mantled on his face when he had accomplished the distance, and the eagerness with which he turned round when he had done so, and ran after his predecessor, his black gaiters tripping pleasantly through the snow, and his eyes beaming cheerfulness and gladness through his spectacles. And when he was knocked down (which happened upon the average every third round), it was the most invigorating sight that can possibly be imagined, to behold him gather up his hat, gloves, and handkerchief, with a glowing countenance, and resume his station in the rank, with an ardour and enthusiasm which nothing could abate.

The sport was at its height, the sliding was at the quickest, the laughter was at the loudest, when a sharp smart crack was heard. There was a quick rush towards the bank, a wild scream from the ladies, and a shout from Mr. Tupman. A large mass of ice disappeared, the water bubbled up over it, and Mr. Pickwick’s hat, gloves, and handkerchief were floating on the surface ; and this was all of Mr. Pickwick that anybody could see.

Dismay and anguish were depicted on every countenance ;

the males turned pale, and the females fainted; Mr. Snodgrass and Mr. Winkle grasped each other by the hand, and gazed at the spot where their leader had gone down, with frenzied eagerness; while Mr. Tupman, by way of rendering the promptest assistance, and at the same time conveying to persons who might be within hearing the clearest possible notion of the catastrophe, ran off across the country at his utmost speed, screaming "Fire!" with all his might and main.

It was at this very moment, when old Wardle and Sam Weller were approaching the hole with cautious steps, and Mr. Benjamin Allen was holding a hurried consultation with Mr. Bob Sawyer, on the advisability of bleeding the company generally, as an improving little bit of professional practice—it was at this very moment that a face, head, and shoulders emerged from beneath the water, and disclosed the features and spectacles of Mr. Pickwick.

"Keep yourself up for an instant—for only one instant," bawled Mr. Snodgrass.

"Yes, do; let me implore you—for my sake," roared Mr. Winkle, deeply affected. The adjuration was rather unnecessary; the probability being, that if Mr. Pickwick had declined to keep himself up for anybody else's sake, it would have occurred to him that he might as well do so, for his own.

"Do you feel the bottom there, old fellow?" said Wardle.

"Yes, certainly," replied Mr. Pickwick, wringing the water from his head and face, and gasping for breath. "I fell upon my back. I couldn't get on my feet at first."

The clay upon so much of Mr. Pickwick's coat as was yet visible, bore testimony to the accuracy of this statement; and as the fears of the spectators were still further relieved by the fat boy's suddenly recollecting that the water was nowhere more than five feet deep, prodigies of valour were performed to get him out. After a vast quantity of splashing, and cracking, and struggling, Mr. Pickwick was at length fairly extricated from his unpleasant position, and once more stood on dry land.

"Oh, he'll catch his death of cold," said Emily.

"Dear old thing!" said Arabella. "Let me wrap this shawl round you, Mr. Pickwick."

"Ah, that's the best thing you can do," said Wardle; "and when you've got it on, run home as fast as your legs can carry you, and jump into bed directly."

A dozen shawls were offered on the instant: and three or four of the thickest having been selected, Mr. Pickwick was wrapped up, and started off, under the guidance of Mr. Weller; presenting the singular phenomenon of an elderly gentleman dripping wet, and without a hat, with his arms bound down to his sides, skimming over the ground without any clearly defined purpose, at the rate of six good English miles an hour.

But Mr. Pickwick cared not for appearances in such an extreme case, and urged on by Sam Weller, he kept at the very top of his speed until he reached the door of Manor Farm, where Mr. Tupman had arrived some five minutes before, and had frightened the old lady into palpitations of the heart, by impressing her with the unalterable conviction that the kitchen chimney was on fire—a calamity which always presented itself in the most glowing colours to the old lady's mind, when anybody about her evinced the smallest agitation.

Mr. Pickwick paused not an instant until he was snug in bed. Sam Weller lighted a blazing fire in the room, and took up his dinner; a bowl of punch was carried up afterwards, and a grand carouse held in honour of his safety. Old Wardle would not hear of his rising, so they made the bed the chair, and Mr. Pickwick presided. A second and a third bowl were ordered in; and when Mr. Pickwick awoke next morning, there was not a symptom of rheumatism about him, which proves, as Mr. Bob Sawyer very justly observed, that there is nothing like hot punch in such cases, and that if ever hot punch did fail to act as a preventive, it was merely because the patient fell into the vulgar error of not taking enough of it.

Posthumous Papers of The Pickwick Club.

CHARLES DARWIN

(1809-82)

THE COCOS ISLANDS

THE ring-formed reef of the lagoon-island is surmounted in the greater part of its length by linear islets. On the northern or leeward side, there is an opening through which vessels can pass to the anchorage within. On entering, the scene was very curious and rather pretty; its beauty, however, entirely depended on the brilliancy of the surrounding colours. The shallow, clear, and still water of the lagoon, resting in its greater part on white sand, is, when illumined by a vertical sun, of the most vivid green. This brilliant expanse, several miles in width, is on all sides divided, either by a line of snow-white breakers from the dark heaving waters of the ocean, or from the blue vault of heaven by the strips of land, crowned by the level tops of the cocoa-nut trees. As a white cloud here and there affords a pleasing contrast with the azure sky, so in the lagoon, bands of living coral darken the emerald green water.

The next morning after anchoring, I went on shore on Direction Island. The strip of dry land is only a few hundred yards in width; on the lagoon side there is a white calcareous beach, the radiation from which under this sultry climate was very oppressive; and on the outer coast, a solid broad flat of coral-rock served to break the violence of the open sea. Excepting near the lagoon, where there is some sand, the land is entirely composed of rounded fragments of coral. In such a loose, dry, stony soil, the climate of the intertropical regions alone could produce a vigorous vegetation. On some of the smaller islets, nothing could be more elegant than the manner in which the young and full-grown cocoa-nut trees, without destroying each other's symmetry, were mingled into one wood. A beach of glittering white sand formed a border to these fairy spots.

I will now give a sketch of the natural history of these islands, which, from its very paucity, possesses a peculiar

interest. The cocoa-nut tree, at the first glance, seems to compose the whole wood ; there are, however, five or six other trees. One of these grows to a very large size, but, from the extreme softness of its wood, is useless ; another sort affords excellent timber for ship-building. Besides the trees, the number of plants is exceedingly limited, and consists of insignificant weeds. In my collection, which includes, I believe, nearly the perfect Flora, there are twenty species, without reckoning a moss, lichen, and fungus. To this number two trees must be added ; one of which was not in flower, and the other I only heard of. The latter is a solitary tree of its kind, and grows near the beach, where, without doubt, the one seed was thrown up by the waves. A *Guilandina* also grows on only one of the islets. I do not include in the above list the sugar-cane, banana, some other vegetables, fruit-trees, and imported grasses. As the islands consist entirely of coral, and at one time must have existed as mere water-washed reefs, all their terrestrial productions must have been transported here by the waves of the sea. In accordance with this, the *Florula* has quite the character of a refuge for the destitute ; Professor Henslow informs me that of the twenty species nineteen belong to different genera, and these again to no less than sixteen families !

In Holman's *Travels* an account is given, on the authority of Mr. A. S. Keating, who resided twelve months on these islands, of the various seeds and other bodies which have been known to have been washed on shore. "Seeds and plants from Sumatra and Java have been driven up by the surf on the windward side of the islands. Among them have been found the *Kimiri*, native of Sumatra and the peninsula of Malacca ; the cocoa-nut of Balci, known by its shape and size ; the *Dadass*, which is planted by the Malays with the pepper-vine, the latter intertwining round its trunk, and supporting itself by the prickles on its stem ; the soap-tree ; the castor-oil plant ; trunks of the sago palm ; and various kinds of seeds unknown to the Malays settled on the islands. These are all supposed to have been driven by the N.W. monsoon to the coast of New Holland,

and thence to these islands by the S.E. trade-wind. Large masses of Java teak and Yellow wood have also been found, besides immense trees of red and white cedar, and the blue gum-wood of New Holland, in a perfectly sound condition. All the hardy seeds, such as creepers, retain their germinating power, but the softer kinds, among which is the mangostin, are destroyed in the passage. Fishing-canoes, apparently from Java, have at times been washed on shore." It is interesting thus to discover how numerous the seeds are, which, coming from several countries, are drifted over the wide ocean. Professor Henslow tells me, he believes that nearly all the plants which I brought from these islands, are common littoral species in the East Indian Archipelago. From the direction, however, of the winds and currents, it seems scarcely possible that they could have come here in a direct line. If, as suggested with much probability by Mr. Keating, they were first carried towards the coast of New Holland, and thence drifted back together with the productions of that country, the seeds, before germinating, must have travelled between 1800 and 2400 miles.

* * * * *

Of reptiles I saw only one small lizard. Of insects I took pains to collect every kind. Exclusive of spiders, which were numerous, there were thirteen species. Of these, one only was a beetle. A small ant swarmed by thousands under the loose dry blocks of coral, and was the only true insect which was abundant. Although the productions of the land are thus scanty, if we look to the waters of the surrounding sea, the number of organic beings is indeed infinite. Chamisso has described the natural history of a lagoon-island in the Radack Archipelago ; and it is remarkable how closely its inhabitants, in number and kind, resemble those of Keeling Island. There is one lizard and two waders, namely, a snipe and curlew. Of plants there are nineteen species, including a fern ; and some of these are the same with those growing here, though on a spot so immensely remote, and in a different ocean.

The long strips of land, forming the linear islets, have

been raised only to that height to which the surf can throw fragments of coral, and the wind heap up calcareous sand. The solid flat of coral rock on the outside, by its breadth, breaks the first violence of the waves, which otherwise, in a day, would sweep away these islets and all their productions. The ocean and the land seem here struggling for mastery : although terra firma has obtained a footing, the denizens of the water think their claim at least equally good. In every part one meets hermit crabs of more than one species, carrying on their backs the shells which they have stolen from the neighbouring beach. Overhead numerous gannets, frigate-birds, and terns, rest on the trees ; and the wood, from the many nests and from the smell of the atmosphere, might be called a sea-rookery. The gannets, sitting on their rude nests, gaze at one with a stupid yet angry air. The noddies, as their name expresses, are silly little creatures. But there is one charming bird : it is a small snow-white tern, which smoothly hovers at the distance of a few feet above one's head, its large black eye scanning, with quiet curiosity, your expression. Little imagination is required to fancy that so light and delicate a body must be tenanted by some wandering fairy spirit.

Voyage of the "Beagle."

WALT WHITMAN

(1819-92)

A SIGHT IN CAMP

A SIGHT in camp in the daybreak grey and dim,
As from my tent I emerge so early sleepless,
As slow I walk in the cool fresh air the path near by the
 hospital tent,
Three forms I see on stretchers lying, brought out there
 untended lying,
Over each the blanket spread, ample brownish woollen
 blanket,
Grey and heavy blanket, folding, covering all.

Curious I halt and silent stand,
Then with light fingers I from the face of the nearest, the
first, just lift the blanket :
Who are you, elderly man so gaunt and grim, with well-
grey'd hair, and flesh all sunken about the eyes ?
Who are you, my dear comrade ?

Then to the second I step—and who are you, my child and
darling ?
Who are you, sweet boy with cheeks yet blooming ?

Then to the third—a face nor child nor old, very calm, as
of beautiful yellow-white ivory :
Young man, I think I know you—I think this face is the
face of the Christ Himself,
Dead and divine and brother of all, and here again He lies.

AS TOILSOME I WANDER'D VIRGINIA'S WOODS

As toilsome I wander'd Virginia's woods,
To the music of rustling leaves kick'd by my feet, (for 'twas
autumn,)
I mark'd at the foot of a tree the grave of a soldier ;
Mortally wounded he and buried on the retreat, (easily all
could I understand,)
The halt of a mid-day hour, when up ! no time to lose—
yet this sign left,
On a tablet scrawl'd and nail'd on the tree by the grave,
Bold, cautious, true, and my loving comrade.

Long, long I muse, then on my way go wandering,
Many a changeful season to follow, and many a scene of
life,
Yet at times through changeful season and scene, abrupt,
alone, or in the crowded street,
Comes before me the unknown soldier's grave, comes the
inscription rude in Virginia's woods,
Bold, cautious, true, and my loving comrade.

O CAPTAIN ! MY CAPTAIN !

O CAPTAIN ! my Captain ! our fearful trip is done,
 The ship has weather'd every rack, the prize we sought is won,
 The port is near, the bells I hear, the people all exulting,
 While follow eyes the steady keel, the vessel grim and daring ;
 But O heart ! heart ! heart !

 O the bleeding drops of red !
 Where on the deck my Captain lies,
 Fallen cold and dead.

O Captain ! my Captain ! rise up and hear the bells ;
 Rise up—for you the flag is flung—for you the bugle trills,
 For you bouquets and ribbon'd wreaths—for you the shores a-crowding,
 For you they call, the swaying mass, their eager faces turning
 Here, Captain ! dear father !

 This arm beneath your head !
 It is some dream that on the deck
 You've fallen cold and dead.

My Captain does not answer, his lips are pale and still,
 My father does not feel my arm, he has no pulse nor will ;
 The ship is anchor'd safe and sound, its voyage closed and done,
 From fearful trip the victor ship comes in with object won ;
 Exult, O shores ! and ring, O bells !
 But I, with mournful tread,
 Walk the deck my Captain lies,
 Fallen cold and dead.

GEORGE BORROW

(1803-81)

AT TANGIER

FOR a considerable time Tangier had appeared in sight.
 Shortly after standing away from Tarifa, we had descried
 it in the far distance, when it showed like a white dove

brooding on its nest. The sun was setting behind the town when we dropped anchor in its harbour, amidst half-a-dozen barks and felouks about the size of our own, the only vessels which we saw. There stood Tangier before us, and a picturesque town it was, occupying the sides and top of two hills, one of which, bold and bluff, projects into the sea where the coast takes a sudden and abrupt turn. Frowning and battlemented were its walls, either perched on the top of precipitous rocks, whose base was washed by the salt billows, or rising from the narrow strand which separates the hill from the ocean.

Yonder are two or three tiers of batteries, displaying heavy guns, which command the harbour ; above them you see the terraces of the town rising in succession like steps for giants. But all is white, perfectly white, so that the whole seems cut out of an immense chalk rock, though true it is that you behold here and there tall green trees springing up from amidst the whiteness ; perhaps they belong to Moorish gardens, and beneath them even now peradventure is reclining many a dark-eyed Leila, akin to the houris. Right before you is a high tower or minaret, not white but curiously painted, which belongs to the principal mosque of Tangier ; a black banner waves upon it, for it is the feast of Ashor. A noble beach of white sand fringes the bay from the town to the foreland of Alminâr. To the east rise prodigious hills and mountains ; they are Gibil Muza and his chain ; and yon tall fellow is the peak of Tetuan ; the grey mists of evening are enveloping their sides. Such was Tangier, such its vicinity, as it appeared to me whilst gazing from the Genoese bark.

A boat was now lowered from the vessel, in which the captain, who was charged with the mail from Gibraltar, the Jew secretary, and the hadji and his attendant negroes departed for the shore. I would have gone with them, but I was told that I could not land that night, as ere my passport and bill of health could be examined, the gates would be closed ; so I remained on board with the crew and the two Jews. The former prepared their supper,

which consisted simply of pickled tomatoes, the other provisions having been consumed. The old Genoese brought me a portion, apologising at the same time for the plainness of the fare. I accepted it with thanks, and told him that a million better men than myself had a worse supper. I never ate with more appetite. As the night advanced, the Jews sang Hebrew hymns, and when they had concluded, demanded of me why I was silent, so I lifted up my voice and chanted *Adun Oulem* :

Reigned the universe's Master, ere were earthly things begun ;
When His mandate all created Ruler was the name He won ;
And alone He'll rule tremendous when all things are past and gone,
He no equal has, nor consort, He, the singular and lone,
Has no end and no beginning ; His the sceptre, might and throne.
He's my God and living Saviour, rock to whom in need I run ;
He's my banner and my refuge, fount of weal when call'd upon ;
In His hand I place my spirit at nightfall and rise of sun,
And therewith my body also ; God's my God—I fear no one."

Darkness had now fallen over land and sea ; not a sound was heard save occasionally the distant barking of a dog from the shore, or some plaintive Genoese ditty, which arose from a neighbouring bark. The town seemed buried in silence and gloom, no light, not even that of a taper, could be descried. Turning our eyes in the direction of Spain, however, we perceived a magnificent conflagration, seemingly enveloping the side and head of one of the lofty mountains northward of Tarifa ; the blaze was redly reflected in the waters of the strait ; either the brushwood was burning or the Carboneros were plying their dusky toil. The Jews now complained of weariness, and the younger, uncording a small mattress, spread it on the deck and sought repose. The sage descended into the cabin, but he had scarcely time to lie down ere the old mate, darting forward, dived in after him, and pulled him out by the heels, for it was very shallow, and the descent was effected by not more than two or three steps. After accomplishing this, he called him many opprobrious names, and threatened him with his foot, as he lay sprawling on the deck. "Think you," said he, "who are a dog and a Jew, and pay as a dog and a Jew ; think you to sleep in the cabin ? Undeceive yourself, beast : that cabin shall be slept in by

none to-night but this Christian cavallero." The sage made no reply, but arose from the deck and stroked his beard, whilst the old Genoese proceeded in his philippic. Had the Jew been disposed, he could have strangled the insulter in a moment, or crushed him to death in his brawny arms, as I never remember to have seen a figure so powerful and muscular; but he was evidently slow to anger, and longsuffering; not a resentful word escaped him, and his features retained their usual expression of benignant placidity.

I now assured the mate that I had not the slightest objection to the Jew's sharing the cabin with me, but rather wished it, as there was room for us both and for more. "Excuse me, Sir cavalier," replied the Genoese, "but I swear to permit no such thing; you are young and do not know this canaille as I do, who have been backward and forward to this coast for twenty years; if the beast is cold, let him sleep below the hatches as I and the rest shall, but that cabin he shall not enter." Observing that he was obstinate, I retired, and in a few minutes was in a sound sleep, which lasted till daybreak. Twice or thrice, indeed, I thought that a struggle was taking place near me, but I was so overpowered with weariness, or "sleep drunken," as the Germans call it, that I was unable to arouse myself sufficiently to discover what was going on: the truth is, that three times during the night, the sage feeling himself uncomfortable in the open air by the side of his companion, penetrated into the cabin, and was as many times dragged out by his relentless old enemy, who, suspecting his intentions, kept his eye upon him throughout the night.

About five I arose; the sun was shining brightly and gloriously upon town, bay, and mountain; the crew were already employed upon deck repairing a sail which had been shivered in the wind of the preceding day. The Jews sat disconsolate on the poop; they complained much of the cold they had suffered in their exposed situation. Over the left eye of the sage I observed a bloody cut, which he informed me he had received from the old Genoese after he had dragged him out of the cabin for the last time.

I now produced my bottle of Cognac, begging that the crew would partake of it as a slight return for their hospitality. They thanked me, and the bottle went its round ; it was last in the hands of the old mate, who, after looking for a moment at the sage, raised it to his mouth, where he kept it a considerable time longer than any of his companions, after which he returned it to me with a low bow. The sage now inquired what the bottle contained : I told him Cognac or aguardiente, whereupon with some eagerness he begged that I would allow him to take a draught. " How is this ? " said I, " yesterday you told me that it was a forbidden thing, an abomination." " Yesterday," he said, " I was not aware that it was brandy ; I thought it wine, which assuredly is an abomination, and a forbidden thing." " Is it forbidden in the Torah ? " I inquired. " Is it forbidden in the law of God ? " " I know not," said he, " but one thing I know, that the sages have forbidden it." " Sages like yourself," cried I with warmth ; " sages like yourself, with long beards and short understandings : the use of both drinks is permitted, but more danger lurks in this bottle than in a tun of wine. Well said my Lord the Nazarene, ' Ye strain at a gnat and swallow a camel ' ; but as you are cold and shivering, take the bottle and revive yourself with a small portion of its contents." He put it to his lips and found not a single drop. The old Genoese grinned.

" Bestia," said he ; " I saw by your looks that you wished to drink of that bottle, and I said within me, even though I suffocate, yet will I not leave one drop of the aguardiente of the Christian cavalier to be wasted on that Jew, on whose head may evil lightnings fall."

" Now, Sir cavalier," he continued, " you can go ashore : these two sailors shall row you to the Mole, and convey your baggage where you think proper ; may the Virgin bless you wherever you go."

The Bible in Spain.

JOHN RUSKIN

(1819-1900)

THE GREEK'S NOTION OF A GOD

I DO not think we ever enough endeavour to enter into what a Greek's real notion of a god was. We are so accustomed to the modern mockeries of the classical religion, so accustomed to hear and see the Greek gods introduced as living personages, or invoked for help, by men who believe neither in them nor in any other gods, that we seem to have infected the Greek ages themselves with the breath, and dimmed with the shade, of our hypocrisy; and are apt to think that Homer, as we know Pope, was merely an ingenious fabulist; nay, more than this, that all the nations of past time were ingenious fabulists also, to whom the universe was a lyrical drama, and by whom whatsoever was said about it was merely a witty allegory, or a graceful lie, of which the entire upshot and consummation was a pretty statue in the middle of the court, or at the end of the garden.

This, at least, is one of our forms of opinion about Greek faith; not, indeed, possible altogether to any man of honesty or ordinary powers of thought; but still so venomously inherent in the modern philosophy that all the pure lightning of Carlyle cannot as yet quite burn it out of any of us. And then, side by side with this mere infidel folly, stands the bitter short-sightedness of Puritanism, holding the classical god to be either simply an idol,—a block of stone ignorantly, though sincerely, worshipped—or else an actual diabolic or betraying power, usurping the place of God.

Both these Puritanical estimates of Greek deity are of course to some extent true. The corruption of classical worship is barren idolatry; and that corruption was deepened, and variously directed to their own purposes, by the evil angels. But this was neither the whole, nor the principal part, of Pagan worship. Pallas was not, in the pure Greek mind, merely a powerful piece of ivory in a temple at

Athens ; neither was the choice of Leonidas between the alternatives granted him by the oracle, of personal death, or ruin to his country, altogether a work of the Devil's prompting.

What then, was actually the Greek god ? In what way were these two ideas of human form, and divine power, credibly associated in the ancient heart, so as to become a subject of true faith, irrespective equally of fable, allegory, superstitious trust in stone, and demoniacal influence ?

It seems to me that the Greek had exactly the same instinctive feeling about the elements that we have ourselves ; that to Homer, as much as to Casimir de la Vigne, fire seemed ravenous and pitiless ; to Homer, as much as to Keats, the sea-wave appeared wayward or idle, or whatever else it may be to the poetical passion. But then the Greek reasoned upon this sensation, saying to himself : " I can light the fire, and put it out ; I can dry this water up, or drink it. It cannot be the fire or the water that rages, or that is wayward. But it must be something *in* this fire and *in* the water, which I cannot destroy by extinguishing the one, or evaporating the other, any more than I destroy myself by cutting off my finger ; *I was in* my finger,—something of me at least was ; I had a power over it and felt pain in it, though I am still as much myself when it is gone. So there may be a power in the water which is not water, but to which the water is as a body ;—which can strike with it, move in it, suffer in it, yet not be destroyed with it. This something, this Great Water Spirit, I must not confuse with the waves, which are only its body. *They* may flow hither and thither, increase or diminish. *That* must be indivisible—imperishable—a god. So of fire also ; those rays which I can stop, and in the midst of which I cast a shadow, cannot be divine, nor greater than I. They cannot feel, but there may be something in them that feels,—a glorious intelligence, as much nobler and more swift than mine, as these rays, which are its body, and nobler and swifter than my flesh ;—the spirit of all light, and truth, and melody, and revolving hours."

Modern Painters.

GERMAN PHILOSOPHY

THE reader must have noticed that I never speak of German art, or German philosophy, but in depreciation. This, however, is not because I cannot feel, or would not acknowledge, the value and power, within certain limits, of both ; but because I also feel that the immediate tendency of the English mind is to rate them too highly ; and, therefore, it becomes a necessary task, at present, to mark what evil and weakness there are in them, rather than what good. I also am brought continually into collision with certain extravagances of the German mind, by my own steady pursuit of Naturalism as opposed to Idealism ; and, therefore, I become unfortunately cognizant of the evil, rather than of the good ; which evil, so far as I feel it, I am bound to declare. And it is not to the point to protest, as the Chevalier Bunsen and other German writers have done, against the expression of opinions respecting their philosophy by persons who have not profoundly or carefully studied it ; for the very resolution to study any system of metaphysics profoundly, must be based, in any prudent man's mind, on some preconceived opinion of its worthiness to be studied ; which opinion of German metaphysics the naturalistic English cannot be led to form. This is not to be murmured against,—it is in the simple necessity of things. Men who have other business on their hands must be content to choose what philosophy they have occasion for, by the sample ; and when, glancing into the second volume of *Hippolytus*, we find the Chevalier Bunsen himself talking of a “finite realisation of the infinite” (a phrase considerably less rational than “a black realisation of white,”), and of a triad composed of God, Man, and Humanity (which is a parallel thing to talking of a triad composed of man, dog, and canineness), knowing these expressions to be pure, definite, and highly finished nonsense, we do not in general trouble ourselves to look any farther. Some one will perhaps answer that if one always judged thus by the sample,—as, for instance, if one judged

of Turner's pictures by the head of a figure cut out of one of them,—very precious things might often be despised. Not, I think, often. If any one went to Turner, expecting to learn figure-drawing from him, the sample of his figure-drawing would accurately and justly inform him that he had come to the wrong master. But if he came to be taught landscape, the smallest fragment of Turner's work would justly exemplify his power. It may sometimes unluckily happen that, in such short trial, we strike upon an accidentally failing part of the thing to be tried, and then we may be unjust; but there is, nevertheless, in multitudes of cases, no other way of judging or acting; and the necessity of occasionally being unjust is a law of life,—like that of sometimes stumbling, or being sick. It will not do to walk at snail's pace all our lives for fear of stumbling, nor to spend years in the investigation of everything which, by specimen, we must condemn. He who seizes all that he plainly discerns to be valuable, and never is unjust but when he honestly cannot help it, will soon be enviable in his possessions, and venerable in his equity.

Nor can I think that the risk of loss is great in the matter under discussion. I have often been told that any one who will read Kant, Strauss, and the rest of the German metaphysicians and divines, resolutely through, and give his whole strength to the study of them, will, after ten or twelve years' labour, discover that there is very little harm in them; and this I can well believe; but I believe also that the ten or twelve years may be better spent; and that any man who honestly wants philosophy not for show, but for *use*, and, knowing the Proverbs of Solomon, can, by way of commentary, afford to buy, in convenient editions, Plato, Bacon, Wordsworth, Carlyle, and Helps, will find that he has got as much as will be sufficient for him and his household during life, and of as good quality as need be.

It is also often declared necessary to study the German controversialists, because the grounds of religion "must be inquired into." I am sorry to hear they have not been inquired into yet; but if it be so, there are two ways of pursuing that inquiry: one for scholarly men, who have

leisure on their hands, by reading all that they have time to read, for and against, and arming themselves at all points for controversy with all persons ; the other,—a shorter and simpler way,—for busy and practical men, who want merely to find out how to live and die. Now for the learned and leisurely men I am not writing ; they know what and how to read better than I can tell them. For simple and busy men, concerned much with art, which is eminently a practical matter, and fatigues the eyes, so as to render much reading inexpedient, I *am* writing ; and such men I do, to the utmost of my power, dissuade from meddling with German books ; not because I fear inquiry into the grounds of religion, but because the only inquiry which is *possible* to them must be conducted in a totally different way. They have been brought up as Christians, and doubt if they should remain Christians. They cannot ascertain, by investigation, if the Bible be true ; but *if it be*, and Christ ever existed, and was God, then certainly, the Sermon which He has permitted for 1800 years to stand recorded as first of all His own teaching in the New Testament, must be true. Let them take that Sermon and give it fair practical trial : act out every verse of it, with no quibbling, nor explaining away, except the reduction of such *evidently* metaphorical expressions as “ cut off thy foot,” “ pluck the beam out of thine eye,” to their effectively practical sense. Let them act out, or obey, every verse literally for a whole year, so far as they can,—a year being little enough time to give to an inquiry into religion ; and if, at the end of the year, they are not satisfied, and still need to prosecute the inquiry, let them try the German system if they choose.

Appendix to *Modern Painters*.

JOHN STUART MILL

(1806-73)

ON THOUGHT AND DISCUSSION

IF, however, the mischievous operation of the absence of free discussion, when the received opinions are true, were confined to leaving men ignorant of the grounds of those opinions, it might be thought that this, if an intellectual, is no moral evil, and does not affect the worth of the opinions, regarded in their influence on the character. The fact, however, is, that not only the grounds of the opinion are forgotten in the absence of discussion, but too often the meaning of the opinion itself. The words which convey it cease to suggest ideas, or suggest only a small portion of those they were originally employed to communicate. Instead of a vivid conception and a living belief, there remain only a few phrases retained by rote ; or, if any part, the shell and husk only of the meaning is retained, the finer essence being lost. The great chapter in human history which this fact occupies and fills, cannot be too earnestly studied and meditated on.

It is illustrated in the experience of almost all ethical doctrines and religious creeds. They are all full of meaning and vitality to those who originate them, and to the direct disciples of the originators. Their meaning continues to be felt in undiminished strength, and is perhaps brought out into even fuller consciousness, so long as the struggle lasts to give the doctrine or creed an ascendancy over other creeds. At last it either prevails, and becomes the general opinion, or its progress stops ; it keeps possession of the ground it has gained, but ceases to spread further. When either of these results becomes apparent, controversy on the subject flags, and gradually dies away. The doctrine has taken its place, if not as a received opinion, as one of the admitted sects or divisions of opinion : those who hold it have generally inherited, not adopted it ; and conversion

from one of these doctrines to another, being now an exceptional fact, occupies little place in the thoughts of their professors. Instead of being, as at first, constantly on the alert either to defend themselves against the world, or to bring the world over to them, they have subsided into acquiescence, and neither listen, when they can help it, to arguments against their creed, nor trouble dissentients (if there be such) with arguments in its favour. From this time may usually be dated the decline in the living power of the doctrine. We often hear the teachers of all creeds lamenting the difficulty of keeping up in the minds of believers a lively apprehension of the truth which they nominally recognise, so that it may penetrate the feelings, and acquire a real mastery over the conduct. No such difficulty is complained of while the creed is still fighting for its existence: even the weaker combatants then know and feel what they are fighting for, and the difference between it and other doctrines; and in that period of every creed's existence, not a few persons may be found, who have realised its fundamental principles in all the forms of thought, have weighed and considered them in all their important bearings, and have experienced the full effect on the character which belief in that creed ought to produce in a mind thoroughly imbued with it. But when it has come to be an hereditary creed, and to be received passively, not actively—when the mind is no longer compelled, in the same degree as at first, to exercise its vital powers on the questions which its belief presents to it, there is a progressive tendency to forget all of the belief except the formularies, or to give it a dull and torpid assent, as if accepting it on trust dispensed with the necessity of realising it in consciousness, or testing it by personal experience, until it almost ceases to connect itself at all with the inner life of the human being. Then are seen the cases, so frequent in this age of the world as almost to form the majority, in which the creed remains as it were outside the mind, incrusting and petrifying it against all other influences addressed to the higher parts of our nature; manifesting its power by not suffering any fresh and living conviction

to get in, but itself doing nothing for the mind or heart, except standing sentinel over them to keep them vacant.

To what an extent doctrines intrinsically fitted to make the deepest impression upon the mind may remain in it as dead beliefs, without being ever realised in the imagination, the feelings, or the understanding, is exemplified by the manner in which the majority of believers hold the doctrines of Christianity. By Christianity I here mean what is accounted such by all churches and sects—the maxims and precepts contained in the New Testament. These are considered sacred, and accepted as laws, by all professing Christians. Yet it is scarcely too much to say that not one Christian in a thousand guides or tests his individual conduct by reference to those laws. The standard to which he does refer it, is the custom of his nation, his class, or his religious profession. He has thus, on the one hand, a collection of ethical maxims, which he believes to have been vouchsafed to him by infallible wisdom as rules for his government; and on the other a set of every-day judgments and practices, which go a certain length with some of those maxima, not so great a length with others, stand in direct opposition to some, and are, on the whole, a compromise between the Christian creed and the interests and suggestions of worldly life. To the first of these standards he gives his homage; to the other his real allegiance. All Christians believe that the blessed are the poor and humble, and those who are ill-used by the world; that it is easier for a camel to pass through the eye of a needle than for a rich man to enter the kingdom of heaven; that they should judge not, lest they be judged; that they should swear not at all; that they should love their neighbour as themselves; that if one take their cloak, they should give him their coat also; that they should take no thought for the morrow; that if they would be perfect they should sell all that they have and give it to the poor. They are not insincere when they say that they believe these things. They do believe them, as people believe what they have always heard lauded and never discussed. But in the sense of that living belief which regulates conduct, they believe

these doctrines just up to the point to which it is usual to act upon them. The doctrines in their integrity are serviceable to pelt adversaries with ; and it is understood that they are to be put forward (when possible) as the reasons for whatever people do that they think laudable. But any one who reminded them that the maxims require an infinity of things which they never even think of doing, would gain nothing but to be classed among those very unpopular characters who affect to be better than other people. The doctrines have no hold on ordinary believers—are not a power in their minds. They have an habitual respect for the sound of them, but no feeling which spreads from the words to the things signified, and forces the mind to take *them* in, and make them conform to the formula. Whenever conduct is concerned, they look round for Mr. A and B to direct them how far to go in obeying Christ.

Now we may be well assured that the case was not thus, but far otherwise, with the early Christians. Had it been thus, Christianity never would have expanded from an obscure sect of the despised Hebrews into the religion of the Roman empire. When their enemies said, " See how these Christians love one another " (a remark not likely to be made by anybody now), they assuredly had a much livelier feeling of the meaning of their creed than they have ever had since. And to this cause, probably, it is chiefly owing that Christianity now makes so little progress in extending its domain, and after eighteen centuries is still nearly confined to Europeans and the descendants of Europeans. Even with the strictly religious, who are much in earnest about their doctrines, and attach a greater amount of meaning to many of them than people in general, it commonly happens that the part which is thus comparatively active in their minds is that which was made by Calvin, or Knox, or some such person much nearer in character to themselves. The sayings of Christ coexist passively in their minds, producing hardly any effect beyond what is caused by mere listening to words so amiable and bland. There are many reasons, doubtless, why doctrines which are the badge of a sect retain more of their vitality

than those common to all recognised sects, and why more pains are taken by teachers to keep their meaning alive ; but one reason certainly is, that the peculiar doctrines are more questioned, and have to be oftener defended against open gainsayers. Both teachers and learners go to sleep at their post, as soon as there is no enemy in the field.

The same thing holds true, generally speaking, of all traditional doctrines—those of prudence and knowledge of life, as well as of morals or religion. All languages and literatures are full of general observations on life, both as to what it is, and how to conduct oneself in it ; observations which everybody knows, which everybody repeats, or hears with acquiescence, which are received as truisms, yet of which most people first truly learn the meaning when experience, generally of a painful kind, has made it a reality to them. How often, when smarting under some unforeseen misfortune or disappointment, does a person call to mind some proverb or common saying, familiar to him all his life, the meaning of which, if he had ever before felt it as he does now, would have saved him from the calamity. There are indeed reasons for this, other than the absence of discussion ; there are many truths of which the full meaning *cannot* be realised until personal experience has brought it home. But much more of the meaning even of these would have been understood, and what was understood would have been far more deeply impressed on the mind, if the man had been accustomed to hear it argued *pro* and *con* by people who did understand it. The fatal tendency of mankind to leave off thinking about a thing when it is no longer doubtful, is the cause of half their errors. A contemporary author has well spoken of “ the deep slumber of a decided opinion.”

On Liberty.

ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING

(1806-61)

SONNETS FROM THE PORTUGUESE

If thou must love me, let it be for naught
 Except for love's sake only. Do not say,
 " I love her for her smile—her look—her way
 Of speaking gently,—for a trick of thought
 That falls in well with mine, and certes brought
 A sense of pleasant ease on such a day "—
 For these things in themselves, Belovèd, may
 Be changed, or change for thee—and love, so wrought,
 May be unwrought so. Neither love me for
 Thine own dear pity's wiping my cheeks dry :
 A creature might forget to weep, who bore
 Thy comfort long, and lose thy love thereby !
 But love me for love's sake, that evermore
 Thou mayst love on, through love's eternity.

WHEN our two souls stand up erect and strong,
 Face to face, silent, drawing nigh and nigher,
 Until the lengthening wings break into fire
 At either curving point,—what bitter wrong
 Can the earth do us, that we should not long
 Be here contented ? Think ! In mounting higher,
 The angels would press on us, and aspire
 To drop some golden orb of perfect song
 Into our deep, dear silence. Let us stay
 Rather on earth, Belovèd—where the unfit
 Contrarious moods of men recoil away
 And isolate pure spirits, and permit
 A place to stand and love in for a day,
 With darkness and the death-hour rounding it.

CHARLOTTE BRONTË

(1816-55)

JANE EYRE'S HOME

It was not a bright or splendid summer evening, though fair and soft : the haymakers were at work all along the road ; and the sky, though far from cloudless, was such as promised well for the future : its blue—where blue was visible—was mild and settled, and its cloud strata high and thin. The west, too, was warm : no watery gleam chilled it—it seemed as if there was a fire lit, an altar burning behind its screen of marbled vapour, and out of apertures shone a golden redness.

I felt glad as the road shortened before me : so glad that I stopped once to ask myself what that joy meant : and to remind reason that it was not to my home I was going, or to a permanent resting-place, or to a place where fond friends looked out for me and waited my arrival. “ Mrs. Fairfax will smile you a calm welcome, to be sure,” said I ; “ and little Adèle will clap her hands and jump to see you : but you know very well you are thinking of another than they ; and that he is not thinking of you.”

But what is so headstrong as youth ? What so blind as inexperience ? These affirmed that it was pleasure enough to have the privilege of again looking on Mr. Rochester, whether he looked on me or not ; and they added—“ Hasten ! hasten ! be with him while you may : but a few more days or weeks at most, and you are parted with him for ever ! ” And then I strangled a new-born agony—a deformed thing which I could not persuade myself to own and rear—and ran on.

They are making hay, too, in Thornfield meadows ; or rather, the labourers are just quitting their work, and returning home with their rakes on their shoulders : now, at the hour I arrive. I have but a field or two to traverse, and then I shall cross the road and reach the gates. How full the hedges are of roses ! But I have no time to gather any ; I

want to be at the house. I passed a tall briar, shooting leafy and flowery branches across the path ; I see the narrow stile with stone steps ; and I see—Mr. Rochester sitting there, a book and a pencil in his hand : he is writing.

Well, he is not a ghost ; yet every nerve I have is unstrung : for a moment I am beyond my own mastery. What does it mean ? I did not think I should tremble in this way when I saw him—or lose my voice or the power of motion in his presence. I will go back as soon as I can stir : I need not make an absolute fool of myself. I know another way to the house. It does not signify if I knew twenty ways ; for he has seen me.

“ Hillo ! ” he cries ; and puts up his book and his pencil. “ There you are ! Come on, if you please.”

I suppose I do come on ; though in what fashion I know not : being scarcely cognisant of my movements, and solicitous only to appear calm ; and, above all, to control the working muscles of my face—which I feel rebel insolently against my will, and struggle to express what I had resolved to conceal. But I have a veil—it is down : I make shift yet to behave with decent composure.

“ And this is Jane Eyre ? Are you coming from Millcote, and on foot ? Yes—just one of your tricks : not to send for a carriage, and come clattering over street and road like a common mortal, but to steal into the vicinage of your home along with twilight, just as if you were a dream or a shade. What the deuce have you done with yourself this last month ? ”

“ I have been with my aunt, sir, who is dead.”

“ A true Janian reply ! Good angels be my guard ! She comes from the other world—from the abode of people who are dead ; and tells me so when she meets me alone here in the gloaming ! If I dared I'd touch you to see if you are substance or shadow, you elf !—but I'd as soon offer to take hold of a blue *ignis fatuus* light in a march. Truant ! truant ! ” he added, when he had paused an instant. “ Absent from me a whole month : and forgetting me quite, I'll be sworn ! ”

I knew there would be pleasure in meeting my master

again ; even though broken by the fear that he was so soon to cease to be my master, and by the knowledge that I was nothing to him : but there was ever in Mr. Rochester (so at least I thought) such a wealth of the power of communicating happiness, that to taste but of the crumbs he scattered to stray and stranger birds like me, was to feast genially. His last words were balm : they seemed to imply that it imported something to him whether I forgot him or not. And he had spoken of Thornfield as my home—would that it were my home !

He did not leave the stile, and I hardly liked to ask to go by. I inquired soon if he had not been to London.

“ Yes : I suppose you found that out by second-sight ? ”

“ Mrs. Fairfax told me in a letter.”

“ And did she inform you what I went to do ? ”

“ Oh, yes, sir ! Everybody knew your errand.”

“ You must see the carriage, Jane, and tell me if you don’t think it will suit Mrs. Rochester exactly ; and whether she won’t look like Queen Boadicea, leaning back against those purple cushions. I wish, Jane, I were a trifle better adapted to match with her externally. Tell me, now, fairly as you are,—can’t you give me a charm, or a philter, or something of that sort, to make me a handsome man ? ”

“ It would be past the power of magic, sir ” ; and, in thought, I added, “ a loving eye is all the charm needed : to such you are handsome enough ; or rather, your sternness has a power beyond beauty.”

Mr. Rochester had sometimes read my unspoken thoughts with an acumen to me incomprehensible : in the present instance he took no notice of my abrupt vocal response ; but he smiled at me with a certain smile he had of his own, and which he used but on rare occasions. He seemed to think it too good for common purposes : it was the real sunshine of feeling—he shed it over me now.

“ Pass, Janet,” said he, making room for me to cross the stile : “ go up home, and stay your weary little wandering feet at a friend’s threshold.”

All I had now to do was to obey him in silence : no need for me to colloquise further. I got over the stile without a

word, and meant to leave him calmly. An impulse held me fast,—a force turned me round. I said—or something in me said for me, and in spite of me :

“ Thank you, Mr. Rochester, for your great kindness. I am strangely glad to get back again to you ; and wherever you are is my home—my only home.”

I walked on so fast that even he could hardly have overtaken me had he tried.

EMILY BRONTË

(1818-48)

A PLEASANT FAMILY CIRCLE

“ You should not have come out,” she said, rising and reaching from the chimney-piece two of the painted canisters.

Her position before was sheltered from the light ; now, I had a distinct view of her whole figure and countenance. She was slender, and apparently scarcely past girlhood : an admirable form, and the most exquisite little face that I have ever had the pleasure of beholding ; small features, very fair ; flaxen ringlets, or rather golden, hanging loose on her delicate neck ; and eyes, had they been agreeable in expression, that would have been irresistible : fortunately for my susceptible heart, the only sentiment they evinced hovered between scorn, and a kind of desperation, singularly unnatural to be detected there. The canisters were almost out of her reach ; I made a motion to aid her ; she turned upon me as a miser might turn if any one attempted to assist him in counting his gold.

“ I don’t want your help,” she snapped ; “ I can get them for myself.”

“ I beg your pardon ! ” I hastened to reply.

“ Were you asked to tea ? ” she demanded, tying an apron over her neat black frock, and standing with a spoonful of the leaf poised over the pot.

“ I shall be glad to have a cup,” I answered.

"Were you asked?" she repeated.

"No," I said, half smiling. "You are the proper person to ask me."

She flung the tea back, spoon and all, and resumed her chair in a pet; her forehead corrugated, and her red underlip pushed out, like a child's ready to cry.

Meanwhile, the young man had slung on to his person a decidedly shabby upper garment, and, erecting himself before the blaze, looked down on me from the corner of his eyes, for all the world as if there were some mortal feud unavenged between us. I began to doubt whether he were a servant or not: his dress and speech were both rude, entirely devoid of the superiority observable in Mr. and Mrs. Heathcliff; his thick, brown curls were rough and uncultivated, his whiskers encroached bearishly over his cheeks, and his hands were embrowned like those of a common labourer: still his bearing was free, almost haughty, and he showed none of a domestic's assiduity in attendance on the lady of the house. In the absence of clear proofs of his condition, I deemed it best to abstain from noticing his curious conduct; and, five minutes afterwards, the entrance of Heathcliff relieved me, in some measure, from my uncomfortable state.

"You see, sir, I am come, according to promise!" I exclaimed, assuming the cheerful; "and I fear I shall be weather-bound for half an hour, if you can afford me shelter during that space."

"Half-an-hour?" he said, shaking the white flakes from his clothes; "I wonder you should select the thick of a snowstorm to ramble about in. Do you know that you run a risk of being lost in the marshes? People familiar with these moors often miss their road on such evenings; and I can tell you there is no chance of a change at present."

"Perhaps I can get a guide among your lads, and he might stay at the Grange till morning—could you spare me one?"

"No, I could not."

"Oh, indeed! Well, then, I must trust to my own sagacity."

“Umph!”

“Are you going to mak th’ tea?” demanded he of the shabby coat, shifting his ferocious gaze from me to the young lady.

“Is *he* to have any?” she asked, appealing to Heathcliff.

“Get it ready, will you?” was the answer, uttered so savagely that I started. The tone in which the words were said revealed a genuine bad nature. I no longer felt inclined to call Heathcliff a capital fellow. When the preparations were finished, he invited me with—“Now, sir, bring forward your chair.” And we all, including the rustic youth, drew round the table: an austere silence prevailing while we discussed our meal.

I thought, if I had caused the cloud, it was my duty to make an effort to dispel it. They could not every day sit so grim and taciturn; and it was impossible, however ill-tempered they might be, that the universal scowl they wore was their every-day countenance.

“It is strange,” I began, in the interval of swallowing one cup of tea and receiving another—“it is strange how custom can mould our tastes and ideas: many could not imagine the existence of happiness in a life of such complete exile from the world as you spend, Mr. Heathcliff; yet I’ll venture to say, that, surrounded by your family, and with your amiable lady as the presiding genius over your home and heart——”

“My amiable lady!” he interrupted, with an almost diabolical sneer on his face. “Where is she—my amiable lady?”

“Mrs. Heathcliff, your wife, I mean.”

“Well, yes—Oh, you would intimate that her spirit has taken the post of ministering angel, and guards the fortunes of Wuthering Heights even when her body is gone. Is that it?”

Perceiving myself in a blunder, I attempted to correct it. I might have seen there was too great a disparity between the ages of the parties to make it likely that they were man and wife. One was about forty: a period of mental vigour at which men seldom cherish the delusion of being married

for love by girls : that dream is reserved for the solace of our declining years. The other did not look seventeen.

Then it flashed upon me—"The clown at my elbow, who is drinking his tea out of a basin and eating his bread with unwashed hands, may be her husband : Heathcliff, junior, of course. Here is the consequence of being buried alive : she has thrown herself away upon that boor from sheer ignorance that better individuals existed ! A sad pity—I must beware how I cause her to regret her choice." The last reflection may seem conceited ; it was not. My neighbour struck me as bordering on repulsive ; I knew, through experience, that I was tolerably attractive.

"Mrs. Heathcliff is my daughter-in-law," said Heathcliff, corroborating my surmise. He turned, as he spoke, a peculiar look in her direction : a look of hatred ; unless he has a most perverse set of facial muscles that will not, like those of other people, interpret the language of his soul.

"Ah, certainly—I see now : you are the favoured possessor of the beneficent fairy," I remarked, turning to my neighbour.

This was worse than before : the youth grew crimson, and clenched his fist, with every appearance of a meditated assault. But he seemed to recollect himself presently, and smothered the storm in a brutal curse, muttered on my behalf : which, however, I took care not to notice.

"Unhappy in your conjectures, sir," observed my host ; "we neither of us have the privilege of owning your good fairy ; her mate is dead. I said she was my daughter-in-law, therefore, she must have married my son."

"And this young man is——"

"Not my son, assuredly."

Heathcliff smiled again, as if it were rather too bold a jest to attribute the paternity of that bear to him.

"My name is Hareton Earnshaw," growled the other ; "and I'd counsel you to respect it !"

"I've shown no disrespect," was my reply, laughing internally at the dignity with which he announced himself.

He fixed his eye on me longer than I cared to return

the stare, for fear I might be tempted either to box his ears or render my hilarity audible. I began to feel unmistakably out of place in that pleasant family circle. The dismal spiritual atmosphere overcame, and more than neutralised, the glowing physical comforts round me; and I resolved to be cautious how I ventured under those rafters a third time.

Wuthering Heights.

THE PRISONER

STILL let my tyrants know, I am not doom'd to wear
Year after year in gloom and desolate despair ;
A messenger of Hope comes every night to me,
And offers for short life, eternal liberty.

He comes with Western winds, with evening's wandering airs,
With that clear dusk of heaven that brings the thickest stars :
Winds take a pensive tone, and stars a tender fire,
And visions rise, and change, that kill me with desire.

Desire for nothing known in my maturer years,
When Joy grew mad with awe, at counting future tears :
When, if my spirit's sky was full of flashes warm,
I knew not whence they came, from sun or thunder-storm.

But first, a hush of peace—a soundless calm descends ;
The struggle of distress and fierce impatience ends.
Mute music soothes my breast—unutter'd harmony
That I could never dream, till Earth was lost to me.

Then dawns the Invisible ; the Unseen its truth reveals ;
My outward sense is gone, my inward essence feels ;
Its wings are almost free—its home, its harbour found,
Measuring the gulf, it stoops, and dares the final bound.

O dreadful is the check—intense the agony—
When the ear begins to hear, and the eye begins to see ;
When the pulse begins to throb—the brain to think again—
The soul to feel the flesh, and the flesh to feel the chain.

Yet I would lose no sting, would wish no torture less ;
The more that anguish racks, the earlier it will bless ;
And robed in fires of hell, or bright with heavenly shine,
If it but herald Death, the vision is divine.

LAST LINES

No coward soul is mine,
No trembler in the world's storm-troubled sphere :
I see Heaven's glories shine,
And faith shines equal, arming me from fear.

O God within my breast,
Almighty, ever-present Deity !
Life—that in me has rest,
As I—undying Life—have power in Thee !

Vain are the thousand creeds
That move men's hearts : unalterably vain ;
Worthless as wither'd weeds,
Or idlest froth amid the boundless main,

To waken doubt in one
Holding so fast by Thine infinity ;
So surely anchor'd on
The steadfast rock of immortality.

With wide-embracing love
Thy Spirit animates eternal years,
Pervades and broods above,
Changes, sustains, dissolves, creates, and rears.

Though earth and man were gone,
And suns and universes ceased to be,
And Thou wert left alone,
Every existence would exist in Thee.

There is not room for Death,
Nor atom that his might could render void :
Thou—Thou art Being and Breath,
And what Thou art may never be destroyed.

WILLIAM MAKEPEACE THACKERAY

(1811-63)

ESMOND'S HOMECOMING

THERE was scarce a score of persons in the Cathedral besides the Dean and some of his clergy, and the choristers, young and old, that performed the beautiful evening prayer. But Mr. Tusher was one of the officiants, and read from the eagle in an authoritative voice, and a great black periwig ; and in the stalls, still in her black widow's hood, sat Esmond's dear mistress, her son by her side, very much grown, and indeed a noble-looking youth, with his mother's eyes, and his father's curling brown hair, that fell over his *point de Venise*—a pretty picture such as Vandyke might have painted. Mons. Rigaud's portrait of my Lord Viscount, done at Paris afterwards, gives but a French version of his manly, frank, English face. When he looked up there were two sapphire beams out of his eyes such as no painter's palette has the colour to match, I think. On this day there was not much chance of seeing that particular beauty of my young lord's countenance ; for the truth is, he kept his eyes shut for the most part, and, the anthem being rather long, was asleep.

But the music ceasing, my lord woke up, looking about him, and his eyes lighting on Mr. Esmond, who was sitting opposite him, gazing with no small tenderness and melancholy upon two persons who had so much of his heart for so many years, Lord Castlewood, with a start, pulled at his mother's sleeve (her face had scarce been lifted from her book), and said, " Look, mother ! " so loud, that Esmond could hear on the other side of the church, and the old Dean on his throned stall. Lady Castlewood looked for an instant as her son bade her, and held up a warning finger to Frank ; Esmond felt his whole face flush, and his heart throbbing, as that dear lady beheld him once more. The rest of the prayers were speedily over ; Mr. Esmond did not hear them ; nor did his mistress, very likely, whose

hood went more closely over her face, and who never lifted her head again until the service was over, the blessing given, and Mr. Dean, and his procession of ecclesiastics, out of the inner chapel.

Young Castlewood came clambering over the stalls before the clergy were fairly gone, and running up to Esmond, eagerly embraced him. "My dear, dearest old Harry!" he said, "are you come back? Have you been to the wars? You'll take me with you when you go again? Why didn't you write to us? Come to mother!"

Mr. Esmond could hardly say more than a "God bless you, my boy!" for his heart was very full and grateful at all this tenderness on the lad's part; and he was as much moved at seeing Frank as he was fearful about that other interview which was now to take place: for he knew not if the widow would reject him as she had done so cruelly a year ago.

"It was kind of you to come back to us, Henry," Lady Esmond said. "I thought you might come."

"We read of the fleet coming to Portsmouth. Why did you not come from Portsmouth?" Frank asked, or my Lord Viscount, as he now must be called.

Esmond had thought of that too. He would have given one of his eyes so that he might see his dear friends again once more; but believing that his mistress had forbidden him her house, he had obeyed her, and remained at a distance.

"You had but to ask, and you knew I would be here," he said.

She gave him her hand, her little fair hand; there was only her marriage ring on it. The quarrel was all over. The year of grief and estrangement was passed. They never had been separated. His mistress had never been out of his mind all that time. No, not once. No, not in the prison; nor in the camp; nor on shore before the enemy; nor at sea under the stars of solemn midnight; nor as he watched the glorious rising of the dawn: not even at the table, where he sat carousing with friends, or at the theatre yonder, where he tried to fancy that other eyes were

brighter than hers. Brighter eyes there might be, and faces more beautiful, but none so dear—no voice so sweet as that of his beloved mistress, who had been sister, mother, goddess to him during his youth—goddess now no more, for he knew of her weaknesses ; and by thought, by suffering, and that experience it brings, was older now than she ; but more fondly cherished as woman perhaps than ever she had been adored as divinity. What is it ? Where lies it ? the secret which makes one little hand the dearest of all ? Whoever can unriddle that mystery ? Here she was, her son by his side, his dear boy. Here she was, weeping and happy. She took his hand in both hers ; he felt her tears. It was a rapture of reconciliation.

“ Here comes Squaretoes,” says Frank. “ Here’s Tusher.”

Tusher, indeed, now appeared, creaking on his great heels. Mr. Tom had divested himself of his alb or surplice, and came forward habited in his cassock and great black periwig. How had Esmond ever been for a moment jealous of this fellow ?

“ Give us thy hand, Tom Tusher,” he said. The chaplain made him a very low and stately bow. “ I am charmed to see Captain Esmond,” says he. “ My lord and I have read the *Reddas incolumem precor*, and applied it, I am sure, to you. You come back with Gaditanian laurels ; when I heard you were bound thither, I wished, I am sure, I was another Septimius. My Lord Viscount, your lordship remembers *Septimi, Gades aditure mecum* ? ”

“ There’s an angle of earth that I love better than Gades, Tusher,” says Mr. Esmond. “ ’Tis that one where your reverence hath a parsonage, and where our youth was brought up.”

“ A house that has so many sacred recollections to me,” says Mr. Tusher (and Harry remembered how Tom’s father used to flog him there)—“ a house near to that of my respected patron, my most honoured patroness, must ever be a dear abode to me. But, madam, the verger waits to close the gates on your ladyship.”

“ And Harry’s coming home to supper. Huzzay ! huzzay ! ” cries my lord. “ Mother, I shall run home and

bid Beatrix put her ribbons on. Beatrix is a maid of honour, Harry. Such a fine set-up minx ! ”

“ Your heart was never in the Church, Harry,” the widow said, in her sweet low tone, as they walked away together. (Now, it seemed they had never been parted, and again, as if they had been ages asunder.) “ I always thought you had no vocation that way ; and that ’twas a pity to shut you out from the world. You would but have pined and chafed at Castlewood : and ’tis better you should make a name for yourself. I often said so to my dear lord. How he loved you ! ’Twas my lord that made you stay with us.”

“ I asked no better than to stay near you always,” said Mr. Esmond.

“ But to go was best, Harry. When the world cannot give peace, you will know where to find it ; but one of your strong imagination and eager desires must try the world first before he tires of it. ’Twas not to be thought of, or if it once was, it was only by my selfishness, that you should remain as chaplain to a country gentleman and tutor to a little boy. You are of the blood of the Esmonds, kinsman ; and that was always wild in youth. Look at Francis. He is but fifteen, and I scarce can keep him in his nest. His talk is all of war and pleasure, and he longs to serve in the next campaign. Perhaps he and the young Lord Churchill shall go the next. Lord Marlborough has been good to us. You know how kind they were in my misfortune. And so was your—your father’s widow. No one knows how good the world is, till grief comes to try us. ’Tis through my Lady Marlborough’s goodness that Beatrix hath her place at Court ; and Frank is under my Lord Chamberlain. And the dowager lady, your father’s widow, has promised to provide for you—has she not ? ”

Esmond said, “ Yes. As far as present favour went, Lady Castlewood was very good to him. And should her mind change,” he added gaily, “ as ladies’ minds will, I am strong enough to bear my own burden, and make my way somehow. Not by the sword very likely. Thousands have a better genius for that than I, but there are many ways

in which a young man of good parts and education can get on in the world ; and I am pretty sure, one way or other, of promotion ! ” Indeed, he had found patrons already in the army, and amongst persons very able to serve him, too ; and told his mistress of the flattering aspect of fortune. They walked as though they had never been parted, slowly, with the grey twilight closing round them.

“ And now we are drawing near to home,” she continued, “ I knew you would come, Harry, if—if it was but to forgive me for having spoken unjustly to you after that horrid—horrid misfortune. I was half frantic with grief then when I saw you. And I know now—they have told me. That wretch, whose name I can never mention, even, has said it : how you tried to avert the quarrel, and would have taken it on yourself, my poor child : but it was God’s will that I should be punished, and that my dear lord should fall.”

“ He gave me his blessing on his death-bed,” Esmond said. “ Thank God for that legacy ! ”

“ Amen, amen ! dear Henry,” said the lady, pressing his arm. “ I knew it. Mr. Atterbury, of St. Bride’s, who was called to him, told me so. And I thanked God, too, and in my prayers ever since remembered it.”

“ You had spared me many a bitter night, had you told me sooner,” Mr. Esmond said.

“ I know it, I know it,” she answered, in a tone of such sweet humility, as made Esmond repent that he should ever have dared to reproach her. “ I know how wicked my heart has been ; and I have suffered too, my dear. I confessed to Mr. Atterbury—I must not tell any more. He—I said I would not write to you or go to you—and it was better even that, having parted, we should part. But I knew you would come back—I own that. That is no one’s fault. And to-day, Henry, in the anthem, when they sang it, ‘ When the Lord turned the captivity of Zion, we were like them that dream,’ I thought, yes, like them that dream—them that dream. And then it went, ‘ They that sow in tears shall reap in joy ; and he that goeth forth and weepeth, shall doubtless come again with rejoicing,

bringing his sheaves with him'; I looked up from the book, and saw you. I was not surprised when I saw you. I knew you would come, my dear, and saw the gold sunshine round your head."

She smiled an almost wild smile as she looked up at him. The moon was up by this time, glittering keen in the frosty sky. He could see, for the first time now clearly, her sweet careworn face.

"Do you know what day it is?" she continued. "It is the 29th of December—it is your birthday! But last year we did not drink it—no, no. My lord was cold, and my Harry was likely to die: and my brain was in a fever; and we had no wine. But now—now you are come again, bringing your sheaves with you, my dear." She burst into a wild flood of weeping as she spoke; she laughed and sobbed on the young man's heart, crying out wildly, "bringing your sheaves with you—your sheaves with you!"

As he had sometimes felt, gazing up from the desk at midnight into the boundless starlit depths overhead, in a rapture of devout wonder at that endless brightness and beauty—in some such a way now, the depth of this pure devotion (which was, for the first time, revealed to him) quite smote upon him, and filled his heart with thanksgiving. Gracious God, who was he, weak and friendless creature, that such a love should be poured out upon him? Not in vain—not in vain has he lived—hard and thankless should he be to think so—that has such a treasure given him. What is ambition compared to that, but selfish vanity? To be rich, to be famous? What do these profit a year hence, when other names sound louder than yours, when you lie hidden away under the ground, along with idle titles engraven on your coffin? But only true love lives after you—follows your memory with secret blessing—or precedes you, and intercedes for you. *Non omnis moriar*—if dying, I yet live in a tender heart or two; nor am lost and hopeless living, if a sainted departed soul still loves and prays for me.

The History of Henry Esmond.

ARTHUR HUGH CLOUGH

(1819-61)

SAY NOT THE STRUGGLE NAUGHT AVAILETH

SAY not the struggle naught availeth,
The labour and the wounds are vain,
The enemy faints not, nor faileth,
And as things have been they remain.

If hopes were dupes, fears may be liars
It may be, in yon smoke conceal'd,
Your comrades chase e'en now the fliers,
And, but for you, possess the field.

For while the tired waves, vainly breaking,
Seem here no painful inch to gain,
Far back, through creeks and inlets making,
Comes silent, flooding in, the main.

And not by eastern windows only,
When daylight comes, comes in the light ;
In front the sun climbs slow, how slowly !
But westward, look, the land is bright !

WHERE LIES THE LAND

WHERE lies the land to which the ship would go ?
Far, far ahead, is all her seamen know
And where the land she travels from ? Away,
Far, far behind, is all that they can say.

On sunny noons upon the deck's smooth face,
Linked arm in arm, how pleasant here to pace ;
Or, o'er the stern reclining, watch below
The foaming wake far widening as we go.

On stormy nights when wild north-westerners rave,
How proud a thing to fight with wind and wave !
The dripping sailor on the reeling mast
Exults to bear, and scorns to wish it past.

Where lies the land to which the ship would go ?
Far, far ahead, is all her seamen know.
And where the land she travels from ? Away,
Far, far behind, is all that they can say.

CARDINAL JOHN HENRY NEWMAN

(1801-90)

THE DEFINITION OF A GENTLEMAN

HENCE it is that it is almost a definition of a gentleman to say he is one who never inflicts pain. This description is both refined and, as far as it goes, accurate. He is mainly occupied in merely removing the obstacles which hinder the free and unembarrassed action of those about him ; and he concurs with their movements rather than takes the initiative himself. His benefits may be considered as parallel to what are called comforts or conveniences in arrangements of a personal nature : like an easy chair or a good fire, which do their part in dispelling cold and fatigue, though nature provides both means of rest and animal heat without them. The true gentleman in like manner carefully avoids whatever may cause a jar or a jolt in the minds of those with whom he is cast ;—all clashing of opinion, or collision of feeling, all restraint, or suspicion, or gloom, or resentment ; his great concern being to make every one at their ease and at home. He has his eyes on all his company ; he is tender towards the bashful, gentle towards the distant, and merciful towards the absurd ; he can recollect to whom he is speaking ; he guards against unseasonable allusions, or topics which may irritate ; he is seldom prominent in conversation, and never wearisome. He makes light of favours

while he does them, and seems to be receiving when he is conferring. He never speaks of himself except when compelled, never defends himself by a mere retort, he has no ears for slander or gossip, is scrupulous in imputing motives to those who interfere with him, and interprets everything for the best. He is never mean or little in his disputes, never takes unfair advantage, never mistakes personalities or sharp sayings for arguments, or insinuates evil which he dare not say out. From a long-sighted prudence, he observes the maxim of the ancient sage, that we should ever conduct ourselves towards our enemy as if he were one day to be our friend. He has too much good sense to be affronted at insults, he is too well employed to remember injuries, and too indolent to bear malice. He is patient, forbearing, and resigned, on philosophical principles ; he submits to pain, because it is inevitable, to bereavement, because it is irreparable, and to death, because it is his destiny. If he engages in controversy of any kind, his disciplined intellect preserves him from the blundering discourtesy of better, though less educated minds ; who, like blunt weapons, tear and hack instead of cutting clean, who mistake the point in argument, waste their strength on trifles, misconceive their adversary, and leave the question more involved than they find it. He may be right or wrong in his opinion, but he is too clear-headed to be unjust ; he is as simple as he is forcible, and as brief as he is decisive. Nowhere shall we find greater candour, consideration, indulgence : he throws himself into the minds of his opponents, he accounts for their mistakes. He knows the weakness of human reason as well as its strength, its province and its limits. If he be an unbeliever, he will be too profound and large-minded to ridicule religion or to act against it ; he is too wise to be a dogmatist or fanatic in his infidelity. He respects piety and devotion ; he even supports institutions as venerable, beautiful, or useful, to which he does not assent ; he honours the ministers of religion, and he is contented to decline its mysteries without assailing or denouncing them. He is a friend of religious toleration, and that, not only because his philosophy has taught him to look on all forms of faith with an impartial

eye, but also from the gentleness and effeminacy of feeling, which is the attendant on civilisation.

Not that he may not hold a religion too, in his own way, even when he is not a Christian. In that case his religion is one of imagination and sentiment ; it is the embodiment of those ideas of the sublime, majestic, and beautiful, without which there can be no large philosophy. Sometimes he acknowledges the being of God, sometimes he invests an unknown principle or quality with the attributes of perfection. And this deduction of his reason, or creation of his fancy, he makes the occasion of such excellent thoughts, and the starting-point of so varied and systematic a teaching, that he even seems like a disciple of Christianity itself. From the very accuracy and steadiness of his logical powers, he is able to see what sentiments are consistent in those who hold any religious doctrine at all, and he appears to others to feel and to hold a whole circle of theological truths which exist in his mind no otherwise than as a number of deductions.

University Education.

FREDERICK TENNYSON

(1807-98)

THE HOLY TIDE

THE days are sad, it is the Holy tide :

The Winter morn is short, the Night is long ;
So let the lifeless Hours be glorified

With deathless thoughts and echo'd in sweet song :
And through the sunset of this purple cup

They will resume the roses of their prime,
And the old Dead will hear us and wake up,

Pass with dim smiles and make our hearts sublime !

The days are sad, it is the Holy tide :

Be dusky mistletoes and hollies strown,
Sharp as the spear that pierced His sacred side,
Red as the drops upon His thorny crown ;

No haggard Passion and no lawless Mirth
Fright off the solemn Muse,—tell sweet old tales,
Sing songs as we sit brooding o'er the hearth,
Till the lamp flickers, and the memory fails.

COVENTRY PATMORE

(1823-96)

UNTHRIFT

AH, wasteful woman, she who may
On her sweet self set her own price,
Knowing man cannot choose but pay,
How has she cheapen'd paradise ;
How given for nought her priceless gift,
How spoil'd the bread and spill'd the wine,
Which, spent with due respective thrift,
Had made brutes men, and men divine.

THE REVELATION

AN idle Poet, here and there,
Looks round him, but, for all the rest,
The world, unfathomably fair,
Is duller than a witling's jest.
Love wakes men, once a life-time each ;
They lift their heavy lids, and look ;
And, lo, what one sweet page can teach
They read with joy, then shut the book :
And some give thanks, and some blaspheme,
And most forget ; but, either way,
That and the Child's unheeded dream
Is all the light of all their day.

THE FOREIGN LAND

A WOMAN is a foreign land,
Of which, though there he settle young,
A man will ne'er quite understand
The customs, politics, and tongue.
The foolish hie them post-haste through,
See fashions odd, and prospects fair,
Learn of the language, "How d'ye do,"
And go and brag they have been there.
The most for leave to trade apply,
For once, at Empire's seat, her heart,
Then get what knowledge ear and eye
Glean chancewise in the life-long mart.
And certain others, few and fit,
Attach them to the Court, and see
The Country's best, its accent hit,
And partly sound its polity.

THE MARRIED LOVER

WHY, having won her, do I woo ?
Because her spirit's vestal grace
Provokes me always to pursue,
But, spirit-like, eludes embrace ;
Because her womanhood is such
That, as on court-days subjects kiss
The Queen's hand, yet so near a touch
Affirms no mean familiarity,
Nay, rather marks more fair the height
Which can with safety so neglect
To dread, as lower ladies might,
That grace could meet with disrespect.
Thus she with happy favour feeds
Allegiance from a love so high
That thence no false conceit proceeds
Of difference bridged, or state put by ;

Because, although in act and word
As lowly as a wife can be,
Her manners, when they call me lord,
Remind me 'tis by courtesy ;
Not with her least consent of will,
Which would my proud affection hurt,
But by the noble style that still
Imputes an unattain'd desert ;
Because her gay and lofty brows,
When all is won which hope can ask,
Reflect a light of hopeless snows
That bright in virgin ether bask ;
Because, though free of the outer court
I am, this Temple keeps its shrine
Sacred to Heaven ; because, in short,
She's not and never can be mine.

ROBERT BROWNING

(1812-89)

HOME-THOUGHTS, FROM ABROAD

- I. OH, to be in England
Now that April's there,
And whoever wakes in England
Sees, some morning, unaware,
That the lowest boughs and the brush-wood sheaf
Round the elm-tree bole are in tiny leaf,
While the chaffinch sings on the orchard bough
In England—now !
- II. And after April, when May follows,
And the whitethroat builds, and all the swallows—
Hark ! where my blossomed pear-tree in the hedge
Leans to the field and scatters on the clover
Blossoms and dewdrops—at the bent-spray's edge—
That's the wise thrush ; he sings each song twice over,

Lest you should think he never could recapture
 The first fine careless rapture !
 And though the fields look rough with hoary dew,
 All will be gay when noontide wakes anew
 The buttercups, the little children's dower,
 —Far brighter than this gaudy melon-flower !

- III. Here's to Nelson's memory !
 'Tis the second time that I, at sea,
 Right off Cape Trafalgar here,
 Have drunk it deep in British beer :
 Nelson for ever—any time
 Am I his to command in prose or rhyme !
 Give me of Nelson only a touch,
 And I guard it, be it little or much ;
 Here's one the Captain gives, and so
 Down at the word, by George, shall it go !
 He says that at Greenwich they show the beholder
 Nelson's coat, " still with tar on the shoulder,
 " For he used to lean with one shoulder digging,
 " Jigging, as it were, and zig-zag-zigging,
 " Up against the mizen rigging ! "

A WOMAN'S LAST WORD

- I. LET's contend no more, Love,
 Strive nor weep—
 All be as before, Love,
 —Only sleep !
- II. What so wild as words are ?
 —I and thou
 In debate, as birds are,
 Hawk on bough !
- III. See the creature stalking
 While we speak—
 Hush and hide the talking,
 Cheek on cheek !

- IV. What so false as truth is,
False to thee ?
Where the serpent's tooth is,
Shun the tree—
- V. Where the apple reddens
Never pry—
Lest we lose our Edens,
Eve and I !
- VI. Be a god and hold me
With a charm—
Be a man and fold me
With thine arm !
- VII. Teach me, only teach, Love !
As I ought
I will speak thy speech, Love,
Think thy thought—
- VIII. Meet, if thou require it,
Both demands,
Laying flesh and spirit
In thy hands !
- IX. That shall be to-morrow
Not to-night :
I must bury sorrow
Out of sight.
- X. —Must a little weep, Love,
—Foolish me !
And so fall asleep, Love,
Loved by thee.

A TOCCATA OF GALUPPI'S

I

OH, Galuppi, Baldassaro, this is very sad to find !
 I can hardly misconceive you ; it would prove me deaf and blind ;
 But although I give you credit, 'tis with such a heavy mind !

II

Here you come with your old music, and here's all the good it
 brings.
 What, they lived once thus at Venice, where the merchants were
 the kings,
 Where St. Mark's is, where the Doges used to wed the sea with
 rings ?

III

Ay, because the sea's the street there ; and 'tis arched by . . .
 what you call
 . . . Shylock's bridge with houses on it, where they kept the
 carnival !
 I was never out of England—it's as if I saw it all !

IV

Did young people take their pleasure when the sea was warm in
 May ?
 Balls and masks begun at midnight, burning ever to mid-day,
 When they made up fresh adventures for the morrow, do you say ?

V

Was a lady such a lady, cheeks so round and lips so red,—
 On her neck the small face buoyant, like a bell-flower on its bed,
 O'er the breast's superb abundance where a man might base his
 head ?

VI

Well (and it was graceful of them) they'd break talk off and afford
 —She, to bite her mask's black velvet, he to finger on his sword,
 While you sat and played Toccatas, stately at the clavichord ?

VII

What ? Those lesser thirds so plaintive, sixths dimin shed, sigh
 on sigh,
 Told them something ? Those suspensions, those solutions—
 “Must we die ?”
 Those commiserating sevenths—“Life might ast ! we can but
 try !”

VIII

“Were you happy ?”—“Yes.”—“And are you still as happy ?”
 —“Yes—And you ?”
 —“Then more kisses”—“Did *I* stop them, when a million
 seemed so few ?”
 Hark—the dominant's persistence, till it must be answered to !

IX

So an octave struck the answer. Oh, they praised you, I dare say !
 “Brave Galuppi ! that was music ! good alike at grave and gay !
 I can always leave off talking, when I hear a master play.”

X

Then they left you for their pleasure : till in due time, one by one,
 Some with lives that came to nothing, some with deeds as well
 undone,
 Death came tacitly and took them where they never see the sun.

XI

But when I sit down to reason,—think to take my stand nor
 swerve
 Till I triumph o'er a secret wrung from nature's close reserve,
 In you come with your cold music, till I creep thro' every nerve.

XII

Yes, you, like a ghostly cricket, creaking where a house was
 burned :
 “Dust and ashes, dead and done with, Venice spent what Venice
 earned !
 The soul, doubtless, is immortal—where a soul can be discerned.

XIII

" Yours for instance: you know physics, something of geology,
Mathematics are your pastime; souls shall rise in their degree;
Butterflies may dread extinction,—you'll not die, it cannot be!

XIV

" As for Venice and its people, merely born to bloom and drop,
Here on earth they bore their fruitage, mirth and folly were the
crop,
What of soul was left, I wonder, when the kissing had to stop?

XV

" Dust and ashes!" So you creak it, and I want the heart to
scold.
Dear dead women, with such hair, too—what's become of all the
gold
Used to hang and brush their bosoms? I feel chilly and grown old.

BY THE FIRE-SIDE

- I. How well I know what I mean to do
When the long dark Autumn evenings come,
And where, my soul, is thy pleasant hue?
With the music of all thy voices, dumb
In life's November too!
- II. I shall be found by the fire, suppose,
O'er a great wise book as beseemeth age,
While the shutters flap as the cross-wind blows,
And I turn the page, and I turn the page,
Not verse now, only prose!
- III. Till the young ones whisper, finger on lip,
" There he is at it, deep in Greek—
Now or never, then, out we slip
To cut from the hazels by the creek
A mainmast for our ship."

- iv. I shall be at it indeed, my friends !
Greek puts already on either side
Such a branch-work forth, as soon extends
To a vista opening far and wide,
And I pass out where it ends.
- v. The outside-frame like your hazel-trees—
But the inside-archway narrows fast,
And a rarer sort succeeds to these,
And we slope to Italy at last
And youth, by green degrees.
- vi. I follow wherever I am led,
Knowing so well the leader's hand—
Oh, woman-country, wooed, not wed,
Loved all the more by earth's male-lands,
Laid to their hearts instead !
- vii. Look at the ruined chapel again
Half way up in the Alpine gorge.
Is that a tower, I point you plain,
Or is it a mill or an iron forge
Breaks solitude in vain ?
- viii. A turn, and we stand in the heart of things ;
The woods are round us, heaped and dim ;
From slab to slab how it slips and springs,
The thread of water single and slim,
Thro' the ravage some torrent brings !
- ix. Does it feed the little lake below ?
That speck of white just on its marge
Is Pella ; see, in the evening glow
How sharp the silver spear-heads charge
When Alp meets Heaven in snow.
- x. On our other side is the straight-up rock ;
And a path is kept 'twixt the gorge and it
By boulder-stones where lichens mock
The marks on a moth, and small ferns fit
Their teeth to the polished block.

- xI. Oh, the sense of the yellow mountain flowers,
And the thorny balls, each three in one,
The chestnuts throw on our path in showers,
For the drop of the woodland fruit's begun
These early November hours—
- xII. That crimson the creeper's leaf across
Like a splash of blood, intense, abrupt,
O'er a shield, else gold from rim to boss,
And lay it for show on the fairy-cupped
Elf-neededled mat of moss,
- xIII. By the rose-flesh mushrooms, undivulged
Last evening—nay, in to-day's first dew
Yon sudden coral nipple bulged
Where a freaked, fawn-coloured, flaky crew
Of toad-stools peep indulged.
- xIV. And yonder, at foot of the fronting ridge
That takes the turn to a range beyond,
Is the chapel reached by the one-arched bridge
Where the water is stopped in a stagnant pond
Danced over by the midge.
- xV. The chapel and bridge are of stone alike,
Blackish grey and mostly wet ;
Cut hemp-stalks steep in the narrow dyke.
See here again, how the lichens fret
And the roots of the ivy strike !
- xVI. Poor little place, where its one priest comes
On a festa-day, if he comes at all,
To the dozen folk from their scattered homes,
Gathered within that precinct small
By the dozen ways one roams
- xVII. To drop from the charcoal-burners' huts,
Or climb from the hemp-dressers' low shed,
Leave the grange where the woodman stores his nuts,
Or the wattled cote where the fowlers spread
Their gear on the rock's bare juts.

- xviii. It has some pretension too, this front,
With its bit of fresco half-moon-wise
Set over the porch, Art's early wont—
'Tis John in the Desert, I surmise,
But has borne the weather's brunt—
- xix. Not from the fault of the builder, though,
For a pent-house properly projects
Where three carved beams make a certain show,
Dating—good thought of our architect's—
'Five, six, nine, he lets you know.
- xx. And all day long a bird sings there,
And a stray sheep drinks at the pond at times :
The place is silent and aware ;
It has had its scenes, its joys and crimes,
But that is its own affair.
- xxi. My perfect wife, my Leonor,
Oh, heart my own, oh, eyes, mine too,
Whom else could I dare look backward for,
With whom beside should I dare pursue
The path grey heads abhor ?
- xxii. For it leads to a crag's sheer edge with them ;
Youth, flowery all the way, there stops—
Not they ; age threatens and they condemn,
Till they reach the gulf wherein youth drops,
One inch from our life's safe hem !
- xxiii. With me, youth led—I will speak now
No longer watch you as you sit
Reading by fire-light, that great brow
And the spirit-small hand propping it
Mutely—my heart knows how—
- xxiv. When, if I think but deep enough,
You are wont to answer, prompt as rhyme ;
And you, too, find without rebuff
The response your soul seeks many a time
Piercing its fine flesh-stuff—

- xxv. My own, confirm me ! If I tread
This path back, is it not in pride
To think how little I dreamed it led
To an age so blest that by its side
Youth seems the waste instead !
- xxvi. My own, see where the years conduct !
At first, 'twas something our two souls
Should mix as mists do : each is sucked
Into each now ; on, the new stream rolls,
Whatever rocks obstruct.
- xxvii. Think, when our one soul understands
The great Word which makes all things new—
When earth breaks up and Heaven expands—
How will the change strike me and you
In the House not made with hands ?
- xxviii. Oh, I must feel your brain prompt mine,
Your heart anticipate my heart,
You must be just before, in fine,
See and make me see, for your part,
New depths of the Divine !
- xxix. But who could have expected this,
When we two drew together first
Just for the obviqus human bliss,
To satisfy life's daily thirst
With a thing men seldom miss ?
- xxx. Come back with me to the first of all,
Let us lean and love it over again—
Let us now forget and then recall,
Break the rosary in a pearly rain,
And gather what we let fall !
- xxxi. What did I say ?—that a small bird sings
All day long, save when a brown pair
Of hawks from the wood float with wide wings
Strained to a bell : 'gainst the noon-day glare
You count the streaks and rings.

- xxxii. But at afternoon or almost eve
 'Tis better ; then the silence grows
 To that degree, you half believe
 It must get rid of what it knows,
 Its bosom does so heave.
- xxxiii. Hither we walked, then, side by side,
 Arm in arm and cheek to cheek,
 And still I questioned or replied,
 While my heart, convulsed to really speak,
 Lay choking in its pride.
- xxxiv. Silent the crumbling bridge we cross,
 And pity and praise the chapel sweet,
 And care about the fresco's loss,
 And wish for our souls a like retreat,
 And wonder at the moss.
- xxxv. Stoop and kneel on the settle under—
 Look through the window's grated square ;
 Nothing to see ! for fear of plunder,
 The cross is down and the altar bare,
 As if thieves don't fear thunder.
- xxxvi. We stoop and look in through the grate,
 See the little porch and rustic door,
 Read duly the dead builder's date,
 Then cross the bridge we crossed before,
 Take the path again—but wait !
- xxxvii. Oh moment, one and infinite !
 The water slips o'er stock and stone ;
 The west is tender, hardly bright.
 How grey at once is the evening grown—
 One star, its chrysolite !
- xxxviii. We two stood there with never a third,
 But each by each, as each knew well.
 The sights we saw and the sounds we heard,
 The lights and the shades made up a spell
 Till the trouble grew and stirred.

xxxix. Oh, the little more, and how much it is !
And the little less, and what worlds away !
How a sound shall quicken content to bliss,
Or a breath suspend the blood's best play,
And life be a proof of this !

xl. Had she willed it, still had stood the screen
So slight, so sure, 'twixt my love and her.
I could fix her face with a guard between,
And find her soul as when friends confer,
Friends—lovers that might have been.

xli. For my heart had a touch of the woodland time,
Wanting to sleep now over its best.
Shake the whole tree in the summer-prime,
But bring to the last leaf no such test.
“ Hold the last fast ! ” says the rhyme.

xlII. For a chance to make your little much,
To gain a lover and lose a friend,
Venture the tree and a myriad such,
When nothing you mar but the year can mend !
But a last leaf—fear to touch.

xlIII. Yet should it unfasten itself and fall
Eddying down till it find your face
At some slight wind—(best chance of all !)
Be your heart henceforth its dwelling-place
You trembled to forestall !

xlIV. Worth how well, those dark grey eyes,
—That hair so dark and dear, how worth
That a man should strive and agonise,
And taste a veriest hell on earth
For the hope of such a prize !

xlV. Oh, you might have turned and tried a man,
Set him a space to weary and wear,
And prove which suited more your plan,
His best of hope or his worst despair,
Yet end as he began.

- XLVI. But you spared me this, like the heart you are,
And filled my empty heart at a word.
If you join two lives, there is oft a scar,
They are one and one, with a shadowy third ;
One near one is too far.
- XLVII. A moment after, and hands unseen
Were hanging the night around us fast.
But we knew that a bar was broken between
Life and life ; we were mixed at last
In spite of the mortal screen.
- XLVIII. The forests had done it ; there they stood—
We caught for a second the powers at play ;
They had mingled us so, for once and good,
Their work was done—we might go or stay,
They relapsed to their ancient mood.
- XLIX. How the world is made for each of us !
How all we perceive and know in it
Tends to some moment's product thus,
When a soul declares itself—to wit,
By its fruit—the thing it does !
- L. Be Hate that fruit or Love that fruit,
It forwards the General Deed of Man,
And each of the Many helps to recruit
The life of the race by a general plan,
Each living his own, to boot.
- LI. I am named and known by that moment's feat,
There took my station and degree.
So grew my own small life complete
As nature obtained her best of me—
One born to love you, sweet !
- LII. And to watch you sink by the fire-side now
Back again, as you mutely sit
Musing by fire-light, that great brow
And the spirit-small hand propping it
Yonder, my heart knows how !

- LIII. So earth has gained by one man more,
 And the gain of earth must be Heaven's gain too,
 And the whole is well worth thinking o'er
 When autumn comes : which I mean to do
 One day, as I said before.

IN A GONDOLA

THE moth's kiss, first !
 Kiss me as if you made believe
 You were not sure, this eve,
 How my face, your flower, had pursed
 Its petals up ; so, here and there
 You brush it, till I grow aware
 Who wants me, and wide ope I burst.

The bee's kiss, now !
 Kiss me as if you enter'd gay
 My heart at some noonday,
 A bud that dares not disallow
 The claim, so all is render'd up,
 And passively its shatter'd cup
 Over your head to sleep I bow.

ANTHONY TROLLOPE

(1815-82)

WHO SHALL BE COCK OF THE WALK?

NOT without many misgivings did he find himself in Mrs. Proudie's boudoir. He had at first thought of sending for her. But it was not at all impossible that she might choose to take such a message amiss, and then also it might be some protection to him to have his daughters present at the interview. He found her sitting with her account books before her nibbling the end of her pencil, evidently mersed in pecuniary difficulties, and harassed in mind by the multi-

plicity of palatial expenses, and the heavy cost of episcopal grandeur. Her daughters were around her. Olivia was reading a novel, Augusta was crossing a note to her bosom friend in Baker Street, and Netta was working diminutive coach wheels for the bottom of a petticoat. If the bishop could get the better of his wife in her present mood, he would be a man indeed. He might then consider the victory his own for ever. After all, in such cases the matter between husband and wife stands much the same as it does between two boys at the same school, two cocks in the same yard, or two armies on the same continent. The conqueror once is generally the conqueror for ever after. The prestige of victory is everything.

"Ahem—my dear," began the bishop, "if you are disengaged, I wished to speak to you." Mrs. Proudie put her pencil down carefully at the point to which she had dotted her figures, marked down in her memory the sum she had arrived at, and then looked up, sourly enough, into her helpmate's face. "If you are busy, another time will do as well," continued the bishop, whose courage like Bob Acres' had oozed out, now that he found himself on the ground of battle.

"What is it about, Bishop?" asked the lady.

"Well—it was about those Quiverfuls—but I see you are engaged. Another time will do just as well for me."

"What about the Quiverfuls? It is quite understood, I believe, that they are to come to the hospital. There is to be no doubt about that, is there?" and as she spoke she kept her pencil sternly and vigorously fixed on the column of figures before her.

"Why, my dear, there is a difficulty," said the bishop.

"A difficulty!" said Mrs. Proudie; "what difficulty? The place has been promised to Mr. Quiverful, and of course he must have it. He has made all his arrangements. He has written for a curate for Puddingdale, he has spoken to the auctioneer about selling his farm, horses, and cows, and in all respects considers the place as his own. Of course he must have it."

Now, bishop, look well to thyself, and call up all the

manhood that is in thee. Think how much is at stake. If now thou art not true to thy guns, no Slope can hereafter aid thee. How can he who deserts his own colours at the first smell of gunpowder expect faith in any ally? Thou thyself hast sought the battle-field: fight out the battle manfully now thou art there. Courage, bishop, courage! Frowns cannot kill, nor can sharp words break any bones. After all the apron is thine own. She can appoint no wardens, give away no benefices, nominate no chaplains, an thou art but true to thyself. Up, man, and at her with a constant heart.

Some little monitor within the bishop's breast so addressed him. But then there was another monitor there which advised him differently, and as follows. Remember, bishop, she is a woman, and such a woman too as thou well knowest: a battle of words with such a woman is the very mischief. Were it not better for thee to carry on this war, if it must be waged, from behind thine own table in thine own study? Does not every cock fight best on his own dunghill? Thy daughters also are here, the pledges of thy love, the fruits of thy loins, is it well that they should see thee in the hour of thy victory over their mother? nay, is it well that they should see thee in the possible hour of thy defeat? Besides, hast thou not chosen thy opportunity with wonderful little skill, indeed with no touch of that sagacity for which thou art famous? Will it not turn out that thou art wrong in this matter, and thine enemy right; that thou hast actually pledged thyself in this matter of the hospital, and that now thou wouldest turn upon thy wife because she requires from thee but the fulfilment of thy promise? Art thou not a Christian bishop, and is not thy word to be held sacred whatever be the result? Return, bishop, to thy sanctum on the lower floor, and postpone thy combative propensities for some occasion in which at least thou mayest fight the battle against odds less tremendously against thee.

All this passed within the bishop's bosom while Mrs. Proudie still sat with her fixed pencil, and the figures of her sum still enduring on the tablets of her memory.

"£4 17s. 7d.," she said to herself. "Of course Mr. Quiverful must have the hospital," she said out loud to her lord.

"Well, my dear, I merely wanted to suggest to you that Mr. Slope seems to think that if Mr. Harding be not appointed, public feeling in the matter would be against us, and that the press might perhaps take it up."

"Mr. Slope seems to think!" said Mrs. Proudie, in a tone of voice which plainly showed the bishop that he was right in looking for a breach in that quarter. "And what has Mr. Slope to do with it? I hope, my lord, you are not going to allow yourself to be governed by a chaplain." And now in her eagerness the lady lost her place in her account.

"Certainly not, my dear. Nothing I can assure you is less probable. But still Mr. Slope may be useful in finding how the wind blows, and I really thought that if we could give something else as good to the Quiverfuls——"

"Nonsense," said Mrs. Proudie; "it would be years before you could give them anything else that could suit them half as well, and as for the press and the public, and all that, remember there are two ways of telling a story. If Mr. Harding is fool enough to tell his tale, we can also tell ours. The place was offered to him, and he refused it. It has now been given to some one else, and there's an end of it. At least I should think so."

"Well, my dear, I rather believe you are right," said the bishop; and sneaking out of the room, he went downstairs, troubled in his mind as to how he should receive the archdeacon on the morrow. He felt himself not very well just at present; and began to consider that he might, not improbably, be detained in his room the next morning by an attack of bile. He was, unfortunately, very subject to bilious annoyances.

"Mr. Slope, indeed! I'll Slope him," said the indignant matron to her listening progeny. "I don't know what has come to Mr. Slope. I believe he thinks he is to be Bishop of Barchester himself, because I've taken him by the hand, and got your father to make him his domestic chaplain."

"He was always full of impudence," said Olivia; "I told you so once before, mamma." Olivia, however, had

not thought him too impudent when once before he had proposed to make her Mrs. Slope.

"Well, Olivia, I always thought you liked him," said Augusta, who at that moment had some grudge against her sister. "I always disliked the man, because I think him thoroughly vulgar."

"There you're wrong," said Mrs. Proudie; "he's not vulgar at all; and what is more, he is a soul-stirring, eloquent preacher; but he must be taught to know his place if he is to remain in this house."

"He has the horriddest eyes I ever saw in a man's head," said Netta; "and I tell you what, he's terribly greedy; did you see all the currant-pie he ate yesterday?"

When Mr. Slope got home he soon learnt from the bishop, as much from his manner as his words, that Mrs. Proudie's behests in the matter of the hospital were to be obeyed. Dr. Proudie let fall something as to "this occasion only," and "keeping all affairs about patronage exclusively in his own hands." But he was quite decided about Mr. Harding; and as Mr. Slope did not wish to have both the prelate and the prelatess against him, he did not at present see that he could do anything but yield.

He merely remarked that he would of course carry out the bishop's views, and that he was quite sure that if the bishop trusted to his own judgment things in the diocese would certainly be well ordered. Mr. Slope knew that if you hit a nail on the head often enough, it will penetrate at last.

Barchester Towers.

MATTHEW ARNOLD

(1822-88)

THE SCHOLAR-GIPSY

Go, for they call you, Shepherd, from the hill;
 Go, Shepherd, and untie the wattled cotes:
 No longer leave thy wistful flock unfed,
 Nor let thy bawling fellows rack their throats,

Nor the cropp'd grasses shoot another head.
But when the fields are still,
And the tired men and dogs all gone to rest,
And only the white sheep are sometimes seen
Cross and recross the strips of moon-blanch'd green ;
Come, Shepherd, and again begin the quest.

Here, where the reaper was at work of late,
In this high field's dark corner, where he leaves
His coat, his basket, and his earthen cruse,
And in the sun all morning binds the sheaves,
Then here, at noon, comes back his stores to use ;
Here will I sit and wait,
While to my ear from uplands far away
The bleating of the folded flocks is borne,
With distant cries of reapers in the corn—
All the live murmur of a summer's day.

Screen'd is this nook o'er the high, half-reap'd field,
And here till sundown, Shepherd, will I be.
Through the thick corn the scarlet poppies peep,
And round green roots and yellowing stalks I see
Pale blue convolvulus in tendrils creep :
And air-swept lindens yield
Their scent, and rustle down their perfumed showers
Of bloom on the bent grass where I am laid,
And bower me from the August sun with shade ;
And the eye travels down to Oxford's towers :

And near me on the grass lies Glanvil's book—
Come, let me read the oft-read tale again :
The story of that Oxford scholar poor,
Of pregnant parts and quick inventive brain,
Who, tired of knocking at Preferment's door,
One summer eve forsook
His friends, and went to learn the Gipsy lore,
And roam'd the world with that wild brotherhood,
And came, as most men deem'd, to little good,
But came to Oxford and his friends no more.

But once, years after, in the country lanes,
Two scholars, whom at college erst he knew,
Met him, and of his way of life inquired.
Whereat he answer'd that the Gipsy crew,
His mates, had arts to rule as they desired
The workings of men's brains ;
And they can bind them to what thoughts they will :
" And I," he said, " the secret of their art,
When fully learn'd, will to the world impart :
But it needs Heaven-sent moments for this skill ! "

This said, he left them, and return'd no more,
But rumours hung about the country-side,
That the lost Scholar long was seen to stray,
Seen by rare glimpses, pensive and tongue-tied,
In hat of antique shape, and cloak of grey,
The same the Gipsies wore.
Shepherds had met him on the Hurst in spring ;
At some lone alehouse in the Berkshire moors,
On the warm ingle-bench, the smock-frock'd boors
Had found him seated at their entering,

But, 'mid their drink and clatter, he would fly :
And I myself seem half to know thy looks,
And put the shepherds, Wanderer, on thy trace ;
And boys who in lone wheatfields scare the rooks
I ask if thou hast pass'd their quiet place ;
Or in my boat I lie
Moor'd to the cool bank in the summer heats,
'Mid wide grass meadows which the sunshine fills,
And watch the warm green-muffled Cumnor hills,
And wonder if thou haunt'st their shy retreats.

For most, I know, thou lov'st retirèd ground.
Thee, at the ferry, Oxford riders blithe,
Returning home on summer nights, have met
Crossing the stripling Thames at Bablock-hithe,
Trailing in the cool stream thy fingers wet,
As the slow punt swings round :
And leaning backwards in a pensive dream,

And fostering in thy lap a heap of flowers
Pluck'd in shy fields and distant Wychwood bowers,
And thine eyes resting on the moonlit stream :

And then they land, and thou art seen no more.
Maidens who from the distant hamlets come
To dance around the Fyfield elm in May,
Oft through the darkening fields have seen thee roam,
Or cross a stile into the public way.

Oft thou hast given them store
Of flowers—the frail-leaf'd white anemone—
Dark bluebells drench'd with dew of summer eves,
And purple orchises with spotted leaves—
But none has words she can report of thee.

And, above Godstow Bridge, when hay-time's here
In June, and many a scythe in sunshine flames,
Men who through those wide fields of breezy grass
Where black-wing'd swallows haunt the glittering Thames
To bathe in the abandon'd lasher pass,
Have often pass'd thee near
Sitting upon the river bank o'ergrown :
Mark'd thine outlandish garb, thy figure spare,
Thy dark vague eyes, and soft abstracted air ;
But, when they came from bathing, thou wert gone.

At some lone homestead in the Cumnor hills,
Where at her open door the housewife darns,
Thou hast been seen, or hanging on a gate
To watch the threshers in the mossy barns.
Children, who early range these slopes and late
For cresses from the rills,
Have known thee watching, all an April day,
The springing pastures and the feeding kine ;
And mark'd thee, when the stars come out and shine,
Through the long dewy grass move slow away.

In autumn, on the skirts of Bagley Wood,
Where most the Gipsies by the turf-edged way
Pitch their smoked tents, and every bush you see
With scarlet patches tagg'd and shreds of gray,

Above the forest-ground call'd Thessaly—
The blackbird picking food
Sees thee, nor stops his meal, nor fears at all ;
So often has he known thee past him stray
Rapt, twirling in thy hand a wither'd spray,
And waiting for the spark from heaven to fall.

And once, in winter, on the causeway chill
Where home through flooded fields foot-travellers go,
Have I not pass'd thee on the wooden bridge
Wrapt in thy cloak and battling with the snow,
Thy face towards Hinksey and its wintry ridge ?
And thou hast climb'd the hill
And gain'd the white brow of the Cumnor range ;
Turn'd once to watch, while thick the snowflakes fall,
The line of festal light in Christ Church hall—
Then sought thy straw in some sequester'd grange.

But what—I dream ! Two hundred years are flown
Since first thy story ran through Oxford halls,
And the grave Glanvil did the tale inscribe
That thou wert wander'd from the studious walls
To learn strange arts, and join the Gipsy tribe :
And thou from earth art gone
Long since, and in some quiet churchyard laid ;
Some country nook, where o'er thy unknown grave
Tall grasses and white flowering nettles wave—
Under a dark red-fruited yew-tree's shade.

—No, no, thou hast not felt the lapse of hours.
For what wears out the life of mortal men ?
'Tis that from change to change their being rolls :
'Tis that repeated shocks, again, again,
Exhaust the energy of strongest souls,
And numb the elastic powers.
Till having used our nerves with bliss and teen,
And tired upon a thousand schemes our wit,
To the just-pausing Genius we remit
Our worn-out life, and are—what we have been.

Thou hast not lived, why shouldst thou perish, so ?
Thou hadst *one* aim, *one* business, *one* desire :
Else wert thou long since number'd with the dead—
Else hadst thou spent, like other men, thy fire.
The generations of thy peers are fled,
And we ourselves shall go ;
But thou possessest an immortal lot,
And we imagine thee exempt from age
And living as thou liv'st on Glanvil's page,
Because thou hadst—what we, alas, have not !

For early didst thou leave the world, with powers
Fresh, undiverted to the world without,
Firm to their mark, not spent on other things ;
Free from the sick fatigue, the languid doubt,
Which much to have tried, in much been baffled, brings.
O Life unlike to ours !
Who fluctuate idly without term or scope,
Of whom each strives, nor knows for what he strives,
And each half lives a hundred different lives ;
Who wait like thee, but not, like thee, in hope.

Thou waitest for the spark from Heaven : and we,
Vague half-believers of our casual creeds,
Who never deeply felt, nor clearly will'd,
Whose insight never has borne fruit in deeds,
Whose weak resolves never have been fulfill'd ;
For whom each year we see
Breeds new beginnings, disappointments new ;
Who hesitate and falter life away,
And lose to-morrow the ground won to-day—
Ah, do not we, Wanderer, await it too ?

Yes, we await it, but it still delays,
And then we suffer ; and amongst us One,
Who most has suffer'd, takes dejectedly
His seat upon the intellectual throne ;
And all his store of sad experience he
Lays bare of wretched days ;
Tells us his misery's birth and growth and signs,

And how the dying spark of hope was fed,
 And how the breast was soothed, and how the head,
 And all his hourly varied anodynes.

This for our wisest : and we others pine,
 And wish the long unhappy dream would end,
 And waive all claim to bliss, and try to bear,
 With close-lipp'd Patience for our only friend,
 Sad Patience, too near neighbour to Despair :
 But none has hope like thine.

Thou through the fields and through the woods dost stray,
 Roaming the country-side, a truant boy,
 Nursing thy project in unclouded joy,
 And every doubt long blown by time away.

O born in days when wits were fresh and clear,
 And life ran gaily as the sparkling Thames ;
 Before this strange disease of modern life,
 With its sick hurry, its divided aims,
 Its heads o'ertax'd, its palsied hearts, was rife—
 Fly hence, our contact fear !
 Still fly, plunge deeper in the bowering wood !
 Averse, as Dido did with gesture stern
 From her false friend's approach in Hades turn,
 Wave us away, and keep thy solitude.

Still nursing the unconquerable hope,
 Still clutching the inviolable shade,
 With a free onward impulse brushing through,
 By night, the silver'd branches of the glade—
 Far on the forest-skirts, where none pursue,
 On some mild pastoral slope
 Emerge, and resting on the moonlit pales,
 Freshen thy flowers, as in former years,
 With dew, or listen with enchanted ears,
 From the dark dingles, to the nightingales.

But fly our paths, our feverish contact fly !
 For strong the infection of our mental strife,
 Which, though it gives no bliss, yet spoils for rest ;
 And we should win thee from thy own fair life,

Like us distracted, and like us unblest.

Soon, soon thy cheer would die,

Thy hopes grow timorous, and unfix'd thy powers,

And thy clear aims be cross and shifting made :

And then thy glad perennial youth would fade,

Fade, and grow old at last, and die like ours.

Then fly our greetings, fly our speech and smiles !

—As some grave Tyrian trader, from the sea,

Descried at sunrise an emerging prow

Lifting the cool-hair'd creepers stealthily,

The fringes of a southward-facing brow

Among the Ægean isles ;

And saw the merry Grecian coaster come,

Freighted with amber grapes, and Chian wine,

Green bursting figs, and tunnies steep'd in brine ;

And knew the intruders on his ancient home,

The young light-hearted Masters of the waves ;

And snatch'd his rudder, and shook out more sail,

And day and night held on indignantly

O'er the blue Midland waters with the gale,

Betwixt the Syrtes and soft Sicily,

To where the Atlantic raves

Outside the Western Straits, and unbent sails

There, where down cloudy cliffs, through sheets of foam,

Shy traffickers, the dark Iberians come ;

And on the beach undid his corded bales.

THE FUNCTION OF CRITICISM

THE critical power is of lower rank than the creative. True ; but in assenting to this proposition, one or two things are to be kept in mind. It is undeniable that the exercise of a creative power, that a free creative activity, is the true function of man ; it is proved to be so by man's finding in it his true happiness. But it is undeniable, also, that men may have the sense of exercising this free creative activity in other ways than in producing great works of literature or art ; if it were not so, all but a very few men would be shut out from the true happiness of all men ; they may

have it in well-doing, they may have it in learning, they may have it even in criticising. This is one thing to be kept in mind. Another is, that the exercise of the creative power in the production of great works of literature or art, however high this exercise of it may rank, is not at all epochs and under all conditions possible; and that therefore labour may be vainly spent in attempting it, which might with more fruit be used in preparing for it, in rendering it possible. This creative power works with elements, with materials; what if it has not those materials, those elements, ready for its use? In that case it must surely wait till they are ready. Now in literature—I will limit myself to literature, for it is about literature that the question arises—the elements with which the creative power works are ideas; the best ideas, on every matter which literature touches, current at the time; at any rate we may lay it down as certain that in modern literature no manifestation of the creative power not working with these can be very important or fruitful. And I say *current* at the time, not merely accessible at the time; for creative literary genius does not principally show itself in discovering new ideas; that is rather the business of the philosopher; the grand work of literary genius is a work of synthesis and exposition, not of analysis and discovery; its gift lies in the faculty of being happily inspired by a certain intellectual and spiritual atmosphere, by a certain order of ideas, when it finds itself in them; of dealing divinely with those ideas, presenting them in the most effective and attractive combinations, making beautiful works with them, in short. But it must have the atmosphere, it must find itself amidst the order of ideas, in order to work freely; and these it is not so easy to command. This is why great creative epochs in literature are so rare; this is why there is so much that is unsatisfactory in the productions of many men of real genius; because, for the creation of a master-work of literature two powers must concur, the power of the man and the power of the moment, and the man is not enough without the moment; the creative power has, for its happy exercise, appointed elements, and those elements are not in its own control.

Nay, they are more within the control of the critical power. It is the business of the critical power, as I said in the words already quoted, "in all branches of knowledge, theology, philosophy, history, art, science, to see the object as in itself it really is." Thus it tends, at last, to make an intellectual situation of which the creative power can profitably avail itself. It tends to establish an order of ideas, if not absolutely true, yet true by comparison with that which it displaces; to make the best ideas prevail. Presently these new ideas reach society, the touch of truth is the touch of life, and there is a stir and growth everywhere; out of this stir and growth come the creative epochs of literature.

Or, to narrow our range, and quit these considerations of the general march of genius and of society—considerations which are apt to become too abstract and impalpable—every one can see that a poet, for instance, ought to know life and the world before dealing with them in poetry; and life and the world being in modern times, very complex things, the creation of a modern poet, to be worth much, implies a great critical effort behind it; else it must be a comparatively poor, barren, and short-lived affair. This is why Byron's poetry had so little endurance in it, and Goethe's so much; both Byron and Goethe had a great productive power, but Goethe's was nourished by a great critical effort providing the true materials for it, and Byron's was not; Goethe knew life and the world, the poet's necessary subjects, much more comprehensively and thoroughly than Byron. He knew a great deal more of them, and he knew them much more as they really are.

Essays in Criticism.

WILLIAM (JOHNSON) CORY

(1823-92)

MIMNERMUS IN CHURCH

You promise heavens free from strife,
Pure truth, and perfect change of will;
But sweet, sweet is this human life,
So sweet, I fain would breathe it still;

Your chilly stars I can forgo,
This warm kind world is all I know.

You say there is no substance here,
One great reality above :
Back from that void I shrink in fear,
And child-like hide myself in love :
Show me what angels feel. Till then,
I cling, a mere weak man, to men.

You bid me lift my mean desires
From faltering lips and fitful veins
To sexless souls, ideal quires,
Unwearied voices, wordless strains :
My mind with fonder welcome owns
One dear dead friend's remember'd tones.

Forsooth the present we must give
To that which cannot pass away ;
All beauteous things for which we live
By laws of time and space decay.
But O, the very reason why
I clasp them, is because they die.

HERACLITUS

THEY told me, Heraclitus, they told me you were dead,
They brought me bitter news to hear and bitter tears to shed.
I wept as I remember'd how often you and I
Had tired the sun with talking and sent him down the sky.

And now that thou art lying, my dear old Carian guest,
A handful of grey ashes, long, long ago at rest,
Still are thy pleasant voices, thy nightingales, awake ;
For Death, he taketh all away, but them he cannot take.

NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE

(1804-64)

A VIEW OF ROME IN 1859

ALONG with the lamp on Hilda's tower, the sculptor now felt that a light had gone out, or, at least, was ominously obscured, to which he owed whatever cheerfulness had heretofore illuminated his cold, artistic life. The idea of this girl had been like a taper of virgin wax, burning with a pure and steady flame, and chasing away the evil spirits out of the magic circle of its beams. It had darted its rays afar, and modified the whole sphere in which Kenyon had his being. Beholding it no more, he at once found himself in darkness and astray.

This was the time, perhaps, when Kenyon first became sensible what a dreary city is Rome, and what a terrible weight is there imposed on human life, when any gloom within the heart corresponds to the spell of ruin that has been thrown over the site of ancient empire. He wandered, as it were, and stumbled over the fallen columns and among the tombs, and groped his way into the sepulchral darkness of the catacombs, and found no path emerging from them. The happy may well enough continue to be such, beneath the brilliant sky of Rome. But, if you go thither in melancholy mood—if you go with a ruin in your heart, or with a vacant site there where once stood the airy fabric of happiness, now vanished—all the ponderous gloom of the Roman Past will pile itself upon that spot, and crush you down as with the heaped-up marble and granite, the earth-mounds and multitudinous bricks, of its material decay.

It might be supposed that a melancholy man would here make acquaintance with a grim philosophy. He should learn to bear patiently his individual griefs, that endure only for one little lifetime, when here are the tokens of such infinite misfortune on an imperial scale, and when so many far landmarks of time, all around him, are bringing the remoteness of a thousand years ago into the sphere of

yesterday. But it is in vain that you seek this shrub of bitter sweetness among the plants that root themselves on the roughness of massive walls, or spring out of the green turf in the palace of the Cæsars. It does not grow in Rome ; not even among the five hundred various weeds which deck the grassy arches of the Coliseum. You look through a vista of century beyond century—through much shadow, and a little sunshine—through barbarism and civilisation, alternating with one another, like actors that have pre-arranged their parts—through a broad pathway of progressive generations bordered by palaces and temples, and bestridden by old, triumphal arches, until, in the distance, you behold the obelisks, with their unintelligible inscriptions, hinting at a past infinitely more remote than history can define. Your own life is as nothing, when compared with that immeasurable distance ; but still you demand, none the less earnestly, a gleam of sunshine, instead of a speck of shadow, on the step or two that will bring you to your quiet rest.

How exceedingly absurd ! All men, from the date of the earliest obelisk—and of the whole world, moreover, since that far epoch, and before—have made a similar demand, and seldom had their wish. If they had it, what are they the better now ? But, even while you taunt yourself with this sad lesson, your heart cries out obstreperously for its small share of earthly happiness, and will not be appeased by the myriads of dead hopes that lie crushed into the soil of Rome. How wonderful that this our narrow foothold of the Present should hold its own so constantly, and, while every moment changing, should still be like a rock betwixt the encountering tides of the long Past and the infinite To-come !

Man of marble though he was, the sculptor grieved for the Irrevocable. Looking back upon Hilda's way of life, he marvelled at his own blind stupidity, which had kept him from remonstrating—as a friend, if with no stronger right—against the risks that she continually encountered. Being so innocent, she had no means of estimating those risks, nor even a possibility of suspecting their existence.

But he—who had spent years in Rome, with a man's far wider scope of observation and experience—knew things that made him shudder. It seemed to Kenyon, looking through the darkly coloured medium of his fears, that all modes of crime were crowded into the close intricacy of Roman streets, and that there was no redeeming element, such as exists in other dissolute and wicked cities.

For here was a priesthood, pampered, sensual, with red and bloated cheeks, and carnal eyes. With apparently a grosser development of animal life than most men, they were placed in an unnatural relation with woman, and thereby lost the healthy, human conscience that pertains to other human beings, who own the sweet household ties connecting them with wife and daughter. And here was an indolent nobility, with no high aims or opportunities, but cultivating a vicious way of life, as if it were an art, and the only one which they cared to learn. Here was a population, high and low, that had no genuine belief in virtue; and if they recognised any act as criminal, they might throw off all care, remorse, and memory of it, by kneeling a little while at the confessional, and rising unburdened, active, elastic, and incited by fresh appetite for the next ensuing sin. Here was a soldiery, who felt Rome to be their conquered city, and doubtless considered themselves the legal inheritors of the foul licence which Gaul, Goth, and Vandal have here exercised in days gone by.

And what localities for new crime existed in those guilty sites, where the crime of departed ages used to be at home, and had its long, hereditary haunt! What street in Rome, what ancient ruin, what one place where man had standing-room, what fallen stone was there, unstained with one or another kind of guilt! In some of the vicissitudes of the city's pride, or its calamity, the dark tide of human evil had swelled over it, far higher than the Tiber ever rose against the acclivities of the seven hills. To Kenyon's morbid view, there appeared to be a contagious element, rising fog-like from the ancient depravity of Rome, and brooding over the dead and half-rotten city, as nowhere else on earth. It prolonged the tendency to crime, and

developed an instantaneous growth of it, whenever an opportunity was found. And where could it be found so readily as here ! In those vast palaces there were a hundred remote nooks where Innocence might shriek in vain. Beneath meaner houses there were unsuspected dungeons that had once been princely chambers, and open to the daylight ; but, on account of some wickedness there perpetrated, each passing age had thrown its handful of dust upon the spot, and buried it from sight. Only ruffians knew of its existence, and kept it for murder, and worse crime.

Such was the city through which Hilda, for three years past, had been wandering without a protector or a guide.

Transformation.

GEORGE MEREDITH

(1828-1909)

HYMN TO COLOUR

WITH Life and Death I walked when Love appeared,
And made them on each side a shadow seem.
Through wooded vales the land of dawn we neared,
Where down smooth rapids whirls the helmless dream
To fall on daylight ; and night puts away
Her darker veil for grey.

In that grey veil green grassblades brushed we by ;
We came where woods breathed sharp, and overhead
Rocks raised clear horns on a transforming sky :
Around, save for those shapes, with him who led
And linked them, desert varied by no sign
Of other life than mine.

By this the dark-winged planet, raying wide,
From the mild pearl-glow to the rose upborne,
Drew in his fires, less faint than far descried,
Pure-fronted on a stronger wave of morn :
And those two shapes the splendour interweaved,
Hung web-like, sank and heaved.

Love took my hand when hidden stood the sun
To fling his robe on shoulder-heights of snow.
Then said : There lie they, Life and Death in one.
Whichever is, the other is ; but know,
It is thy craving self that thou dost see,
Not in them seeing me.

Shall man into the mystery of breath
From his quick beating pulse a pathway spy ?
Or learn the secret of the shrouded death,
By lifting up the lid of a white eye ?
Cleave thou thy way with fathering desire
Of fire to reach to fire.

Look now where Colour, the soul's bridegroom, makes
The house of heaven splendid for the bride.
To him as leaps a fountain she awakes,
In knotting arms, yet boundless : him beside,
She holds the flower to heaven, and by his power
Brings heaven to the flower.

He gives her homeliness in desert air,
And sovereignty in spaciousness ; he leads
Through widening chambers of surprise to where
Throbs rapture near an end that aye recedes,
Because his touch is infinite and lends
A yonder to all ends.

Death begs of Life his blush ; Life Death persuades
To keep long day with his caresses graced.
He is the heart of light, the wing of shades,
The crown of beauty : never soul embraced
Of him can harbour unfaith ; soul of him
Possessed walks never dim.

Love eyed his rosy memories : he sang :
O bloom of dawn, breathed up from the gold sheaf
Held springing beneath Orient ! that dost hang
The space of dewdrops running over leaf ;
Thy fleetingness is bigger in the ghost
Than Time with all his host !

Of thee to say behold, has said adieu :
But love remembers how the sky was green,
And how the grasses glimmered lightest blue ;
How saint-like grey took fervour : how the screen
Of cloud grew violet ; how thy moment came
Between a blush and flame.

Love saw the emissary eglantine
Break wave round thy white feet above the gloom ;
Lay finger on thy star ; thy raiment line
With cherub wing and limb ; wed thy soft bloom,
Gold-quivering like sunrays in thistle-down,
Earth under rolling brown.

They do not look through love to look on thee,
Grave heavenliness ! nor know they joy of sight,
Who deem the wave of rapt desire must be
Its wrecking and last issue of delight.
Dead seasons quicken in one petal-spot
Of colour unforget.

This way have men come out of brutishness
To spell the letters of the sky and read
A reflex upon earth else meaningless.
With thee, O fount of the Untimed ! to lead ;
Drink they of thee, thee eyeing, they unaged
Shall on through brave wars waged.

More gardens will they win than any lost ;
The vile plucked out of them, the unlovely slain.
Not forfeiting the beast with which they are crossed,
To stature of the Gods will they attain.
They shall uplift their Earth to meet her Lord,
Themselves the attuning chord !

The song had ceased ; my vision with the song.
Then of those Shadows, which one made descent
Beside me I knew not : but Life ere long
Came on me in the public ways and bent
Eyes deeper than of old : Death met I too,
And saw the dawn glow through.

FERDINAND AND MIRANDA

HE had landed on an island of the still-vexed Bermoothes. The world lay wrecked behind him : Raynham hung in mists, remote, a phantom to the vivid reality of this white hand which had drawn him thither away thousands of leagues in an eye-twinkle. Hark, how Ariel sang overhead ! What splendour in the heavens ! What marvels of beauty about his enchanted brows ! And, O you wonder ! Fair Flame ! by whose light the glories of being are now first seen. . . . Radiant Miranda ! Prince Ferdinand is at your feet.

Or is it Adam, his rib taken from his side in sleep, and thus transformed, to make him behold his Paradise, and lose it ? . . .

The youth looked on her with as glowing an eye. It was the First Woman to him.

And she—mankind was all Caliban to her, saving this one princely youth.

So to each other said their changing eyes in the moment they stood together ; he pale, and she blushing.

She was indeed sweetly fair, and would have been held fair among rival damsels. On a magic shore, and to a youth educated by a System, strung like an arrow drawn to the head, he, it might be guessed, could fly fast and far with her. The soft rose in her cheeks, the clearness of her eyes, bore witness to the body's virtue ; and health and happy blood were in her bearing. Had she stood before Sir Austin among rival damsels, that Scientific Humanist, for the consummation of his System, would have thrown her the handkerchief for his son. The wide summer-hat, nodding over her forehead to her brows, seemed to flow with the flowing heavy curls, and those fire-threaded mellow curls, only half-curled, waves of hair call them, rippling at the ends, went like a sunny red-veined torrent down her back almost to her waist : a glorious vision to the youth, who embraced it as a flower of beauty, and read not a feature. There were curious features of colour in her face for him to have read.

Her brows, thick and brownish against a soft skin showing the action of the blood, met in the bend of a bow, extending to the temples long and level : you saw that she was fashioned to peruse the sights of earth, and by the pliability of her brows that the wonderful creature used her faculty, and was not going to be a statue to the gazer. Under the dark thick brows an arch of lashes shot out, giving a wealth of darkness to the full frank blue eyes, a mystery of meaning—more than brain was ever meant to fathom : richer, henceforth, than all mortal wisdom to Prince Ferdinand. For when nature turns artist, and produces contrasts of colour on a fair face, where is the Sage, or what the Oracle, shall match the depth of its lightest look ?

Prince Ferdinand was also fair. In his slim boating-attire his figure looked heroic. His hair, rising from the parting to the right of his forehead, in what his admiring Lady Blandish called his plume, fell away slanting silkily to the temples across the nearly imperceptible upward curve of his brows there—felt more than seen, so slight it was—and gave to his profile a bold beauty, to which his bashful, breathless air was a flattering charm. An arrow drawn to the head, capable of flying fast and far with her ! He leaned a little forward, drinking her in with all his eyes, and young Love has a thousand. Then truly the System triumphed, just ere it was to fall ; and could Sir Austin have been content to draw the arrow to the head, and let it fly, when it would fly, he might have pointed to his son again, and said to the world, “ Match him ! ” Such keen bliss as the youth had in the sight of her, an innocent youth alone has powers of soul in him to experience.

“ O Women ! ” says *The Pilgrim's Scrip*, in one of its solitary outbursts, “ Women, who like, and will have for hero, a rake ! how soon are you not to learn that you have taken bankrupts to your bosoms, and that the putrescent gold that attracted you is the slime of the Lake of Sin ! ”

If these two were Ferdinand and Miranda, Sir Austin was not Prospero, and was not present, or their fates might have been different.

So they stood a moment, changing eyes, and then Miranda spoke, and they came down to earth, feeling no less in heaven.

She spoke to thank him for his aid. She used quite common simple words ; and used them, no doubt, to express a common simple meaning : but to him she was uttering magic, casting spells, and the effect they had on him was manifested in the incoherence of his replies, which were too foolish to be chronicled.

The couple were again mute. Suddenly Miranda, with an exclamation of anguish, and innumerable lights and shadows playing over her lovely face, clapped her hands, crying aloud, " My book ! my book ! " and ran to the bank.

Prince Ferdinand was at her side. " What have you lost ? " he said.

" My book ! " she answered, her delicious curls swinging across her shoulders to the stream. Then turning to him, " Oh, no, no ! let me entreat you not to," she said ; " I do not so very much mind losing it." And in her eagerness to restrain him she unconsciously laid her gentle hand upon his arm, and took the force of motion out of him.

" Indeed, I do not really care for the silly book," she continued, withdrawing her hand quickly, and reddening. " Pray, do not ! "

The young gentleman had kicked off his shoes. No sooner was the spell of contact broken than he jumped in. The water was still troubled and discoloured by his introductory adventure, and, though he ducked his head with the spirit of a dabchick, the book was missing. A scrap of paper floating from the bramble just above the water, and looking as if fire had caught its edges and it had flown from one adverse element to the other, was all he could lay hold of ; and he returned to land disconsolately, to hear Miranda's murmured mixing of thanks and pretty expostulations.

" Let me try again," he said.

" No, indeed ! " she replied, and used the awful threat : " I will run away if you do," which effectually restrained him.

Her eye fell on the fire-stained scrap of paper, and brightened, as she cried, "There, there! you have what I want. It is that. I do not care for the book. No, please! You are not to look at it. Give it me."

Before her playfully imperative injunction was fairly spoken, Richard had glanced at the document and discovered a Griffin between two Wheatsheaves: his crest in silver: and below—O wonderment immense! his own handwriting!

He handed it to her. She took it, and put it in her bosom.

Who would have thought that, where all else perished, Odes, Idyls, Lines, Stanzas, this one Sonnet to the stars should be miraculously reserved for such a starry fate—passing beatitude!

As they walked silently across the meadow, Richard strove to remember the hour and the mood of mind in which he had composed the notable production. The stars were invoked, as seeing and foreseeing all, to tell him where then his love reclined, and so forth; Hesper was complacent enough to do so, and described her in a couplet:

Through sunset's amber see me shining fair,
As her blue eyes shine through her golden hair.

And surely no words could be more prophetic. Here were two blue eyes and golden hair; and by some strange chance, that appeared like the working of a divine finger, she had become the possessor of the prophecy, she that was to fulfil it! The youth was too charged with emotion to speak. Doubtless the damsel had less to think of, or had some trifling burden on her conscience, for she seemed to grow embarrassed. At last she drew up her chin to look at her companion under the nodding brim of her hat (and the action gave her a charmingly freakish air), crying, "But where are you going to? You are wet through. Let me thank you again; and, pray, leave me, and go home and change instantly."

"Wet?" replied the magnetic muser, with a voice of tender interest; "not more than one foot, I hope. I will leave you while you dry your stockings in the sun."

At this she could not withhold a shy laugh.

"Not I, but you. You would try to get that silly book for me, and you are dripping wet. Are you not very uncomfortable?"

In all sincerity he assured her that he was not.

"And you really do not feel that you are wet?"

He really did not: and it was a fact that he spoke truth.

She pursed her dewberry mouth in the most comical way, and her blue eyes lightened laughter out of the half-closed lids.

"I cannot help it," she said, her mouth opening, and sounding harmonious bells of laughter in his ears. "Pardon me, won't you?"

His face took the same soft smiling curves in admiration of her.

"Not to feel that you have been in the water, the very moment after!" she musically interjected, seeing she was excused.

"It's true," he said; and his own gravity then touched him to join a duet with her, which made them no longer feel strangers, and did the work of a month of intimacy. Better than sentiment, laughter opens the breast to love; opens the whole breast to his full quiver, instead of a corner here and there for a solitary arrow. Hail the occasion propitious, O British young! and laugh and treat love as an honest God, and dabble not with the sentimental rouge. These two laughed, and the souls of each cried out to other, "It is I, it is I."

They laughed and forgot the cause of their laughter, and the sun dried his light river clothing, and they strolled toward the blackbird's copse, and stood near a stile in sight of the foam of the weir and the many-coloured rings of eddies streaming forth from it.

Richard's boat, meanwhile, had contrived to shoot the weir, and was swinging, bottom upward, broadside with the current down the rapid backwater.

"Will you let it go?" said the damsel, eyeing it curiously.

"It can't be stopped," he replied, and could have added: "What do I care for it now!"

His old life was whirled away with it, dead, drowned. His new life was with her, alive, divine.

She flapped low the brim of her hat. "You must really not come any farther," she softly said.

"And will you go, and not tell me who you are?" he asked, growing bold as the fears of losing her came across him. "And will you not tell me before you go"—his face burned—"how you came by that—that paper?"

She chose to select the easier question for answer: "You ought to know me; we have been introduced." Sweet was her winning off-hand affability.

"Then who, in heaven's name, are you? Tell me! I never could have forgotten you."

"You have, I think," she said.

"Impossible that we could ever have met, and I forget you!"

She looked up at him.

"Do you remember Belthorpe?"

"Belthorpe! Belthorpe!" quoth Richard, as if he had to touch his brain to recollect there was such a place. "Do you mean old Blaize's farm?"

"Then I am old Blaize's niece." She tripped him a soft curtsy.

The magnetised youth gazed at her. By what magic was it that this divine sweet creature could be allied with that old churl!

"Then what—what is your name?" said his mouth, while his eyes added, "O wonderful creature! How came you to enrich the earth?"

"Have you forgot the Desboroughs of Dorset, too?" she peered at him from a side-bend of the flapping brim.

"The Desboroughs of Dorset?" A light broke in on him. "And have you grown to this? That little girl I saw there!"

He drew close to her to read the nearest features of the vision. She could no more laugh off the piercing fervour of his eyes. Her volubility fluttered under his deeply wistful look, and now neither voice was high, and they were mutually constrained.

"You see," she murmured, "we are old acquaintances."

Richard, with his eyes still intently fixed on her, returned, "You are very beautiful!"

The words slipped out. Perfect simplicity is unconsciously audacious. Her overpowering beauty struck his heart and, like an instrument that is touched and answers to the touch, he spoke.

Miss Desborough made an effort to trifle with this terrible directness; but his eyes would not be gainsaid, and checked her lips. She turned away from them, her bosom a little rebellious. Praise so passionately spoken, and by one who has been a damsel's first dream, dreamed of nightly many long nights, and clothed in the virgin silver of her thoughts in bud, praise from him is coin the heart cannot reject, if it would. She quickened her steps.

"I have offended you!" said a mortally wounded voice across her shoulder.

That he should think so were too dreadful.

"Oh no, no! you would never offend me." She gave him her whole sweet face.

"Then why—why do you leave me?"

"Because," she hesitated, "I must go."

"No. You must not go. Why must you go? Do not go."

"Indeed I must," she said, pulling at the obnoxious broad brim of her hat; and, interpreting a pause he made for his assent to her rational resolve, shyly looking at him, she held her hand out, and said, "Good-bye," as if it were a natural thing to say.

The hand was pure white—white and fragrant as the frosted blossom of a May night. It was the hand whose shadow, cast before, he had last night bent his head reverentially above, and kissed—resigning himself thereupon over to execution for payment of the penalty of such daring—by such bliss well rewarded.

He took the hand, and held it, gazing between her eyes.

"Good-bye," she said again, as frankly as she could, and at the same time slightly compressing her fingers on his in token of adieu. It was a signal for his to close firmly upon hers.

"You will not go?"

"Pray, let me," she pleaded, her sweet brows suing in wrinkles.

"You will not go?" Mechanically he drew the white hand nearer his thumping heart.

"I must," she faltered piteously.

"You will not go?"

"Oh yes! yes!"

"Tell me. Do you wish to go?"

The question was a subtle one. A moment or two she did not answer, and then forswore herself, and said, Yes.

"Do you—you wish to go?" He looked with quivering eyelids under hers.

A fainter Yes responded.

"You wish—wish to leave me?" His breath went with the words.

"Indeed I must."

Her hand became a closer prisoner.

All at once an alarming delicious shudder went through her frame. From him to her it coursed, and back from her to him. Forward and back love's electric messenger rushed from heart to heart, knocking at each, till it surged tumultuously against the bars of its prison, crying out for its mate. They stood trembling in unison, a lovely couple under these fair heavens of the morning.

When he could get his voice it said, "Will you go?"

But she had none to reply with, and could only mutely bend upward her gentle wrist.

"Then, farewell!" he said, and, dropping his lips to the soft fair hand, kissed it, and hung his head, swinging away from her, ready for death.

Strange, that now she was released she should linger by him. Strange, that his audacity, instead of the executioner, brought blushes and timid tenderness to his side, and the sweet words, "You are not angry with me?"

"With you, O Beloved!" cried his soul. "And you forgive me, fair charity!"

"I think it was rude of me to go without thanking you again," she said, and again proffered her hand.

The sweet heaven-bird shivered out his song above him.
The gracious glory of heaven fell upon his soul. He touched
her hand, not moving his eyes from her, nor speaking, and
she, with a soft word of farewell, passed across the stile,
and up the pathway through the dewy shades of the copse,
and out of the arch of the light, away from his eyes.

Richard Feverel.

EDWARD FITZGERALD

(1809-83)

RUBÁIYÁT OF OMAR KHAYYÁM OF NAISHÁPÚR

AWAKE ! for Morning in the Bowl of Night
Has flung the Stone that puts the Stars to Flight :
And Lo ! the Hunter of the East has caught
The Sultán's Turret in a Noose of Light.

Dreaming when Dawn's Left Hand was in the Sky
I heard a Voice within the Tavern cry,
" Awake, my little ones, and fill the Cup
Before Life's Liquor in its Cup be dry."

And, as the Cock crew, those who stood before
The Tavern shouted—" Open then the Door !
You know how little while we have to stay,
And, once departed, may return no more."

Now the New Year reviving old Desires,
The thoughtful Soul to Solitude retires,
Where the WHITE HAND OF MOSES on the Bough
Puts out, and Jesus from the Ground suspires.

Íráam indeed is gone with all its Rose,
And Jamshýd's Sev'n-ring'd Cup where no one knows ;
But still the Vine her ancient Ruby yields,
And still a Garden by the Water blows.

• And David's Lips are lock't ; but in divine
 High piping Pehleví, with " Wine ! Wine ! Wine !
Red Wine ! "—the Nightingale cries to the Rose
 That Yellow Cheek of her's to incarnadine.

Come, fill the Cup, and in the Fire of Spring
 The Winter Garment of Repentance fling :
 The Bird of Time has but a little way
 To fly—and Lo ! the Bird is on the Wing.

And look—a thousand Blossoms with the Day
 Woke—and a thousand scatter'd into Clay :
 And this first Summer Month that brings the Rose
 Shall take Jamshýd and Kaikobád away.

But come with old Khayyám, and leave the Lot
 Of Kaikobád and Kaikhosrú forgot :
 Let Rustum lay about him as he will,
 Or Hátim Tai cry Supper—heed them not.

With me along some Strip of Herbage strown
 That just divides the Desert from the sown,
 Where name of Slave and Sultán scarce is known,
 And pity Sultán Máhmúd on his Throne.

Here with a Loaf of Bread beneath the Bough,
 A Flask of Wine, a Book of Verse—and Thou
 Beside me singing in the Wilderness—
 And Wilderness is Paradise enow.

" How sweet is mortal Sovranty ! "—think some :
 Others—" How blest the Paradise to come ! "
 Ah, take the Cash in hand and wave the Rest ;
 Oh, the brave Music of a *distant* Drum !

Look to the Rose that blows about us—" Lo,
 Laughing," she says, " into the World I blow :
 At once the silken Tassel of my Purse
 Tear, and its Treasure on the Garden throw."

The Worldly Hope men set their Hearts upon
 Turns Ashes—or it prospers ; and anon,

Like Snow upon the Desert's dusty Face
Lighting a little Hour or two—is gone.

And those who husbanded the Golden Grain,
And those who flung it to the Winds like Rain,
Alike to no such aureate Earth are turn'd
As, buried once, Men want dug up again.

Think, in this batter'd Caravanserai
Whose Doorways are alternate Night and Day,
How Sultán after Sultán with his Pomp
Abode his Hour or two, and went his way.

They say the Lion and the Lizard keep
The Courts where Jamshýd gloried and drank deep;
And Bahráń, that great Hunter—the wild Ass
Stamps o'er his Head, and he lies fast asleep.

I sometimes think that never blows so red
The Rose as where some buried Cæsar bled;
That every Hyacinth the Garden wears
Dropt in its Lap from some once lovely Head.

And this delightful Herb whose tender Green
Fledges the River's Lip on which we lean—
Ah, lean upon it lightly! for who knows
From what once lovely Lip it springs unseen!

Ah, my Belovèd, fill the Cup that clears
To-day of past Regrets and future Fears—
To-morrow!—Why, *To-morrow* I may be
Myself with Yesterday's Sev'n Thousand Years.

Lo! some we loved, the loveliest and best
That Time and Fate of all their Vintage prest,
Have drunk their Cup a Round or two before,
And one by one crept silently to Rest.

And we, that now make merry in the Room
They left, and Summer dresses in new Bloom,
Ourselves must we beneath the Couch of Earth
Descend, ourselves to make a Couch—for whom?

Ah, make the most of what we yet may spend,
 Before we too into the Dust descend ;
 Dust into Dust, and under Dust, to lie,
 Sans Wine, sans Song, sans Singer, and—sans End !

Alike for those who for TO-DAY prepare,
 And those that after a TO-MORROW stare,
 A Muezzín from the Tower of Darkness cries
 “ Fools ! your Reward is neither Here nor There ! ”

Why, all the Saints and Sages who discuss'd
 Of the Two Worlds so learnedly, are thrust
 Like foolish Prophets forth ; their Words to Scorn
 Are scatter'd, and their Mouths are stopt with Dust.

Oh, come with old Khayyám, and leave the Wise
 To talk ; one thing is certain, that Life flies ;
 One thing is certain, and the Rest is Lies ;
 The Flower that once has blown for ever dies.

Myself when young did eagerly frequent
 Doctor and Saint, and heard great Argument
 About it and about : but evermore
 Came out by the same Door as in I went.

With them the Seed of Wisdom did I sow,
 And with my own hand labour'd it to grow :
 And this was all the Harvest that I reap'd—
 “ I came like Water, and like Wind I go.”

Into this Universe, and *why* not knowing,
 Nor *whence*, like Water willy-nilly flowing ;
 And out of it, as Wind along the Waste,
 I know not *whither*, willy-nilly blowing.

What, without asking, hither hurried *whence* ?
 And, without asking, *whither* hurried hence !
 Another and another Cup to drown
 The Memory of this Impertinence !

Up from Earth's Centre through the Seventh^c Gate
 I rose, and on the Throne of Saturn sate,

And many Knots unravel'd by the Road ;
But not the Knot of Human Death and Fate.

There was a Door to which I found no Key :
There was a Veil past which I could not see :
Some little Talk awhile of ME and THEE
There seem'd—and then no more of THEE and ME.

Then to the rolling Heav'n itself I cried,
Asking, " What Lamp had Destiny to guide
Her little Children stumbling in the Dark ? "
And—" A blind Understanding ! " Heav'n replied.

Then to this earthen Bowl did I adjourn
My Lip the secret Well of Life to learn :
And Lip to Lip it murmur'd—" While you live
Drink !—for once dead you never shall return."

I think the Vessel, that with fugitive
Articulation answer'd, once did live,
And merry-make ; and the cold Lip I kiss'd
How many Kisses might it take—and give !

For in the Market-place, one Dusk of Day,
I watch'd the Potter thumping his wet Clay :
And with its all obliterated Tongue
It murmur'd—" Gently, Brother, gently, pray ! "

Ah, fill the Cup :—what boots it to repeat
How Time is slipping underneath our Feet :
Unborn TO-MORROW, and dead YESTERDAY,
Why fret about them if TO-DAY be sweet !

One Moment in Annihilation's Waste,
One Moment, of the Well of Life to taste—
The Stars are setting and the Caravan
Starts for the Dawn of Nothing—Oh, make haste !

How long, how long, in infinite Pursuit
Of This and That endeavour and dispute ?
Better be merry with the fruitful Grape
Than sadden after none, or bitter, Fruit.

You know, my Friends, how long since in my House
For a new Marriage I did make carouse :

Divorced old barren Reason from my Bed,
And took the Daughter of the Vine to Spouse.

For " Is " and " Is-NOT " though *with* Rule and Line
And " UP-AND-DOWN " *without*, I could define,

I yet in all I only cared to know,
Was never deep in anything but—Wine.

And lately, by the Tavern Door agape,
Came stealing through the Dusk an Angel Shape
Bearing a Vessel on his Shoulder ; and
He bid me taste of it ; and 'twas—the Grape !

The Grape that can with Logic absolute
The Two-and-Seventy jarring Sects confute :
The subtle Alchemist that in a Trice
Life's leaden Metal into Gold transmute.

The mighty Mahmúd, the victorious Lord,
That all the misbelieving and black Horde
Of Fears and Sorrows that infest the Soul
Scatters and slays with his enchanted Sword.

But leave the Wise to wrangle, and with me
The Quarrel of the Universe let be :
And, in some corner of the Hubbub coucht,
Make Game of that which makes as much of Thee.

For in and out, above, about, below,
'Tis nothing but a Magic Shadow-show,
Play'd in a Box whose Candle is the Sun,
Round which we Phantom Figures come and go.

And if the Wine you drink, the Lip you press,
End in the Nothing all Things end in—Yes—
Then fancy while Thou art, Thou art but what
Thou shalt be—Nothing—Thou shalt not be less.

While the Rose blows along the River Brink,
 With old Khayyám the Ruby Vintage drink :
 And when the Angel with his darker Draught
 Draws up to Thee—take that, and do not shrink.

'Tis all a Chequer-board of Nights and Days
 Where Destiny with Men for Pieces plays :
 Hither and thither moves, and mates, and slays,
 And one by one back in the Closet lays.

The Ball no Question makes of Ayes and Noes,
 But Right or Left as strikes the Player goes ;
 And He that toss'd Thee down into the Field,
He knows about it all—*HE* knows—*HE* knows !

The Moving Finger writes ; and, having writ,
 Moves on : nor all thy Piety nor Wit
 Shall lure it back to cancel half a Line,
 Nor all thy Tears wash out a Word of it.

And that inverted Bowl we call The Sky,
 Whereunder crawling coopt we live and die,
 Lift not thy hands to *It* for help—for *It*
 Rolls impotently on as Thou or I.

With Earth's first Clay They did the Last Man's knead,
 And then of the Last Harvest sow'd the Seed :
 Yes, the first Morning of Creation wrote
 What the Last Dawn of Reckoning shall read.

I tell Thee this—When, starting from the Goal,
 Over the shoulders of the flaming Foal
 Of Heav'n Parwin and Mushtara they flung
 In my predestin'd Plot of Dust and Soul

The Vine had struck a Fibre ; which about
 If clings my Being—let the Súfi flout ;
 Of my Base Metal may be filed a Key,
 That shall unlock the Door he howls without.

And this I know : whether the one True Light,
Kindle to Love, or Wrath consume me quite,
One glimpse of It within the Tavern caught
Better than in the Temple lost outright.

O Thou, who didst with Pitfall and with Gin
Beset the Road I was to wander in,
Thou wilt not with Predestination round
Enmesh me, and impute my Fall to Sin ?

O Thou, who Man of baser Earth didst make,
And who with Eden didst devise the Snake ;
For all the Sin wherewith the Face of Man
Is blacken'd, Man's Forgiveness give—and take !

KÚZA-NÁMA

Listen again. One evening at the Close
Of Ramazân, ere the better Moon arose,
In that old Potter's Shop I stood alone
With the clay Population round in Rows.

And, strange to tell, among that Earthen Lot
Some could articulate, while others not :

And suddenly one more impatient cried—
“ Who is the Potter, pray, and who the Pot ? ”

Then said another—“ Surely not in vain
My Substance from the common Earth was ta'en,
That He who subtly wrought me into Shape
Should stamp me back to common Earth again.”

Another said—“ Why, ne'er a peevish Boy
Would break the Bowl from which he drank in Joy ;
Shall He that *made* the Vessel in pure Love
And Fancy, in an after Rage destroy ! ”

None answer'd this ; but after Silence spake
A Vessel of a more ungainly Make :

“ They sneer at me for leaning all awry ;
What ! did the Hand then of the Potter shake ? ”

Said one—" Folks of a surly Tapster tell,
And daub his Visage with the Smoke of Hell ;
They talk of some strict Testing of us—Pish !
He's a Good Fellow, and 'twill all be well."

Then said another with a long-drawn Sigh,
" My Clay with long oblivion is gone dry :
But, fill me with the old familiar Juice,
Methinks I might recover by-and-bye."

So while the Vessels one by one were speaking,
One spied the little Crescent all were seeking :
And then they jogg'd each other, " Brother ! Brother !
Hark to the Porter's Shoulder-knot a-creaking ! "

Ah, with the Grape my fading Life provide,
And wash my Body whence the Life has died,
And in a Windingsheet of Vine-leaf wrapt,
So bury me by some sweet Garden-side.

That ev'n my buried Ashes such a Snare
Of Perfume shall fling up into the Air,
As not a True Believer passing by
But shall be overtaken unaware.

Indeed the Idols I have loved so long
Have done my Credit in Men's Eye much wrong :
Have drown'd my Honour in a shallow Cup,
And sold my Reputation for a Song.

Indeed, indeed, Repentance oft before
I swore—but was I sober when I swore ?
And then and then came Spring, and Rose-in-hand
My thread-bare Penitence apieces tore.

And much as Wine has play'd the Infidel,
And robb'd me of my Robe of Honour—well,
I often wonder what the Vintners buy
One half so precious as the Goods they sell.

Alas, that Spring should vanish with the Rose !
 That Youth's sweet-scented Manuscript should close !
 The Nightingale that in the Branches sang,
 Ah, whence, and whither flown again, who knows !

Ah Love ! could thou and I with Fate conspire
 To grasp this sorry Scheme of Things entire,
 Would not we shatter it to bits—and then
 Re-mould it nearer to the Heart's Desire !

Ah, Moon of my Delight who know'st no wane,
 The Moon of Heav'n is rising once again :
 How oft hereafter rising shall she look
 Through this same Garden after me—in vain !

And when Thyself with shining Foot shall pass
 Among the Guests Star-scatter'd on the Grass,
 And in thy joyous Errand reach the Spot
 Where I made one—turn down an empty Glass !

TAMAM SHUD

CHARLES READE

(1818-84)

THE MEETING OF ERASMUS AND HIS FATHER

HE uttered a cry of self-reproach, and tried to raise her; but what with facts, what with the overpowering emotion of a long solitude so broken, he could not. "What," he gasped, shaking over her, "and is it thou? And have I met thee with hard words? Alas!" And they were both choked with emotion, and could not speak for a while.

"I heed it not much," said Margaret bravely, struggling

with her tears ; “ you took me for another : for a devil ; oh ! oh ! oh ! oh ! oh ! ”

“ Forgive me, sweet soul ! ” And as soon as he could speak more than a word at a time, he said, “ I have been much beset by the evil one since I came here.”

Margaret looked round with a shudder. “ Like enow. Then oh take my hand, and let me lead thee from this foul place.”

He gazed at her with astonishment.

“ What, desert my cell, and go into the world again ? Is it for that thou hast come to me ? ” said he sadly and reproachfully.

“ Ay, Gerard. I am come to take thee to thy pretty vicarage : art vicar of Gouda, thanks to Heaven and thy good brother Giles ; and mother and I have made it so neat for thee, Gerard. 'Tis well enow in winter I promise thee. But bide a bit till the hawthorn bloom, and anon thy walls put on their kirtle of brave roses, and sweet woodbine. Have we forgotten thee, and the foolish things thou lovest ? And, dear Gerard, thy mother is waiting ; and 'tis late for her to be out of her bed : prithee, prithee, come ! And the moment we are out of this foul hole I'll show thee a treasure thou hast gotten, and knowest nought on't, or sure hadst never flown from us so. Alas ! what is to do ? What have I ignorantly said, to be regarded thus ? ”

For he had drawn himself all up into a heap, and was looking at her with a strange gaze of fear and suspicion blended.

“ Unhappy girl,” said he solemnly, yet deeply agitated, “ would you have me risk my soul and yours for a miserable vicarage and the flowers that grow on it ? But this is not thy doing : the bowelless fiend sends thee, poor simple girl, to me with this bait. But oh, cunning fiend, I will unmask thee even to this thine instrument, and she shall see thee, and abhor thee as I do. Margaret, my lost love, why am I here ? Because I love thee.”

“ Oh ! no, Gerard, you love me not, or you would not have hidden from me ; there was no need.”

"Let there be no deceit between us twain, that have loved so true ; and after this night, shall meet no more on earth."

"Now God forbid !" said she.

"I love thee, and thou hast not forgotten me, or thou hadst married ere this, and hadst not been the one to find me, buried here from sight of man. I am a priest, a monk : what but folly or sin can come of you and me living neighbours, and feeding a passion innocent once, but now (so Heaven wills it) impious and unholy ? No, though my heart break I must be firm. 'Tis I that am the man, 'tis I that am the priest. You and I must meet no more, till I am schooled by solitude, and thou art wedded to another."

"I consent to my doom but not to thine. I would ten times liever die ; yet I will marry, ay, wed misery itself sooner than let thee lie in this foul dismal place, with yon sweet manse awaiting for thee." Clement groaned ; at each word she spoke out stood clearer and clearer two things—his duty, and the agony it must cost.

"My beloved," said he, with a strange mixture of tenderness and dogged resolution, "I bless thee for giving me one more sight of thy sweet face, and may God forgive thee, and bless thee, for destroying in a minute the holy peace it hath taken six months of solitude to build. No matter. A year of penance will, Dei gratiâ, restore me to my calm. My poor Margaret, I seem cruel : yet I am kind : 'tis best we part ; ay, this moment."

"Part, Gerard ? Never : we have seen what comes of parting. Part ? Why, you have not heard half my story ; no, nor the tithe. 'Tis not for the mere comfort I take thee to Gouda manse. Hear me !"

"I may not. Thy very voice is a temptation with its music, memory's delight."

"But I say you shall hear me, Gerard, for forth this place I go not unheard."

"Then we must part by other means," said Clement sadly.

"Alack ! what other means ? Wouldst put me to thine own door, being the stronger ?"

"Nay, Margaret, well thou knowest I would suffer many deaths rather than put force on thee ; thy sweet body is dearer to me than my own ; but a million times dearer to me are our immortal souls, both thine and mine. I have withstood this direst temptation of all long enow. Now I must fly it : farewell ! farewell !"

He made to the door, and had actually opened it and got half out, when she darted after and caught him by the arm.

"Nay, then another must speak for me. I thought to reward thee for yielding to me ; but unkind that thou art, I need his help I find ; turn then this way one moment."

"Nay, nay."

"But I say ay ! And then turn thy back on us an thou canst." She somewhat relaxed her grasp, thinking he would never deny her so small a favour. But at this he saw his opportunity and seized it.

"Fly, Clement, fly !" he almost shrieked ; and his religious enthusiasm giving him for a moment his old strength, he burst wildly away from her, and after a few steps bounded over the little stream and ran beside it, but finding he was not followed, stopped, and looked back.

She was lying on her face, with her hands spread out.

Yes, without meaning it, he had thrown her down and hurt her.

When he saw that, he groaned and turned back a step ; but suddenly, by another impulse flung himself into the icy water instead.

"There, kill my body !" he cried, "but save my soul !"

Whilst he stood there, up to his throat in liquid ice, so to speak, Margaret uttered one long, piteous moan, and rose to her knees.

He saw her as plain almost as in midday. Saw her pale face and her eyes glistening ; and then in the still night he heard these words :

"Oh, God ! Thou that knowest all, Thou seest how I am used. Forgive me then ! For I will not live another day." With this she suddenly started to her feet, and flew like some wild creature, wounded to death, close by his miserable

hiding-place, shrieking : " CRUEL !—CRUEL !—CRUEL —CRUEL ! "

What manifold anguish may burst from a human heart in a single syllable. There were wounded love, and wounded pride, and despair, and coming madness all in that piteous cry. Clement heard, and it froze his heart with terror and remorse, worse than the icy water chilled the marrow of his bones.

He felt he had driven her from him for ever, and in the midst of his dismal triumph, the greatest he had won, there came an almost uncontrollable impulse to curse the Church, to curse religion itself, for exacting such savage cruelty from mortal man. At last he crawled half dead out of the water, and staggered to his den. " I am safe here," he groaned ; " she will never come near me again ; unmanly, ungrateful wretch that I am." And he flung his emaciated, frozen body down on the floor, not without a secret hope that it might never rise thence alive.

But presently he saw by the hour-glass that it was past midnight. On this, he rose slowly and took off his wet things, and moaning all the time at the pain he had caused her he loved, put on the old hermit's cilice of bristles, and over that his breastplate. He had never worn either of these before, doubting himself worthy to don the arms of that tried soldier. But now, he must give himself every aid ; the bristles might distract his earthly remorse by bodily pain, and there might be holy virtue in the breastplate.

Then he kneeled down and prayed God humbly to release him that very night from the burden of the flesh. Then he lighted all his candles, and recited his psalter doggedly ; each word seemed to come like a lump of lead from a leaden heart, and to fall leaden to the ground ; and in this mechanical office every now and then he moaned with all his soul. In the midst of which he suddenly observed a little bundle in the corner he had not seen before in the feebler light, and at one end of it something like gold spun into silk.

He went to see what it could be ; and he had no sooner

viewed it closer, than he threw up his hands with rapture. "It is a seraph," he whispered, "a lovely seraph. Heaven hath witnessed my bitter trial, and approves my cruelty; and this flower of the skies is sent to cheer me, fainting under my burden."

He fell on his knees, and gazed with ecstasy on its golden hair, and its tender skin, and cheeks like a peach.

"Let me feast my sad eyes on thee ere thou leavest me for thine ever-blessed abode, and my cell darkens again at thy parting, as it did at hers."

With all this, the hermit disturbed the lovely visitor. He opened wide two eyes, the colour of heaven; and seeing a strange figure kneeling over him, he cried piteously, "MUM-MA! MUM-MA!" And the tears began to run down his little cheeks.

Perhaps, after all, Clement, who for more than six months had not looked on the human face divine, estimated childish beauty more justly than we can; and in truth, this fair northern child, with its long golden hair, was far more angelic than any of our imagined angels. But now the spell was broken.

Yet not unhappily. Clement it may be remembered, was fond of children, and true monastic life fosters this sentiment. The innocent distress on the cherubic face, the tears that ran so smoothly from those transparent violets, his eyes, and his pretty, dismal cry for his only friend, his mother, went through the hermit's heart. He employed all his gentleness and all his art to soothe him; and as the little soul was wonderfully intelligent for his age, presently succeeded so far that he ceased to cry out, and wonder took the place of fear; while, in silence, broken only in little gulps, he scanned, with great tearful eyes, this strange figure that looked so wild, but spoke so kindly, and wore armour, yet did not kill little boys, but coaxed them. Clement was equally perplexed to know how this little human flower came to lie sparkling and blooming in his gloomy cave. But he remembered he had left the door wide open, and he was driven to conclude that, owing to this negligence, some unfortunate creature of high or low

degree had seized this opportunity to get rid of her child for ever. At this his bowels yearned so over the poor deserted cherub, that the tears of pure tenderness stood in his eyes, and still, beneath the crime of the mother, he saw the divine goodness, which had so directed her heartlessness as to comfort His servant's breaking heart.

"Now bless thee, bless thee, bless thee, sweet innocent, I would not change thee for e'en a cherub in heaven."

The Cloister and the Hearth.

CHRISTINA ROSSETTI

(1830-94)

DREAM LAND

WHERE sunless rivers weep
Their waves into the deep,
She sleeps a charmèd sleep :

Awake her not.

Led by a single star,
She came from very far
To seek where shadows are
Her pleasant lot.

She left the rosy morn,
She left the fields of corn,
For twilight cold and lorn
And water springs.
Through sleep, as through a veil,
She sees the sky look pale,
And hears the nightingale
That sadly sings.

Rest, rest, a perfect rest
Shed over brow and breast ;
Her face is toward the west,
The purple land.

She cannot see the grain
Ripening on hill and plain ;
She cannot feel the rain
Upon her hand.

Rest, rest, for evermore
Upon a mossy shore ;
Rest, rest at the heart's core
Till time shall cease :
Sleep that no pain shall wake ;
Night that no morn shall break
Till joy shall overtake
Her perfect peace.

AT HOME

WHEN I was dead, my spirit turned
To seek the much-frequented house :
I passed the door, and saw my friends
Feasting beneath green orange boughs ;
From hand to hand they pushed the wine,
They sucked the pulp of plum and peach ;
They sang, they jested, and they laughed,
For each was loved of each.

I listened to their honest chat :
Said one : " To-morrow we shall be
Plod plod along the featureless sands,
And coasting miles and miles of sea."
Said one : " Before the turn of tide
We will achieve the eyrie-seat."
Said one : " To-morrow shall be like
To-day, but much more sweet."

" To-morrow," said they, strong with hope,
And dwelt upon the pleasant way :
" To-morrow," cried they one and all,
While no one spoke of yesterday.

CHRISTINA ROSSETTI

Their life stood full at blessed noon ;
 I, only I, had passed away :
 " To-morrow and to-day," they cried ;
 I was of yesterday.

I shivered comfortless, but cast
 No chill across the tablecloth ;
 I all-forgotten shivered, sad
 To stay and yet to part how loth :
 I passed from the familiar room,
 I who from love had passed away,
 Like the remembrance of a guest
 That tarrieth but a day.

AN END

LOVE, strong as Death, is dead,
 Come, let us make his bed
 Among the dying flowers :
 A green turf at his head ;
 And a stone at his feet,
 Whereon we may sit
 In the quiet evening hours.

He was born in the spring,
 And died before the harvesting :
 On the last warm summer day
 He left us ; he would not stay
 For autumn twilight cold and grey.
 Sit we by his grave, and sing
 He is gone away.

To few chords and sad and low
 Sing we so :
 Be our eyes fixed on the grass
 Shadow-veiled as the years pass,
 While we think of all that was
 In the long ago.

SONG

WHEN I am dead, my dearest,
Sing no sad songs for me ;
Plant thou no roses at my head,
Nor shady cypress tree :
Be the green grass above me
With showers and dewdrops wet ;
And if thou wilt, remember,
And if thou wilt, forget.

I shall not see the shadows,
I shall not feel the rain ;
I shall not hear the nightingale
Sing on, as if in pain :
And dreaming through the twilight
That doth not rise nor set,
Haply I may remember,
And haply may forget.

THOMAS HENRY HUXLEY

(1825-95)

WHAT IS CERTAIN

As the record of his progress tells us, he (Descartes) was obliged to confess that life is full of delusions ; that authority may err ; that testimony may be false or mistaken ; that reason lands us in endless fallacies ; that memory is often as little trustworthy as hope ; that the evidence of the very senses may be misunderstood ; that dreams are real as long as they last, and that what we call reality may be a long and restless dream. Nay, it is conceivable that some powerful and malicious being may find his pleasure in deluding us, and in making us believe the thing which is not, every moment of our lives. What, then, is certain ? What even, if such a being exists, is beyond the reach of his powers of

delusion? Why, the fact that the thought, the present consciousness, exists. Our thoughts may be delusive, but they cannot be fictitious. As thoughts, they are real and existent, and the cleverest deceiver cannot make them otherwise.

Thus, thought is existence. More than that, so far as we are concerned, existence is thought, all our conceptions of existence being some kind or other of thought. Do not for a moment suppose that these are mere paradoxes or subtleties. A little reflection upon the commonest facts proves them to be impregnable truths. For example, I take up a marble, and I find it to be a red, round, hard, single body. We call the redness, the roundness, the hardness, and the singleness, "qualities" of the marble; and it sounds, at first, the height of absurdity to say that all these qualities are modes of our own consciousness, which cannot even be conceived to exist in the marble. But take the redness, for example. How does the sensation of redness arise? The waves of a certain very attenuated matter, the particles of which are vibrating with vast rapidity, but with very different velocities, strike upon the marble, and those which vibrate with one particular velocity are thrown off from its surface in all directions. The optical apparatus of the eye gathers some of these together, and gives them such a course that they strike upon the surface of the retina, which is a singularly delicate apparatus connected with the termination of the fibres of the optic nerve. The impulses of the attenuated matter, or ether, affect this apparatus and the fibres of the optic nerve in a certain way; and the change in the fibres of the optic nerve produces yet other changes in the brain; and these, in some fashion unknown to us, give rise to the feeling, or consciousness of redness. If the marbles could remain unchanged, and either the rate of vibration of the ether, or the nature of the retina, could be altered, the marble would seem not red, but some other colour. There are many people who are what are called colour-blind, being unable to distinguish one colour from another. Such an one might declare our marble to be green; and he would be

quite as right in saying that it is green, as we are in declaring it to be red. But then, as the marble cannot, in itself, be both green and red, at the same time, this shows that the quality "redness" must be in our consciousness and not in the marble.

In like manner, it is easy to see that the roundness and the hardness are forms of our consciousness, belonging to the groups which we call sensations of sight and touch. If the surface of the cornea were cylindrical, we should have a very different notion of a round body from that which we possess now; and if the strength of the fabric, and the force of the muscles, of the body were increased a hundred-fold, our marble would seem to be as soft as a pellet of bread crumbs.

Not only is it obvious that all these qualities are in us, but, if you will make the attempt, you will find it quite impossible to conceive of "blueness," "roundness," and "hardness" as existing without reference to some such consciousness as our own. It may seem strange to say that even the "singleness" of the marble is relative to us; but very simple experiments will show that such is veritably the case, and that our two most trustworthy senses may be made to contradict one another on this very point. Hold the marble between the finger and thumb and look at it in the ordinary way. Sight and touch agree that it is single. Now squint, and sight tells you that there are two marbles, while touch asserts that there is only one. Next, return the eyes to their natural position, and, having crossed the forefinger and the middle finger, put the marble between their tips. Then touch will declare that there are two marbles, while sight says that there is only one; and touch claims our belief, when we attend to it, just as imperatively as sight does.

But it may be said, the marble takes up a certain space which could not be occupied, at the same time, by anything else. In other words, the marble has the primary quality of matter, extension. Surely this quality must be in the thing, and not in our minds? But the reply must still be: whatever may, or may not, exist in the thing,

all that we can know of these qualities is a state of consciousness. What we call extension is a consciousness of a relation between two, or more, affections of the sense of sight, or of touch. And it is wholly inconceivable that what we call extension should exist independently of such consciousness as our own. Whether, notwithstanding this inconceivability, it does so exist, or not, is a point on which I offer no opinion.

Thus, whatever our marble may be in itself, all that we can know of it is under the shape of a bundle of our own consciousness.

Nor is our knowledge of anything we know or feel, more, or less, than a knowledge of states of consciousness. And our whole life is made up of such states. Some of these states we refer to a cause we call "self"; others to a cause or causes which may be comprehended under the title of "not-self." But neither of the existence of "self," nor of that of "not-self," have we, or can we by any possibility have, any such unquestionable and immediate certainty as we have of the states of consciousness which we consider to be their effects. They are not immediately observed facts, but results of the application of the law of causation to those facts. Strictly speaking, the existence of a "self" and of a "not-self" are hypotheses by which we account for the facts of consciousness. They stand upon the same footing as the belief in the general trustworthiness of memory, and in the general constancy of the order of nature—as hypothetical assumptions which cannot be proved, or known with that highest degree of certainty which is given by immediate consciousness; but which, nevertheless, are of the highest practical value, inasmuch as the conclusions logically drawn from them are always verified by experience.

Descartes' Discourse on Method.

ALGERNON CHARLES SWINBURNE

(1837-1909)

CHORUS

BEFORE the beginning of years

There came to the making of man

Time, with a gift of tears ;

Grief, with a glass that ran ;

Pleasure, with pain for leaven ;

Summer, with flowers that fell ;

Remembrance fallen from heaven,

And madness risen from hell ;

Strength without hands to smite ;

Love that endures for a breath ;

Night, the shadow of light,

And life, the shadow of death.

And the high gods took in hand

Fire, and the falling of tears,

And a measure of sliding sand

From under the feet of the years ;

And froth and drift of the sea ;

And dust of the labouring earth ;

And bodies of things to be

In the houses of death and of birth ;

And wrought with weeping and laughter,

And fashioned with loathing and love,

With life before and after,

And death beneath and above,

For a day and a night and a morrow,

That his strength might endure for a span,

With travail and heavy sorrow,

The holy spirit of man.

From the winds of the north and the south

They gathered as unto strife ;

They breathed upon his mouth,

They filled his body with life ;

Eyesight and speech they wrought
 For the veils of the soul therein,
 A time for labour and thought,
 A time to serve and to sin ;
 They gave him light in his ways,
 And love, and a space for delight,
 And beauty, and length of days,
 And night, and sleep in the night.
 His speech is a burning fire ;
 With his lips he travaileth ;
 In his heart is a blind desire,
 In his eyes foreknowledge of death ;
 He weaves, and is clothed with derision ;
 Sows, and he shall not reap ;
 His life is a watch or a vision
 Between a sleep and a sleep.

Atalanta in Calydon.

FROM "THE TRIUMPH OF TIME"

THERE lived a singer in France of old
 By the tideless dolorous midland sea.
 In a land of sand and ruin and gold
 There shone one woman, and none but she.
 And finding life for her love's sake fail,
 Being fain to see her, he bade set sail,
 Touched land, and saw her as life grew cold,
 And praised God, seeing ; and so died he.

Died, praising God for his gift and grace :
 For she bowed down to him weeping, and said
 " Live " ; and her tears were shed on his face
 Or ever the life in his face was shed.
 The sharp tears fell through her hair, and stung
 Once, and her close lips touched him and clung
 Once, and grew one with his lips for a space ;
 And so drew back, and the man was dead.

O brother, the gods were good to you.

Sleep, and be glad while the world endures.

Be well content as the years wear through ;

Give thanks for life, and the loves and lures ;

Give thanks for life, O brother, and death,

For the sweet last sound of her feet, her breath,

For gifts she gave you, gracious and few,

Tears and kisses, that lady of yours.

Rest, and be glad of the gods ; but I,

How shall I praise them, or how take rest ?

There is not room under all the sky

For me that know not of worst or best,

Dream or desire of the days before,

Sweet things or bitterness, any more.

Love will not come to me now though I die,

As love came close to you, breast to breast.

I shall never be friends again with roses ;

I shall loathe sweet tunes, where a note grown strong

Relents and recoils, and climbs and closes,

As a wave of the sea turned back by song.

There are sounds where the soul's delight takes fire,

Face to face with its own desire ;

A delight that rebels, a desire that reposes ;

I shall hate sweet music my whole life long.

The pulse of war and passion of wonder,

The heavens that murmur, the sounds that shine,

The stars that sing and the loves that thunder,

The music burning at heart like wine,

An armed archangel whose hands raise up

All senses mixed in the spirit's cup

Till flesh and spirit are molten in sunder—

These things are over, and no more mine.

These were a part of the playing I heard

Once, ere my love and my heart were at strife ;

Love that sings and hath wings as a bird,

Balm of the wound and heft of the knife.

Fairer than earth is the sea, and sleep
 Than overwatching of eyes that weep,
 Now time has done with his one sweet word,
 The wine and leaven of lovely life.

I shall go my ways, tread out my measure,
 Fill the days of my daily breath
 With fugitive things not good to treasure,
 Do as the world doth, say as it saith ;
 But if we had loved each other—O sweet,
 Had you felt, lying under the palms of your feet,
 The heart of my heart, beating harder with pleasure
 To feel you tread it to dust and death—

Ah, had I not taken my life up and given
 All that life gives and the years let go,
 The wine and honey, the balm and leaven,
 The dreams reared high and the hopes brought low ?
 Come life, come death, not a word be said ;
 Should I lose you living, and vex you dead ?
 I never shall tell you on earth ; and in heaven,
 If I cry to you then, will you hear or know ?

The Triumph of Time.

TRISTRAM AND ISEULT

LOVE, that is first and last of all things made,
 The light that has the living world for shade,
 The spirit that for temporal veil has on
 The souls of all men woven in unison,
 One fiery raiment with all lives inwrought
 And lights of sunny and starry deed and thought,
 And alway through new act and passion new
 Shines the divine same body and beauty through,
 The body spiritual of fire and light
 That is to worldly noon as noon to night ;
 Love, that is flesh upon the spirit of man
 And spirit within the flesh whence breath began ;

Love, that keeps all the choir of lives in chime ;
Love, that is blood within the veins of time ;
That wrought the whole world without stroke of hand,
Shaping the breadth of sea, the length of land,
And with the pulse and motion of his breath
Through the great heart of the earth strikes life and death,
The sweet twain chords that make the sweet tune live
Through day and night of things alternative,
Through silence and through sound of stress and strife,
And ebb and flow of dying death and life ;
Love, that sounds loud or light in all men's ears,
Whence all men's eyes take fire from sparks of tears,
That binds on all men's feet or chains or wings ;
Love, that is root and fruit of terrene things ;
Love, that the whole world's waters shall not drown,
The whole world's fiery forces not burn down ;
Love, that what time his own hands guard his head
The whole world's wrath and strength shall not strike dead ;
Love, that if once his own hands make his grave
The whole world's pity and sorrow shall not save ;
Love, that for very life shall not be sold,
Nor bought nor bound with iron nor with gold ;
So strong that heaven, could love bid heaven farewell,
Would turn to fruitless and unflowering hell ;
So sweet that hell, to hell could love be given,
Would turn to splendid and sonorous heaven ;
Love that is fire within thee and light above,
And lives by grace of nothing but of love ;
Through many and lovely thoughts and much desire
Led these twain to the life of tears and fire ;
Through many and lovely days and much delight
Led these twain to the lifeless life of night.

Tristram of Lyonesse.

WILLIAM MORRIS

(1834-99)

THE DEFENCE OF GUENEVERE

BUT, knowing now that they would have her speak,
She threw her wet hair backward from her brow,
Her hand close to her mouth touching her cheek,

As though she had had there a shameful blow,
And feeling it shameful to feel ought but shame
All through her heart, yet felt her cheek burned so,

She must a little touch it ; like one lame
She walked away from Gauwaine, with her head
Still lifted up ; and on her cheek of flame

The tears dried quick ; she stopped at last and said :
“ O knights and lords, it seems but little skill
To talk of well-known things past now and dead.

“ God wot I ought to say, I have done ill,
And pray you all forgiveness heartily !
Because you must be right—such great lords—still

“ Listen, suppose your time were come to die,
And you were quite alone and very weak ;
Yea, laid a dying while very mightily

“ The wind was ruffling up the narrow streak
Of river through your broad lands running well :
Suppose a hush should come, then some one speak :

“ “ One of these cloths is heaven, and one is hell,
Now choose one cloth for ever, which they be
I will not tell you, you must somehow tell

“ ‘ Of your own strength and mightiness ; here, see ! ’
Yea, yea, my lord, and you to ope your eyes,
At foot of your familiar bed to see

“ A great God’s angel standing, with such dyes,
Not known on earth, on his great wings, and hands
Held out two ways, light from the inner skies

“ Showing him well, and making his commands
Seem to be God’s commands, moreover, too,
Holding within his hands the cloths on wands ;

“ And one of these strange choosing cloths was blue,
Wavy and long, and one cut short and red ;
No man could tell the better of the two.

“ After a shivering half-hour you said,
‘ God help ! heaven’s colour, the blue ’ ; and he said, ‘ hell.’
Perhaps you then would roll upon your bed,

“ And cry to all good men that loved you well,
‘ Ah Christ ! if only I had known, known, known ’ ;
Launcelot went away, then I could tell,

“ Like wisest man how all things would be, moan,
And roll and hurt myself, and long to die,
And yet fear much to die for what was sown.

“ Nevertheless you, O Sir Gauwaine, lie,
Whatever may have happened through these years,
God knows I speak truth, saying that you lie.”

Her voice was low at first, being full of tears,
But as it cleared, it grew full loud and shrill,
Growing a windy shriek in all men’s ears,

A ringing in their startled brains, until
She said that Gauwaine lied, then her voice sunk,
And her great eyes began again to fill,

Though still she stood right up, and never shrunk,
But spoke on bravely, glorious lady fair !
Whatever tears her full lips may have drunk,

She stood, and seemed to think, and wrung her hair.

THE FLIGHT OF THE ARGONAUTS

THEN saw Medea men like shadows grey
Rise from the darksome decks, who took straightway
With murmured joy, from Jason's outstretched hands,
The conquered fleece, the wonder of all lands,
While with strong arms he raised the royal maid,
And in their hold the precious burthen laid,
And scarce her dainty feet could touch the deck,
Ere down he leapt, and little now did reck
That loudly clanged his armour therewithal.

But, turning townward, did Medea call :
" O noble Jason, and ye heroes strong,
To sea, to sea ! nor pray ye loiter long ;
For surely shall ye see the beacons flare
Ere in mid stream ye are, and running fair
On toward the sea with tide, and oar, and sail.
My father wakes, nor bides he to bewail
His loss and me ; I see his turret gleam
As he goes towards the beacon, and down stream
Absyrtus lurks before the sandy bar
In mighty keel well manned and dight for war."

But as she spoke, rattling the cable slipped
From out the hawse-hole, and the long oars dipped
As from the quays the heroes pushed away,
And in the loosened sail the wind 'gan play ;
But e'en as they unto the stroke leaned back,
And Nauplius, catching at the main-sheet slack
Had drawn it taut, out flared the beacon wide,
Lighting the waves, and they heard folk who cried :
" Awake, awake, awake, O Colchian folk ! "
And all about the blare of horns outbroke,

As watch-tower answered watch-tower down the stream,
 Where far below they saw the bale-fires gleam ;
 And galloping of horses now they heard,
 And clang of arms, and cries of men afeared,
 For now the merchant mariners who lay
 About the town, thought surely an ill day
 Had dawned upon them while they slept at ease,
 And, half awake, pushed madly from the quays,
 With crash of breaking oars and meeting ships,
 And cries and curses from outlandish lips ;
 So fell the quiet night to turmoil sore,
 While in the towers, over the uproar,
 Melodiously the bells began to ring.

But Argo, leaping forward to the swing
 Of measured oars, and, leaning to the breeze,
 Sped swiftly 'twixt the dark and whispering trees ;
 Nor longer now the heroes silence kept,
 So joyously their hearts within them leapt,
 But loud they shouted, seeing the gold fell
 Laid heaped before them, and longed sore to tell
 Their fair adventure to the maids of Greece ;
 And as the mingled noises did decrease
 With added distance and behind them night
 Grew pale with coming of the eastern light,
 Across the strings his fingers Orpheus drew,
 And through the woods his wingèd music flew :

“ O surely, now the fisherman
 Draws homeward through the water wan,
 Across the bay we know so well,
 And in the sheltered chalky dell
 The shepherd stirs ; and now afield
 They drive the team with white wand peeled,
 Muttering across the barley-bread
 At daily toil and dreary-head.

“ And 'midst them all, perchance, my love
 Is waking, and doth gently move
 And stretch her soft arms out to me,
 Forgetting thousand leagues of sea ;

And now her body I behold,
 Unhidden but by hair of gold,
 And now the silver water kiss,
 The crown of all delight and bliss.
 And now I see her bind her hair
 And do upon her raiment fair,
 And now before the altar stand,
 With incense in her outstretched hand,
 To supplicate the Gods for me ;
 Ah, one day landing from the sea,
 Amid the maidens shall I hear
 Her voice in praise, and see her near,
 Holding the gold-wrapt laurel crown,
 'Midst of the shouting, wondering town ! "

So sung he joyously, nor knew that they
 Must wander yet for many an evil day
 Or ever the dread Gods should let them come
 Back to the white walls of their long-left home.

The Life and Death of Jason.

PROLOGUE TO "THE EARTHLY PARADISE"

FORGET six counties overhung with smoke,
 Forget the snorting steam and piston stroke,
 Forget the spreading of the hideous town ;
 Think rather of the pack-horse on the down,
 And dream of London, small, and white, and clean,
 The clear Thames bordered by its gardens green ;
 Think, that below bridge the green lapping waves
 Smite some few keels that bear Levantine staves,
 Cut from the yew wood on the burnt-up hill,
 And pointed jars that Greek hands toiled to fill,
 And treasured scanty spice from some far sea,
 Florence gold cloth, and Ypres napery,
 And cloth of Bruges, and hogsheads of Guienne ;
 While nigh the thronged wharf Geoffrey Chaucer's pen
 Moves over bills of lading—'mid such times
 Shall dwell the hollow puppets of my rhymes.

APRIL

O FAIR midspring, besung so oft and oft,
How can I praise thy loveliness enow ?
Thy sun that burns not, and thy breezes soft
That o'er the blossoms of the orchard blow,
The thousand things that 'neath the young leaves grow,
The hopes and chances of the growing year,
Winter forgotten long, and summer near.

When Summer brings the lily and the rose,
She brings us fear ; her very death she brings
Hid in her anxious heart, the forge of woes ;
And, dull with fear, no more the mavis sings.
But thou ! thou diest not, but thy fresh life clings
About the fainting autumn's sweet decay,
When in the earth the hopeful seed they lay.

Ah ! life of all the year, why yet do I
Amid thy snowy blossoms' fragrant drift,
Still long for that which never draweth nigh,
Striving my pleasure from my pain to sift,
Some weight from off my fluttering mirth to lift ?
—Now, when far bells are ringing, “ Come again,
Come back, past years ! why will ye pass in vain ? ”

MAY

O LOVE, this morn when the sweet nightingale
Had so long finished all he had to say,
That thou hadst slept, and sleep had told his tale ;
And 'midst the peaceful dream had stolen away
In fragrant dawning of the first of May,
Didst thou see aught ? didst thou hear voices sing
Ere to the risen sun the bells 'gan ring ?

For then methought the Lord of Love went by
To take possession of his flowery throne,
Ringed round with maids, and youths, and minstrelsy ;
A little while I sighed to find him gone,

A little while the dawning was alone,
And the light gathered ; then I held my breath,
And shuddered at the sight of Eld and Death.

Alas ! Love passed me in the twilight dun,
His music hushed the wakening ouzel's song ;
But on these twain shone out the golden sun,
And o'er their heads the brown bird's tune was strong,
As shivering, 'twixt the trees they stole along ;
None noted aught their noiseless passing by,
The world had quite forgotten it must die.

NOVEMBER

ARE thine eyes weary ? is thy heart too sick
To struggle any more with doubt and thought,
Whose formless veil draws darkening now and thick
Across thee, e'en as smoke-tinged mist-wreaths brought
Down a fair dale to make it blind and nought ?
Art thou so weary that no world there seems
Beyond these four walls, hung with pain and dreams ?

Look out upon the real world, where the moon,
Half-way 'twixt root and crown of these high trees,
Turns the dead midnight into dreamy noon,
Silent and full of wonders, for the breeze
Died at the sunset, and no images,
No hopes of day, are left in sky or earth—
Is it not fair, and of most wondrous worth ?

Yea, I have looked and seen November there ;
The changeless seal of change it seemed to be,
Fair death of things that, living once, were fair ;
Bright sign of loneliness too great for me,
Strange image of the dread eternity,
In whose void patience how can these have part,
These outstretched feverish hands, this restless heart ?

The Earthly Paradise.

THE HOLLOW LAND

OFTEN too we would sit outside the walls and look at the trees and sky, and the ways of the few men and women we saw ; therefrom sometimes befell adventures.

Once there went past a great funeral of some king going to his own country, not as he had hoped to go, but stiff and colourless, spices filling up the place of his heart.

And first went by very many knights, with long bright hauberks on, that fell down before their knees as they rode, and they all had tilting-helms on with the same crest, so that their faces were quite hidden : and this crest was two hands clasped together tightly as though they were the hands of one praying forgiveness from the one he loves best ; and the crest was wrought in gold.

Moreover, they had on over their hauberks surcoats which were half scarlet and half purple, strewn about with golden stars.

Also long lances, that had forked knights'-pennons, half purple and half scarlet, strewn with golden stars.

And these went by with no sound but the fall of their horse-hoofs.

And they went slowly, so slowly that we counted them all, five thousand five hundred and fifty-five.

Then went by many fair maidens whose hair was loose and yellow, and who were all clad in green raiment ungirded, and shod with golden shoes.

These also we counted, being five hundred ; moreover some of the outermost of them, viz., one maiden to every twenty, had long silver trumpets, which they swung out to right and left, blowing them, and their sound was very sad.

Then many priests, and bishops, and abbots, who wore white albs and golden copes over them ; and they all sang together mournfully, "*Propter amnem Babylonis*"; and these were three hundred.

After that came a great knot of the Lords, who wore tilting helmets and surcoats emblazoned with each one his

own device ; only each had in his hand a small staff two feet long whereon was a pennon of scarlet and purple. These also were three hundred.

And in the midst of these was a great car hung down to the ground with purple, drawn by grey horses whose trappings were half scarlet, half purple.

And on this car lay the King, whose head and hands were bare ; and he had on him a surcoat, half purple and half scarlet, strewn with golden stars.

And his head rested on a tilting helmet, whose crest was the hands of one praying passionately for forgiveness.

But his own hands lay by his side as if he had just fallen asleep.

And all about the car were little banners, half purple and half scarlet, strewn with golden stars.

Then the King, who counted but as one, went by also.

And after him came again many maidens clad in ungirt white raiment strewn with scarlet flowers, and their hair was loose and yellow and their feet bare : and, except for the falling of their feet and the rustle of the wind through their raiment, they went past quite silently. These also were five hundred.

Then lastly came many young knights with long bright hauberks falling over their knees as they rode, and surcoats, half scarlet and half purple, strewn with golden stars ; they bore long lances with forked pennons which were half purple, half scarlet, strewn with golden stars ; their heads and their hands were bare, but they bore shields, each one of them, which were of bright steel wrought cunningly in the midst with that bearing of the two hands of one who prays for forgiveness ; which was done in gold. These were but five hundred.

Then they all went by winding up and up the hill roads, and, when the last of them had departed out of our sight, we put down our heads and wept, and I said, " Sing us one of the songs of the Hollow Land."

Then he whom I had called Swerker put his hand into his bosom, and slowly drew out a long, long tress of black hair, and laid it on his knee and smoothed it, weeping on

it : So then I left him there and went and armed myself, and brought armour for him.

And then came back to him and threw the armour down so that it clanged, and said :

“ O ! Harald, let us go ! ”

He did not seem surprised that I called him by the right name, but rose and armed himself, and then he looked a good knight ; so we set forth.

And in a turn of the long road we came suddenly upon a most fair woman, clothed in scarlet, who sat and sobbed, holding her face between her hands, and her hair was very black.

And when Harald saw her, he stood and gazed at her for long through the bars of his helmet, then suddenly turned, and said :

“ Florian, I must stop here ; do you go on to the Hollow Land. Farewell.”

“ Farewell.” And then I went on, never turning back, and him I never saw more.

And so I went on, quite lonely, but happy, till I had reached the Hollow Land.

Into which I let myself down most carefully, by the jutting rocks and bushes and strange trailing flowers, and there lay down and fell asleep.

And I was waked by some one singing ; I felt very happy ; I felt young again ; I had fair delicate raiment on, my sword was gone, and my armour ; I tried to think where I was, and could not for my happiness ; I tried to listen to the words of the song. Nothing, only an old echo in my ears, only all manner of strange scenes from my wretched past life before my eyes in a dim, far-off manner : then at last, slowly, without effort, I heard what she sang.

“ Christ keep the Hollow Land
All the summer-tide ;
Still we cannot understand
Where the waters glide ;

Only dimly seeing them
Coldly slipping through
Many green-lipp'd cavern mouths,
Where the hills are blue.

"Then," she said, "come now and look for it, love, a hollow city in the Hollow Land."

I kissed Margaret, and we went.

* * * * *

Through the golden streets under the purple shadows of the houses we went, and the slow fanning backward and forward of the many-coloured banners cooled us : we two alone ; there was no one with us, no soul will ever be able to tell what we said, how we looked.

At last we came to a fair palace, cloistered off in the old time, before the city grew golden, from the din and hubbub of traffic ; those who dwelt there in the old ungolden times had had their own joys, their own sorrows, apart from the joys and sorrows of the multitude : so, in like manner, was it now cloistered off from the eager leaning and brotherhood of the golden dwellings : so now it had its own gaiety, its own solemnity, apart from theirs ; unchanged, unchangeable, were its marble walls, whatever else changed about it.

We stopped before the gates and trembled, and clasped each other closer ; for there among the marble leafage and tendrils that were round and under and over the archway that held the golden valves, were wrought two figures of a man and woman, winged and garlanded, whose raiment flashed with stars ; and their faces were like faces we had seen or half seen in some dream long and long and long ago, so that we trembled with awe and delight ; and I turned, and seeing Margaret, saw that her face was that face seen or half seen long and long and long ago ; and in the shining of her eyes I saw that other face, seen in that way and no other long and long and long ago—my face.

And then we walked together toward the golden gates, and opened them, and no man gainsaid us.

And before us lay a great space of flowers.

"GEORGE ELIOT"

(1819-80)

MISS BROOKE AND MR. CASAUBON

"Seest thou not yon cavalier who cometh toward us on a dapple-grey steed, and weareth a golden helmet?" "What I see," answered Sancho, "is nothing but a man on a grey ass like my own, who carries something shiny on his head." "Just so," answered Don Quixote: "and that resplendent object is the helmet of Mambrino."

"SIR HUMPHREY DAVY?" said Mr. Brooke, over the soup, in his easy smiling way, taking up Sir James Chettam's remark that he was studying Davy's *Agricultural Chemistry*. "Well, now, Sir Humphrey Davy: I dined with him years ago at Cartwright's, and Wordsworth was there too—the poet Wordsworth, you know. Now there was something singular. I was at Cambridge when Wordsworth was there, and I never met him—and I dined with him twenty years afterwards at Cartwright's. There's an oddity in things, now. But Davy was there: he was a poet too. Or, as I may say, Wordsworth was poet one, and Davy was poet two. That was true in every sense, you know."

Dorothea felt a little more uneasy than usual. In the beginning of dinner, the party being small and the room still, these motes from the mass of a magistrate's mind fell too noticeably. She wondered how a man like Mr. Casaubon would support such triviality. His manners, she thought, were very dignified; the set of his iron-grey hair and his deep eye-sockets made him resemble the portrait of Locke. He had the spare form and the pale complexion which became a student; as different as possible from the blooming Englishman of the red-whiskered type represented by Sir James Chettam.

"I am reading the *Agricultural Chemistry*," said this excellent baronet, "because I am going to take one of the farms into my own hands, and see if something cannot be done in setting a good pattern of farming among my tenants. Do you approve of that, Miss Brooke?"

"A great mistake, Chettam," interposed Mr. Brooke,

"going into electrifying your land and that kind of thing, and making a parlour of your cow-house. It won't do. I went into science a great deal myself at one time ; but I saw it would not do. No, no—see that your tenants don't sell their straw, and that kind of thing ; and give them draining-tiles, you know. But your fancy farming will not do—the most expensive sort of whistle you can buy : you may as well keep a pack of hounds."

"Surely," said Dorothea, "it is better to spend money in finding out how men can make the most of the land which supports them all, than in keeping dogs and horses only to gallop over it. It is not a sin to make yourself poor in performing experiments for the good of all."

She spoke with more energy than is expected of so young a lady, but Sir James had appealed to her. He was accustomed to do so, and she had often thought that she could urge him to many good actions when he was her brother-in-law.

Mr. Casaubon turned his eyes very markedly on Dorothea while she was speaking, and seemed to observe her newly.

"Young ladies don't understand political economy, you know," said Mr. Brooke, smiling towards Mr. Casaubon. "I remember when we were all reading Adam Smith. *There* is a book, now. I took in all the new ideas at one time—human perfectibility, now. But some say, history moves in circles ; and that may be very well argued ; I have argued it myself. The fact is, human reason may carry you a little too far—over the hedge, in fact. It carried me a good way at one time ; but I saw it would not do. I pulled up ; I pulled up in time. But not too hard. I have always been in favour of a little theory : we must have Thought ; else we shall be landed back in the dark ages. But talking of books, there is Southey's *Peninsular War*. I am reading that of a morning. You know Southey ? "

"No," said Mr. Casaubon, not keeping pace with Mr. Brooke's impetuous reason, and thinking of the book only. "I have little leisure for such literature just now. I have been using up my eyesight on old characters lately ; the fact is, I want a reader for my evenings ; but I am fasti-

dious in voices, and I cannot endure listening to an imperfect reader. It is a misfortune, in some senses : I feed too much on the inward sources ; I live too much with the dead. My mind is something like the ghost of an ancient, wandering about the world and trying mentally to construct it as it used to be, in spite of ruin and confusing changes. But I find it necessary to use the utmost caution about my eyesight."

This was the first time that Mr. Casaubon had spoken at any length. He delivered himself with precision, as if he had been called upon to make a public statement ; and the balanced sing-song neatness of his speech, occasionally corresponded to by a movement of his head, was the more conspicuous from its contrast with good Mr. Brooke's scrappy slovenliness. Dorothea said to herself that Mr. Casaubon was the most interesting man she had ever seen, not excepting even Monsieur Liret, the Vaudois clergyman who had given conferences on the history of the Waldenses. To reconstruct a past world, doubtless with a view to the highest purposes of truth—what a work to be in any way present at, to assist in, though only as a lampholder ! This elevating thought lifted her above her annoyance at being twitted with her ignorance of political economy, that never-explained science which was thrust as an extinguisher over all her lights.

"But you are fond of riding, Miss Brooke," Sir James presently took an opportunity of saying. "I should have thought you would enter a little into the pleasures of hunting. I wish you would let me send over a chestnut horse for you to try. It has been trained for a lady. I saw you on Saturday cantering over the hill on a nag not worthy of you. My groom shall bring Corydon for you every day, if you will only mention the time."

"Thank you, you are very good. I mean to give up riding. I shall not ride any more," said Dorothea, urged to this brusque resolution by a little annoyance that Sir James would be soliciting her attention when she wanted to give it all to Mr. Casaubon.

"No, that is too hard," said Sir James, in a tone of

reproach that showed strong interest. "Your sister is given to self-mortification, is she not?" he continued, turning to Celia, who sat at his right hand.

"I think she is," said Celia, feeling afraid lest she should say something that would not please her sister, and blushing as prettily as possible above her necklace. "She likes giving up."

"If that were true, Celia, my giving-up would be self-indulgence, not self-mortification. But there may be good reasons for choosing not to do what is very agreeable," said Dorothea.

Mr. Brooke was speaking at the same time, but it was evident that Mr. Casaubon was observing Dorothea, and she was aware of it.

"Exactly," said Sir James. "You give up from some high, generous motive."

"No, indeed, not exactly. I did not say that of myself," answered Dorothea, reddening. Unlike Celia, she rarely blushed, and only from high delight or anger. At this moment she felt angry with the perverse Sir James. Why did he not pay attention to Celia, and leave her to listen to Mr. Casaubon?—if that learned man would only talk instead of allowing himself to be talked to by Mr. Brooke, who was just then informing him that the Reformation either meant something or it did not, that he himself was a Protestant to the core, but that Catholicism was a fact; and as to refusing an acre of your ground for a Romanist chapel, all men needed the bridle of religion, which, properly speaking, was the dread of a Hereafter.

"I made a great study of theology at one time," said Mr. Brooke, as if to explain the insight just manifested. "I know something of all schools. I knew Wilberforce in his best days. Do you know Wilberforce?"

Mr. Casaubon said, "No."

"Well, Wilberforce was perhaps not enough of a thinker; but if I went into Parliament, as I have been asked to do, I should sit on the independent bench, as Wilberforce did, and work at philanthropy."

Mr. Casaubon bowed, and observed that it was a wide field.

"Yes," said Mr. Brooke, with an easy smile, "but I have documents. I began a long while ago to collect documents. They want arranging, but when a question has struck me, I have written to somebody and got an answer. I have documents at my back. But now, how do you arrange your documents?"

"In pigeon-holes partly," said Mr. Casaubon, with rather a startled air of effort.

"Ah, pigeon-holes will not do. I have tried pigeon-holes, but everything gets mixed in pigeon-holes: I never know whether a paper is in A or Z."

"I wish you would let me sort your papers for you, uncle," said Dorothea. "I would letter them all, and then make a list of subjects under each letter."

Mr. Casaubon gravely smiled approval, and said to Mr. Brooke, "You have an excellent secretary at hand, you perceive."

"No, no," said Mr. Brooke, shaking his head; "I cannot let young ladies meddle with my documents. Young ladies are too flighty."

Dorothea felt hurt. Mr. Casaubon would think that her uncle had some special reason for delivering this opinion, whereas the remark lay in his mind as lightly as the broken wing of an insect among all the other fragments there, and a chance current had sent it alighting on *her*.

When the two girls were in the drawing-room alone, Celia said:

"How very ugly Mr. Casaubon is!"

"Celia! He is one of the most distinguished-looking men I ever saw. He is remarkably like the portrait of Locke. He has the same deep eye-sockets."

"Had Locke those two white moles with hairs on them?"

"Oh, I daresay! when people of a certain sort looked at him," said Dorothea, walking away a little.

"Mr. Casaubon is so sallow."

"All the better. I suppose you admire a man with the complexion of a *cochon de lait*."

"Dodo!" exclaimed Celia, looking after in surprise. "I never heard you make such a comparison before."

"Why should I make it before the occasion came? It is a good comparison: the match is perfect."

Miss Brooke was clearly forgetting herself, and Celia thought so.

"I wonder you show temper, Dorothea."

"It is so painful in you, Celia, that you will look at human beings as if they were merely animals with a toilet, and never see the great soul in a man's face."

"Has Mr. Casaubon a great soul?" Celia was not without a touch of naïve malice.

"Yes, I believe he has," said Dorothea, with the full voice of decision. "Everything I see in him corresponds to his pamphlet on Biblical Cosmology."

"He talks very little," said Celia.

"There is no one for him to talk to."

Celia thought privately, "Dorothea quite despises Sir James Chettam; I believe she would not accept him." Celia felt that this was a pity. She had never been deceived as to the object of the baronet's interest. Sometimes, indeed, she had reflected that Dodo would perhaps not make a husband happy who had not her way of looking at things; and stifled in the depths of her heart was the feeling that her sister was too religious for family comfort. Notions and scruples were like spilt needles, making one afraid of treading, or sitting down, or even eating.

When Miss Brooke was at the tea-table, Sir James came to sit down by her, not having felt her mode of answering him at all offensive. Why should he? He thought it probable that Miss Brooke liked him, and manners must be very marked indeed before they cease to be interpreted by preconceptions either confident or distrustful. She was thoroughly charming to him, but of course he theorised a little about his attachment. He was made of excellent human dough, and had the rare merit of knowing that his talents, even if let loose, would not set the smallest stream in the country on fire: hence he liked the prospect of a wife to whom he could say, "What shall we do?" about this or that: who could help her husband out with reasons, and would also have the property qualification for doing so.

As to the excessive religiousness alleged against Miss Brooke, he had a very indefinite notion of what it consisted in, and thought that it would die out with marriage. In short, he felt himself to be in love in the right place, and was ready to endure a great deal of predominance, which, after all, a man could always put down when he liked. Sir James had no idea that he should ever like to put down the predominance of this handsome girl, in whose cleverness he delighted. Why not? A man's mind—what there is of it—has always the advantage of being masculine,—as the smallest birch-tree is of a higher kind than the most soaring palm,—and even his ignorance is of a sounder quality. Sir James might not have originated this estimate; but a kind Providence furnishes the limpest personality with a little gum or starch in the form of tradition.

"Let me hope that you will rescind that resolution about the horse, Miss Brooke," said the persevering admirer. "I assure you, riding is the most healthy of exercises."

"I am aware of it," said Dorothea, coldly. "I think it would do Celia good—if she would take to it."

"But you are such a perfect horsewoman."

"Excuse me; I have had very little practice, and I should be easily thrown."

"Then that is a reason for more practice. Every lady ought to be a perfect horsewoman, that she may accompany her husband."

"You see how widely we differ, Sir James. I have made up my mind that I ought not to be a perfect horsewoman, and so I should never correspond to your pattern of a lady." Dorothea looked straight before her, and spoke with cold brusquerie, very much with the air of a handsome boy, in amusing contrast with the solicitous amiability of her admirer.

"I should like to know your reasons for this cruel resolution. It is not possible that you should think horsemanship wrong."

"It is quite possible that I should think it wrong for me."

"Oh, why?" said Sir James, in a tender tone of remonstrance.

Mr. Casaubon had come up to the table, tea-cup in hand, and was listening.

"We must not inquire too curiously into motives," he interposed, in his measured way. "Miss Brooke knows that they are apt to become feeble in the utterance: the aroma is mixed with the grosser air. We must keep the germinating grain away from the light."

Dorothea coloured with pleasure, and looked up gratefully to the speaker. Here was a man who could understand the higher inward life, and with whom there could be some spiritual communion; nay, who could illuminate principle with the widest knowledge; a man whose learning almost amounted to a proof of whatever he believed!

Dorothea's inferences may seem large; but really life could never have gone on at any period but for this liberal allowance of conclusions, which has facilitated marriage under the difficulties of civilisation. Has any one ever pinched into its pilulous smallness the cobweb of pre-matrimonial acquaintanceship?

"Certainly," said good Sir James. "Miss Brooke shall not be urged to tell reasons she would rather be silent upon. I am sure her reasons would do her honour."

He was not in the least jealous of the interest with which Dorothea had looked up at Mr. Casaubon: it never occurred to him that a girl to whom he was meditating an offer of marriage could care for a dried bookworm towards fifty, except, indeed, in a religious sort of way, as for a clergyman of some distinction.

However, since Miss Brooke had become engaged in a conversation with Mr. Casaubon about the Vaudois clergy, Sir James betook himself to Celia, and talked to her about her sister; spoke of a house in town, and asked whether Miss Brooke disliked London. Away from her sister, Celia talked quite easily, and Sir James said to himself that the second Miss Brooke was certainly very agreeable as well as pretty, though not, as some people pretended, more clever and sensible than the elder sister. He felt that he

had chosen the one who was in all respects the superior ; and a man naturally likes to look forward to having the best. He would be the very Mawworm of bachelors who pretended not to expect it.

Middlemarch.

JAMES ANTHONY FROUDE

(1818-94)

AN ESTIMATE OF DISRAELI

WHAT estimate is to be formed of Disraeli ? We have a standard by which to measure the bodily stature of a man ; we have none by which to measure his character ; neither need we at any time ask how great any man is, or whether great at all, but rather what he is. Those whom the world agrees to call great are those who have done or produced something of permanent value to humanity. We call Hipparchus great, or Newton, or Kepler, because we owe to them our knowledge of the motion of the earth and the stars. Poets and artists have been great men ; philosophers have been great men. The mind of Socrates governs our minds at the present day. Founders of religion have been great men ; reformers have been great men : we measure their worth by the work which they achieved. So in society and politics we call those great who have devoted their energies to some noble cause, or have influenced the course of things in some extraordinary way. But in every instance, whether in art, science, religion, or public life, there is an universal condition, that a man shall have forgotten himself in his work. If any fraction of his attention is given to the honours or rewards which success will bring him there will be a taint of weakness in what he does. He cannot produce a great poem, he cannot paint a great picture, he cannot discover secrets of science, because these achievements require a whole mind and not a divided mind. The prophet will be a prophet of half-truths, because the whole truth will not be popular. The statesman who has not purified

himself of personal motives will never purify a disordered Constitution. Even kings and conquerors who are credited with nothing but ambition—the Alexanders and the Cæsars, the Cromwells and Napoleons—have been a cause in themselves, have been the representatives of some principle or idea. Their force, when they have succeeded, has been an impulse from within. They have aimed at power to impress their own personality outside them, but their operations are like the operations of the forces of nature, working from within outwards rather than towards an end of which they have been conscious. A man whose object is to gain something for himself often attains it, but when his personal life is over his work and his reputation perish along with him.

In this high sense of the word Lord Beaconsfield cannot be called great, either as a man of letters or as a statesman. *Vivian Grey* is nothing but a loud demand on his contemporaries to recognise how clever a man has appeared among them. In every one of his writings there is the same defect, except in *Sybil* and in *Lothair*. It is absent in *Sybil* because he had been deeply and sincerely affected by what he had witnessed in the great towns in the North of England ; it is absent in *Lothair* because when he wrote that book his personal ambition had for the time been satisfied, and he could look round him with the *siccum lumen* of his intellect. He had then reached the highest point of his political aspiration, and money he did not care for unless required for pressing necessities. It is clear from *Sybil* that there had been a time when he could have taken up as a statesman, with all his heart, the cause of labour. He had suffered himself in the suffering and demoralisation which he had witnessed, and if the “young generation” to whom he appealed would have gone along with him he might have led a nobler crusade than Cœur de Lion. But it was not in him to tread a thorny road with insufficient companionship. He had wished, but had not wished sufficiently, to undertake a doubtful enterprise. He was contented to leave things as he found them, instead of reconstructing society to make himself Prime Minister.

Thus it was that perhaps no public man in England ever rose so high and acquired power so great, so little of whose work has survived him. Not one of the great measures which he once insisted on did he carry or attempt to carry. The great industrial problems are still left to be solved by the workmen in their own unions. Ireland is still in the throes of disintegration. If the colonies have refused to be cast loose from us their continued allegiance is not due to any effort of his. From Berlin he brought back peace with honour, but if peace remains the honour was soon clouded. The concessions which he prided himself on having extorted are evaded or ignored, and the imperial spirit which he imagined that he had awakened sleeps in indifference. The voices which then shouted so loudly for him shout now for another, and of all those great achievements there remain only to the nation the Suez Canal shares and the possession of Cyprus, and to his Queen the gaudy title of Empress of India. What is there besides? Yet there is a relative greatness as well as an absolute greatness, and Lemuel Gulliver was a giant among the Lilliputians. Disraeli said of Peel that he was the greatest member of Parliament that there had ever been. He was himself the *strongest* member of Parliament in his own day, and it was Parliament which took him as its foremost man and made him what he was. No one fought more stoutly when there was fighting to be done; no one knew better when to yield, or how to encourage his followers. He was a master of debate. He had perfect command of his temper, and while he ran an adversary through the body he charmed even his enemies by the skill with which he did it. He made no lofty pretensions, and his aims were always perhaps something higher than he professed. If to raise himself to the summit of the eminence was what he most cared for, he had a genuine anxiety to serve his party, and in serving his party to serve his country; and possibly if among his other gifts he had inherited an English character he might have devoted himself more completely to great national questions; he might have even inscribed his name in the great roll of English worthies. But he was

English only by adoption, and he never completely identified himself with the country which he ruled. At heart he was a Hebrew to the end, and of all his triumphs perhaps the most satisfying was the sense that a member of that despised race had made himself the master of the fleets and armies of the proudest of Christian nations.

But though Lord Beaconsfield was not all which he might have been he will be honourably and affectionately remembered. If he was ambitious his ambition was a noble one. It was for fame and not for fortune. To money he was always indifferent. He was even ostentatious in his neglect of his own interests. Though he left no debts behind him, in his life he was always embarrassed. He had no vices, and his habits were simple; but he was generous and careless, and his mind was occupied with other things. He had opportunities of enriching himself if he had been unprincipled enough to use them. There were times when he could set all the stock exchanges of Europe vibrating like electric wires in a thunderstorm. A secret word from him would have enabled speculating capitalists to realise millions, with no trace left how those millions were acquired or how disposed of. It is said that something of the kind was once hinted to him—once, but never again. Disraeli's worst enemy never suspected him of avarice or dishonour. As a statesman there was none like him before, and will be none hereafter. His career was the result of a combination of a peculiar character with peculiar circumstances, which is not likely to recur. The aim with which he started in life was to distinguish himself above all his contemporaries, and wild as such an ambition must have appeared, he at least won the stake for which he played so bravely.

Life of Benjamin Disraeli.

DANTE GABRIEL ROSSETTI

(1828-82)

THE BLESSÈD DAMOZEL

THE blessèd Damozel lean'd out
From the gold bar of Heaven :
Her blue grave eyes were deeper much
Than a deep water, even.
She had three lilies in her hand,
And the stars in her hair were seven.

Her robe, ungirt from clasp to hem,
No wrought flowers did adorn,
But a white rose of Mary's gift
On the neck meetly worn ;
And her hair, lying down her back,
Was yellow like ripe corn.

Herseem'd she scarce had been a day
One of God's choristers ;
The wonder was not yet quite gone
From that still look of hers ;
Albeit, to them she left, her day
Had counted as ten years.

(To *one* it is ten years of years :
. . . Yet now, here in this place,
Surely she lean'd o'er me,—her hair
Fell all about my face. . . .
Nothing : the Autumn-fall of leaves.
The whole year sets apace.)

It was the terrace of God's house
That she was standing on,—
By God built over the sheer depth
In which is Space begun ;
So high, that looking downward thence,
She scarce could see the sun.

It lies from Heaven across the flood
Of ether, as a bridge.
Beneath, the tides of day and night
With flame and darkness ridge
The void, as low as where this earth
Spins like a fretful midge.

But in those tracts, with her, it was
The peace of utter light
And silence. For no breeze may stir
Along the steady flight
Of seraphim ; no echo there,
Beyond all depth or height.

Heard hardly, some of her new friends,
Playing at holy games,
Spake, gentle-mouth'd, among themselves,
Their virginal chaste names ;
And the souls, mounting up to God,
Went by her like thin flames.

And still she bow'd herself, and stoop'd
Into the vast waste calm ;
Till her bosom's pressure must have made
The bar she lean'd on warm,
And the lilies lay as if asleep
Along her bended arm.

From the fixt lull of Heaven, she saw
Time, like a pulse, shake fierce
Through all the worlds. Her gaze still strove,
In that steep gulf, to pierce
The swarm ; and then she spoke, as when
The stars sang in their spheres.

" I wish that he were come to me,
For he will come," she said.
" Have I not pray'd in solemn Heaven ?
On earth, has he not pray'd ?
Are not two prayers a perfect strength ?
And shall I feel afraid ?

“ When round his head the aureole clings,
And he is clothed in white,
I’ll take his hand, and go with him
To the deep wells of light,
And we will step down as to a stream
And bathe there in God’s sight.

“ We two will stand beside that shrine,
Occult, withheld, untrod,
Whose lamps tremble continually
With prayer sent up to God ;
And where each need, reveal’d, expects
Its patient period.

“ We two will lie i’ the shadow of
That living mystic tree
Within whose secret growth the Dove
Sometimes is felt to be,
While every leaf that His plumes touch
Saith His name audibly.

“ And I myself will teach to him,—
I myself, lying so,—
The songs I sing here ; which his mouth
Shall pause in, hush’d and slow,
Finding some knowledge at each pause,
And some new thing to know.”

(Alas ! to *her* wise simple mind
These things were all but known
Before : they trembled on her sense,—
Her voice had caught their tone.
Alas for lonely Heaven ! Alas
For life wrung out alone !

Alas, and though the end were reach’d ? . . .
Was *thy* part understood
Or borne in trust ? And for her sake
Shall this too be found good ?—
May the close lips that knew not prayer
Praise ever, though they would ?)

"We two," she said, "will seek the groves
Where the lady Mary is,
With her five handmaidens, whose names
Are five sweet symphonies :—
Cecily, Gertrude, Magdalen,
Margaret and Rosalys.

"Circle-wise sit they, with bound locks
And bosoms coverèd ;
Into the fine cloth, white like flame,
Weaving the golden thread,
To fashion the birth-robcs for them
Who are just born, being dead.

"He shall fear, haply, and be dumb.
Then I will lay my cheek
To his, and tell about our love,
Not once abash'd or weak
And the dear Mother will approve
My pride, and let me speak.

"Herself shall bring us, hand in hand,
To Him round whom all souls
Kneel—the unnumber'd solemn heads
Bow'd with their aureoles :
And Angels, meeting us, shall sing
To their cithérns and citoles.

"There will I ask of Christ the Lord
Thus much for him and me :—
To have more blessing than on earth
In nowise ; but to be
As then we were,—being as then
At peace. Yea, verily.

"Yea, verily ; when he is come
We will do thus and thus :
Till this my vigil seem quite strange
And almost fabulous ;
We two will live at once, one life ;
And peace shall be with us."

She gazed, and listen'd, and then said,
 Less sad of speech than mild,—
 "All this is when he comes." She ceased :
 The light thrill'd past her, fill'd
 With Angels, in strong level lapse.
 Her eyes pray'd, and she smiled.

(I saw her smile.) But soon their flight
 Was vague 'mid the poised spheres.
 And then she cast her arms along
 The golden barriers,
 And laid her face between her hands,
 And wept. (I heard her tears.)

THE PORTRAIT

THIS is her picture as she was :
 It seems a thing to wonder on,
 As though mine image in the glass
 Should tarry when myself am gone.
 I gaze until she seems to stir,—
 Until mine eyes almost aver
 That now, even now, the sweet lips part
 To breathe the words of the sweet heart :—
 And yet the earth is over her.

Alas ! even such the thin-drawn ray
 That makes the prison-depths more rude,—
 The drip of water night and day
 Giving a tongue to solitude.
 Yet this, of all love's perfect prize,
 Remains ; save what in mournful guise
 Takes counsel with my soul alone,—
 Save what is secret and unknown,
 Below the earth, above the skies.

In painting her I shrined her face
 'Mid mystic trees, where light falls in
 Hardly at all ; a covert place
 Where you might think to find a din

Of doubtful talk, and a live flame
Wandering, and many a shape whose name
Not itself knoweth, and old dew,
And your own footsteps meeting you,
And all things going as they came.

A deep dim wood ; and there she stands
As in that wood that day : for so
Was the still movement of her hands
And such the pure line's gracious flow,
And passing fair the type must seem,
Unknown the presence and the dream.
'Tis she : though of herself, alas !
Less than her shadow on the grass
Or than her image in the stream.

That day we met there, I and she
One with the other all alone ;
And we were blithe ; yet memory
Saddens those hours, as when the moon
Looks upon daylight. And with her
I stooped to drink the spring-water,
Athirst where other waters sprang ;
And where the echo is, she sang,—
My soul another echo there.

But when that hour my soul won strength
For words whose silence wastes and kills,
Dull raindrops smote us, and at length
Thundered the heat within the hills.
That eve I spoke those words again
Beside the pelted window-pane ;
And there she hearkened what I said,
With under-glances that surveyed
The empty pastures blind with rain.

Next day the memories of these things,
Like leaves through which a bird has flown,
Still vibrated with Love's warm wings ;
Till I must make them all my own

And paint this picture. So, 'twixt ease
Of talk and sweet long silences,
 She stood among the plants in bloom
 At windows of a summer room,
To feign the shadow of the trees.

And as I wrought, while all above
 And all around was fragrant air,
In the sick burthen of my love
 It seemed each sun-thrilled blossom there
Beat like a heart among the leaves.
O heart that never beats nor heaves,
 In that one darkness lying still,
 What now to thee my love's great will
Or the fine web the sunshine weaves ?

For now doth daylight disavow
 Those days,—nought left to see or hear.
Only in solemn whispers now
 At night-time these things reach mine ear,
When the leaf-shadows at a breath
Shrink in the road, and all the heath,
 Forest and water, far and wide,
 In limpid starlight glorified,
Lie like the mystery of death.

Last night at last I could have slept,
 And yet delayed my sleep till dawn,
Still wandering. Then it was I wept :
 For unawares I came upon
Those glades where once she walked with me :
And as I stood there suddenly,
 All wan with traversing the night,
 Upon the desolate verge of light
Yearned loud the iron-bosomed sea.

Even so, where Heaven holds breath and hears
 The beating heart of Love's own breast,—
Where round the secret of all spheres
 All angels lay their wings to rest,—

DANTE GABRIEL ROSSETTI

How shall my soul stand rapt and awed,
 When, by the new birth borne abroad
 Throughout the music of the suns,
 It enters in her soul at once
 And knows the silence there for God !

Here with her face doth memory sit
 Meanwhile, and wait the day's decline,
 Till other eyes shall look from it,
 Eyes of the spirit's Palestine,
 Even than the old gaze tenderer :
 While hopes and aims long lost with her
 Stand round her image side by side,
 Like tombs of pilgrims that have died
 About the Holy Sepulchre.

LOVESIGHT

WHEN do I see thee most, belovèd one ?
 When in the light the spirits of mine eyes
 Before thy face, their altar, solemnise
 The worship of that Love through thee made known ?
 Or when in the dusk hours, (we two alone,)
 Close-kissed and eloquent of still replies
 Thy twilight-hidden glimmering visage lies,
 And my soul only sees thy soul its own ?

O love, my love ! if I no more should see
 Thyself, nor on the earth the shadow of thee,
 Nor image of thine eyes in any spring,—
 How then should sound upon Life's darkening slope
 The ground-whirl of the perished leaves of Hope,
 The wind of Death's imperishable wing ?

THE BIRTH-BOND

HAVE you not noted, in some family
 Where two were born of a first marriage-bed,
 How still they own their gracious bond, though fed
 And nursed on the forgotten breast and knee ?—

How to their father's children they shall be
In act and thought of one goodwill ; but each
Shall for the other have, in silence speech,
And in a word complete community ?

Even so, when first I saw you, seemed it, love,
That among souls allied to mine was yet
One nearer kindred than life hinted of.
O born with me somewhere that men forget,
And though in years of sight and sound unmet,
• Known for my soul's birth-partner well enough !

SECRET PARTING

BECAUSE our talk was of the cloud-control
And moon-track of the journeying face of Fate,
Her tremulous kisses faltered at love's gate
And her eyes dreamed against a distant goal :
But soon, remembering her how brief the whole
Of joy, which its own hours annihilate,
Her set gaze gathered, thirstier than of late,
And as she kissed, her mouth became her soul.
Thence in what ways we wandered, and how strove
To build with fire-tried vows the piteous home
Which memory haunts and whither sleep may roam,
They only know for whom the roof of Love
Is the still-seated secret of the grove,
Nor spire may rise nor bell be heard therefrom.

ANDREW LANG

(1844-1912)

THE ODYSSEY

As one that for a weary space has lain
Lulled by the song of Circe and her Wine
In gardens near the pale of Proserpine,
Where that Ææan Isle forgets the main,

And only the low lutes of love complain,
 And only shadows of wan lovers pine ;
 As such an one were glad to know the brine
 Salt on his lips, and the large air again.
 So gladly, from the songs of modern speech
 Men turn, and see the stars, and feel the free
 Shrill wind beyond the close of heavy flowers
 And through the music of the languid hours,
 They hear like ocean on a Western beach
 The surge and thunder of the Odyssey.

BALLADE OF THE BOOK-HUNTER

IN torrid heats of late July,
 In March, beneath the bitter *bise*,
 He book-hunts while the loungers fly,—
 He book-hunts, though December freeze ;
 In breeches baggy at the knees,
 And heedless of the public jeers,
 For these, for these, he hoards his fees,—
 Aldines, Bodonis, Elzevirs.

No dismal stall escapes the eye,
 He turns o'er tomes of low degrees,
 There soiled romanticists may lie,
 Or Restoration comedies ;
 Each tract that flutters in the breeze
 For him is charged with hopes and fears,
 In mouldy novels fancy sees
 Aldines, Bodonis, Elzevirs.

With restless eyes that peer and spy,
 Sad eyes that heed not skies or trees,
 In dismal nooks he loves to pry,
 Whose motto evermore is *Spes* !
 But ah ! the fabled treasure flees ;
 Grown rarer with the fleeting years,
 In rich men's shelves they take their ease,—
 Aldines, Bodonis, Elzevirs !

ENVOY

Prince, all the things that tease and please,—
Fame, hope, wealth, kisses, cheers and tears,
What are they but such toys as these—
Aldines, Bodonis, Elzevirs ?

THOMAS HARDY

(*Born 1841*)

GOING THE ROUNDS

SHORTLY after ten o'clock the singing-boys arrived at the tranter's house, which was invariably the place of meeting, and preparations were made for the start. The older men and musicians wore thick coats, with stiff perpendicular collars, and coloured handkerchiefs wound round and round the neck till the end came to hand, over all which they just showed their ears and noses, like people looking over a wall. The remainder, stalwart ruddy men and boys, were dressed mainly in snow-white smock-frocks, embroidered upon the shoulders and breasts in ornamental forms of hearts, diamonds, and zigzags. The cider-mug was emptied for the ninth time, the music-books were arranged, and the pieces finally decided upon. The boys in the meantime put the old horn-lanterns in order, cut candles into short lengths to fit the lanterns ; and a thin fleece of snow having fallen since the early part of the evening, those who had no leggings went to the stable and wound wisps of hay round their ankles to keep the insidious flakes from the interior of their boots.

Mellstock was a parish of considerable acreage, the hamlets composing it lying at a much greater distance from each other than is ordinarily the case. Hence several hours were consumed in playing and singing within hearing of every family, even if but a single air were bestowed on each. There was Lower Mellstock, the main village ; half

a mile from this were the church and vicarage, and a few other houses, the spot being rather lonely now, though in past centuries it had been the most thickly-populated quarter of the parish. A mile north-east lay the hamlet of Upper Mellstock, where the tranter lived ; and at other points knots of cottages, besides solitary farmsteads and dairies.

Old William Dewy, with the violoncello, played the bass ; his grandson Dick the treble violin ; and Reuben and Michael Mail the tenor and second violins respectively. The singers consisted of four men and seven boys, upon whom devolved the task of carrying and attending to the lanterns, and holding the books open for the players. Directly music was the theme old William ever and instinctively came to the front.

" Now mind, neighbours," he said, as they all went out one by one at the door, he himself holding it ajar and regarding them with a critical face as they passed, like a shepherd counting out his sheep. " You two counter-boys, keep your ears open to Michael's fingering, and don't ye go straying into the treble part along o' Dick and his set, as ye did last year ; and mind this especially when we be in ' Arise, and hail.' Billy Chimlen, don't you sing quite so raving mad as you fain would ; and, all o' ye, whatever ye do, keep from making a great scuffle on the ground when we go in at people's gates ; but go quietly, so as to strike up all of a sudden, like spirits."

" Farmer Ledlow's first ? "

" Farmer Ledlow's first ; the rest as usual."

" And, Voss," said the tranter terminatively, " you keep house here till about half-past two ; then heat the metheglin and cider in the warmer you'll find turned up upon the copper ; and bring it wi' the victuals to church-hatch, as th'st know."

Just before the clock struck twelve they lighted the lanterns and started. The moon, in her third quarter, had risen since the snowstorm ; but the dense accumulation of snow-cloud weakened her power to a faint twilight which

was rather pervasive of the landscape than traceable to the sky. The breeze had gone down, and the rustle of their feet and tones of their speech echoed with an alert rebound from every post, boundary-stone, and ancient wall they passed, even where the distance of the echo's origin was less than a few yards. Beyond their own slight noises nothing was to be heard save the occasional bark of foxes in the direction of Yalbury Wood, or the brush of a rabbit among the grass now and then as it scampered out of their way.

Most of the outlying homesteads and hamlets had been visited by about two o'clock; they then passed across the outskirts of a wooded park toward the main village, nobody being at home at the Manor. Pursuing no recognised track, great care was necessary in walking lest their faces should come in contact with the low-hanging boughs of the old lime-trees, which in many spots formed dense overgrowths of interlaced branches.

"Times have changed from the times they used to be," said Mail, regarding nobody can tell what interesting old panoramas with an inward eye, and letting his outward glance rest on the ground because it was as convenient a position as any. "People don't care much about us now! I've been thinking we must be almost the last left in the county of the old string players. Barrel-organs, and the things next door to 'em that you blow wi' your foot, have come in terribly of late years."

"Ay!" said Bowerman shaking his head, and old William on seeing him did the same thing.

"More's the pity," replied another. "Time was—long and merry ago now!—when not one of the varmints was to be heard of; but it served some of the quires right. They should have stuck to strings as we did, and kept out clar'nets, and done away with serpents. If you'd thrive in musical religion, stick to strings, says I."

"Strings be safe soul-lifters, as far as that do go," said Mr. Spinks.

"Yet there's worse things than serpents," said Mr. Penny. "Old things pass away, 'tis true; but a serpent was a good old note: a deep rich note was the serpent."

"Clar'nets, however, be bad at all times," said Michael Mail. "One Christmas—years ago now, years—I went the rounds wi' the Weatherbury quire. 'Twas a hard frosty night, and the keys of all the clar'nets froze—ah, they did freeze!—so that 'twas like drawing a cork every time a key was opened; and the players o' 'em had to go into a hedger-and-ditcher's chimley-corner, and thaw their clar'nets every now and then. An icicle o' spet hung down from the end of every man's clar'net a span long; and as to fingers—well, there, if ye'll believe me, we had no fingers at all, to our knowing."

"I can well bring back to my mind," said Mr. Penny, "what I said to poor Joseph Ryme (who took the treble part in Chalk-Newton Church for two and forty year) when they thought of having clar'nets there. 'Joseph,' I said says I, 'depend upon't, if so be you have them tooting clar'nets you'll spoil the whole set-out. Clar'nets were not made for the service of the Lord; you can see it by looking at 'em,' I said. And what came o't? Why, souls, the parson set up a barrel-organ on his own account within two years o' the time I spoke, and the old choir went to nothing."

"As far as look is concerned," said the tranter, "I don't for my part see that a fiddle is much nearer heaven than a clar'net. 'Tis further off. There's always a rakish, scampish twist about a fiddle's looks that seems to say the Wicked One had a hand in making o' en; while angels be supposed to play clar'nets in heaven, or som'at like 'em, if ye may believe picters."

"Robert Penny, you was in the right," broke in the eldest Dewy. "They should ha' stuck to strings. Your brass-man is a rafting dog—well and good; your reed-man is a dab at stirring ye—well and good; your drum-man is a rare bowel-shaker—good again. But I don't care who hears me say it, nothing will spake to your heart wi' the sweetness o' the man of strings!"

"Strings for ever!" said little Jimmy.

"Strings alone would have held their ground against all the new comers in creation." ("True, true!" said Bow-

man.) "But clar'nets was death." ("Death they was!" said Mr. Penny.) "And harmonions," William continued in a louder voice, and getting excited by these signs of approval, "harmonions and barrel-organs" ("Ah!" and groans from Spinks) "be miserable—what shall I call 'em?—miserable——"

"Sinners," suggested Jimmy, who made large strides like the men and did not lag behind with the other little boys.

"Miserable dumbledores!"

"Right, William, and so they be—miserable dumbledores!" said the choir with unanimity.

By this time they were crossing to a gate in the direction of the school which, standing on a slight eminence at the junction of three ways, now rose in unvarying and dark flatness against the sky. The instruments were retuned, and all the band entered the school enclosure, enjoined by old William to keep upon the grass.

"Number seventy-eight," he softly gave out as they formed round in a semicircle, the boys opening the lanterns to get a clearer light, and directing their rays on the books.

Then passed forth into the quiet night an ancient and time-worn hymn, embodying a quaint Christianity in words orally transmitted from father to son through several generations down to the present characters, who sang them out right earnestly:

Remember Adam's fall,
 O thou Man:
 Remember Adam's fall
 From Heaven to Hell.
 Remember Adam's fall;
 How he hath condemn'd all
 In Hell perpetual
 There for to dwell.

Remember God's goodnesse,
 O thou Man:
 Remember God's goodnesse,
 His promise made.
 Remember God's goodnesse;
 He sent His Son sinlesse
 Our ails for to redress;
 Be not afraid!

THOMAS HARDY

In Bethlehem He was born,
 O thou Man :
 In Bethlehem He was born,
 For mankind's sake.
 In Bethlehem He was born,
 Christmas-day i' the morn :
 Our Saviour thought no scorn
 Our faults to take.

Give thanks to God alway,
 O thou Man :
 Give thanks to God alway
 With heart-most joy.
 Give thanks to God alway
 On this our joyful day :
 Let all men sing and say,
 Holy, Holy !

Having concluded the last note they listened for a minute or two, but found that no sound issued from the school-house.

"Four breaths, and then, 'O, what Unbounded Goodness !' number fifty-nine," said William.

This was duly gone through, and no notice whatever seemed to be taken of the performance.

"Good guide us, surely 't isn't a' empty house, as befell us in the year thirty-nine and forty-three !" said old Dewy.

"Perhaps she's jist come from some musical city, and sneers at our doings ?" the tranter whispered.

"'Od rabbit her !" said Mr. Penny, with annihilating look at a corner of the school chimney, "I don't quite stomach her, if this is it. Your plain music well done is as worthy as your other sort done bad, a' b'lieve, souls ; so say I."

"Four breaths, and then the last," said the leader authoritatively. "'Rejoice, ye Tenants of the Earth,' number sixty-four."

At the close, waiting yet another minute, he said in a clear loud voice, as he had said in the village at that hour and season for the previous forty years :

"A merry Christmas to ye !"

When the expectant stillness consequent upon the exclamation had nearly died out of them all, an increasing light made itself visible in one of the windows of the upper floor.

It came so close to the blind that the exact position of the flame could be perceived from the outside. Remaining steady for an instant, the blind went upward from before it, revealing to thirty concentrated eyes a young girl framed as a picture by the window architrave, and unconsciously illuminating her countenance to a vivid brightness by a candle she held in her left hand, close to her face, her right hand being extended to the side of the window. She was wrapped in a white robe of some kind, whilst down her shoulders fell a twining profusion of marvellously rich hair, in a wild disorder which proclaimed it to be only during the invisible hours of the night that such a condition was discoverable. Her bright eyes were looking into the grey world outside with an uncertain expression, oscillating between courage and shyness, which, as she recognised the semicircular group of dark forms gathered before her, transformed itself into pleasant resolution.

Opening the window, she said lightly and warmly :

“ Thank you, singers, thank you ! ”

Together went the window quickly and quietly, and the blind started downward on its return to its place. Her fair forehead and eyes vanished ; her little mouth ; her neck and shoulders ; all of her. Then the spot of candle-light shone nebulously as before ; then it moved away.

Under the Greenwood Tree.

HAP

If but some vengeful god would call to me
From up the sky, and laugh : “ Thou suffering thing,
Know that thy sorrow is my ecstasy,
That thy love’s loss is my hate’s profiting ! ”

Then would I bear, and clench myself, and die,
Steeled by the sense of ire unmerited ;
Half-eased in that a Powerfuller than I
Had willed and meted me the tears I shed.

But not so. How arrives it joy lies slain,
 And why unblooms the best hope ever sown ?
 —Crass Casualty obstructs the sun and rain,
 And dicing Time for gladness casts a moan. . . .
 These purblind Doomsters had as readily strown
 Bliss about my pilgrimage as pain.

1866.

SHE, TO HIM

I

WHEN you shall see me in the toils of Time,
 My lauded beauties carried off from me,
 My eyes no longer stars as in their prime,
 My name forgot of Maiden Fair and Free ;

When in your being heart concedes to mind,
 And judgment, though you scarce its process know,
 Recalls the excellencies I once enshrined,
 And you are irked that they have withered so :

Remembering that with me lies not the blame,
 That Sportsman Time but rears his brood to kill,
 Knowing me in my soul the very same—
 One who would die to spare you touch of ill !—
 Will you not grant to old affection's claim
 The hand of friendship down Life's sunless hill ?

1866.

II

Perhaps, long hence, when I have passed away,
 Some other feature, accent, thought like mine,
 Will carry you back to what I used to say,
 And bring some memory of your love's decline.

Then you may pause awhile and think, " Poor jade !"
 And yield a sigh to me—as ample due,
 Not as the tittle of a debt unpaid
 To one who could resign her all to you—

And thus reflecting, you will never see
 That your thin thought, in two small words conveyed,
 Was no such fleeting phantom-thought to me,
 But the Whole Life wherein my part was played ;
 And you amid its fitful masquerade
 A Thought—as I in yours but seem to be.

1866.

FRIENDS BEYOND

WILLIAM DEWY, Tranter Reuben, Farmer Ledlow late at plough,
 Robert's kin, and John's, and Ned's,
 And the Squire, and Lady Susan, lie in Mellstock churchyard now !
 " Gone," I call them, gone for good, that group of local hearts and heads ;
 Yet at mothy curfew-tide,
 And at midnight when the noon-heat breathes it back from walls and
 leads,
 They've a way of whispering to me—fellow-wight who yet abide—
 In the muted, measured note
 Of a ripple under archways, or a lone cave's stillicide :
 " We have triumphed : this achievement turns the bane to antidote,
 Unsuccesses to success,
 Many thought-worn eves and morrows to a morrow free of thought.
 " No more need we corn and clothing, feel of old terrestrial stress ;
 Chill detraction stirs no sigh ;
 Fear of death has even bygone us : death gave all that we possess."
 W. D. " Ye mid burn the wold bass-viol that I set such vallie by."
 Squire. " You may hold the manse in fee,
 You may wed my spouse, my children's memory of me may decry."
 Lady. " You may have my rich brocades, my laces ; take each house-
 hold key ;
 Ransack coffer, desk, bureau ;
 Quiz the few poor treasures hid there, con the letters kept by me."

Far. "Ye mid zell my favourite heifer, ye mid let the charlock grow
Foul the grinterns, give up thrift."

Wife. "If ye break my best blue china, children, I shan't care or ho."

All. "We've no wish to hear the tidings, how the people's fortune
shift ;

What your daily doings are ;

Who are wedded, born, divided ; if your lives beat slow or swift.

"Curious not the least are we if our intents you make or mar,

If you quire to our old tune,

If the City stage still passes, if the weirs still roar afar."

—Thus, with very gods' composure, freed those crosses late and soon

Which, in life, the Trine allow

(Why, none witteth), and ignoring all that haps beneath the moon

William Dewy, Tranter Reuben, Farmer Ledlow late at plough,

Robert's kin, and John's, and Ned's,

And the Squire, and Lady Susan, murmur mildly to me now.

THE SLEEP-WORKER

WHEN wilt thou wake, O Mother, wake and see—

As one who, held in trance, has laboured long

By vacant rote and prepossession strong—

The coils that thou hast wrought unwittingly ;

Wherein have place, unrealised by thee,

Fair growths, foul cankers, right enmeshed with wrong,

Strange orchestras of victim-shriek and song,

And curious blends of ache and ecstasy ?—

Should that morn come, and show thy opened eyes

All that Life's palpitating tissues feel,

How wilt thou bear thyself in thy surprise ?—

Wilt thou destroy, in one wild shock of shame,
 Thy whole high heaving firmamental frame,
 Or patiently adjust, amend, and heal ?

TO AN UNBORN PAUPER CHILD

BREATHE not, hid Heart : cease silently,
 And though thy birth-hour beckons thee,
 Sleep the long sleep :
 The Doomsters heap
 Travails and teens around us here,
 And Time-wraiths turn our songsingings to fear.

Hark, how the peoples surge and sigh,
 And laughters fail, and greetings die :
 Hopes dwindle ; yea,
 Faiths waste away,
 Affections and enthusiasms numb ;
 Thou canst not mend these things if thou dost come.

Had I the ear of wombèd souls
 Ere their terrestrial chart unrolls
 And thou wert free
 To cease, or be,
 Then would I tell thee all I know,
 And put it to thee : Wilt thou take Life so ?

Vain vow ! No hint of mine may hence
 To theeward fly : to thy locked sense
 Explain none can
 Life's pending plan :
 Thou wilt thy ignorant entry make
 Though skies spout fire and blood and nations quake.

Fain would I, dear, find some shut plot
 Of earth's wide wold for thee, where not
 One tear, one qualm,
 Should break the calm.

But I am weak as thou and bare ;
No man can change the common lot to rare.

Must come and bide. And such are we—
Unreasoning, sanguine, visionary—
That I can hope
Health, love, friends, scope
In full for thee ; can dream thou'lt find
Joys seldom yet attained by humankind !

THE DIVISION

RAIN on the windows, creaking doors,
With blasts that besom the green,
And I am here, and you are there,
And a hundred miles between !

O were it but the weather, Dear,
O were it but the miles
That make our sum of severance,
There might be room for smiles.

But that thwart thing betwixt us twain,
Which hides, yet reappears,
Is more than distance, Dear, or rain,
And longer than the years !

THE END OF THE EPISODE

INDULGE no more may we
In this sweet-bitter pastime :
The love-light shines the last time
Between you, Sweet, and me.

There shall remain no trace
Of what so closely tied us,
And blank as ere love eyed us
Will be our meeting-place.

The flowers and thymy air,
Will they now miss our coming ?
The dumbles thin their humming
To find we haunt not there ?

Though fervent was our vow,
Though ruddily ran our pleasure,
Bliss has fulfilled its measure,
And sees its sentence now.

Ache deep ; but make no moans :
Smile out ; but stilly suffer :
The paths of love are rougher
Than thoroughfares of stones.

THE BALLAD-SINGER

SING, Ballad-singer, raise a hearty tune ;
Make me forget that there was ever a one
I walked with in the meek light of the moon
When the day's work was done.

Rhyme, Ballad-rhymer, start a country song ;
Make me forget that she whom I loved well
Swore she would love me dearly, love me long,
Then—what I cannot tell !

Sing, Ballad-singer, from your little book ;
Make me forget those heart-breaks, achings, fears ;
Make me forget her name, her sweet sweet look—
Make me forget her tears.

HIS EDUCATION

I SAW him steal the light away
That haunted in her eye :
It went so gently none could say
More than that it was there one day
And missing by-and-by.

I watched her longer, and he stole
 Her lily tincts and rose ;
 All her young sprightliness of soul
 Next fell beneath his cold control,
 And disappeared like those.

I asked : " Why do you serve her so,
 Do you, for some glad day,
 Hoard these her sweets ? " He said, " O no,
 They charm not me ; I bid Time throw
 Each promptly to decay."

Said I : " We call that cruelty—
 We, your poor mortal kind."
 He mused. " The thought is new to me.
 Forsooth, though I men's master be
 Theirs is the teaching mind ! "

THE PHANTOM HORSEWOMAN

QUEER are the ways of a man I know :
 He comes and stands
 In a careworn craze,
 And looks at the sands
 And the seaward haze,
 With moveless hands
 And face and gaze,
 Then turns to go . . .
 And what does he see when he gazes so ?

They say he sees as an instant thing
 More clear than to-day,
 A sweet soft scene
 That once was in play
 By that briny green ;
 Yes, notes alway
 Warm, real, and keen,
 What his back years bring—
 A phantom of his own figuring.

Of this vision of his they might say more :

Not only there
Does he see this sight,
But everywhere
In his brain—day, night,
As if on the air
It were drawn rose-bright—
Yea, far from that shore

Does he carry this vision of heretofore :

A ghost-girl-rider. And though, toil-tried,

He withers daily,
Time touches her not,
But she still rides gaily
In his rapt thought
On that shagged and shaly
Atlantic spot,
And as when first eyed

Draws rein and sings to the swing of the tide.

MEN WHO MARCH AWAY

(SONG OF THE SOLDIERS)

WHAT of the faith and fire within us
Men who march away
Ere the barn-cocks say
Night is growing grey,
To hazards whence no tears can win us ;
What of the faith and fire within us
Men who march away ?

Is it a purblind prank, O think you,
Friend with the musing eye,
Who watch us stepping by
With doubt and dolorous sigh ?
Can much pondering so hoodwink you !
Is it a purblind prank, O think you,
Friend with the musing eye ?

Nay. We well see what we are doing,
 Though some may not see—
 Dalliers as they be—
 England's need are we ;
 Her distress would leave us rueing :
 Nay. We well see what we are doing,
 Though some may not see !

In our heart of hearts believing
 Victory crowns the just,
 And that braggarts must
 Surely bite the dust,
 Press we to the field ungrieving,
 In our hearts of hearts believing
 Victory crowns the just.

Hence the faith and fire within us
 Men who march away
 Ere the barn-cocks say
 Night is growing grey,
 To hazards whence no tears can win us ;
 Hence the faith and fire within us
 Men who march away.

September 5, 1914.

ON A MIDSUMMER EVE

I IDLY cut a parsley stalk,
 And blew therein towards the moon ;
 I had not thought what ghosts would walk
 With shivering footsteps to my tune.

I went, and knelt, and scooped my hand
 As if to drink, into the brook,
 And a faint figure seemed to stand
 Above me, with the bygone look.

I lipped rough rhymes of chance, not choice,
 I thought not what my words might be ;
 There came into my ear a voice
 That turned a tenderer verse for me.

THE OXEN

CHRISTMAS EVE, and twelve of the clock.

“ Now they are all on their knees,”
An elder said as we sat in a flock
By the embers in hearthside ease.

We pictured the meek mild creatures where
They dwelt in their strawy pen,
Nor did it occur to one of us there
To doubt they were kneeling then.

So fair a fancy few would weave
*In these years ! Yet, I feel,
If someone said on Christmas Eve,
“ Come ; see the oxen kneel

“ In the lonely barton by yonder coomb
Our childhood used to know,”
I should go with him in the gloom,
Hoping it might be so.

GREAT THINGS

SWEET cyder is a great thing,
A great thing to me,
Spinning down to Weymouth town
By Ridgway thirstily,
And maid and mistress summoning
Who tend the hostelry :
O cyder is a great thing,
A great thing to me !

The dance it is a great thing,
A great thing to me,
With candles lit and partners fit
For night-long revelry ;

And going home when day-dawning
 Peeps pale upon the lea :
 O dancing is a great thing,
 A great thing to me !

Love is, yea, a great thing,
 A great thing to me,
 When, having drawn across the lawn
 In darkness silently,
 A figure flits like one a-wing
 Out from the nearest tree :
 O love is, yes, a great thing,
 A great thing to me !

Will these be always great things, •
 Great things to me ? . . .
 Let it befall that One will call,
 " Soul, I have need of thee " :
 What then ? Joy-jaunts, impassioned flings,
 Love, and its ecstasy,
 Will always have been great things,
 Great things to me !

IN TIME OF " THE BREAKING OF NATIONS "

ONLY a man harrowing clods
 In a slow silent walk
 With an old horse that stumbles and nods
 Half asleep as they stalk.

Only thin smoke without flame
 From the heaps of couch-grass ;
 Yet this will go onward the same
 Though Dynasties pass.

Yonder a maid and her wight
 Come whispering by :
 War's annals will cloud into night
 Ere their story die.

AUSTIN DOBSON

(1840-1921)

THE 'SQUIRE AT VAUXHALL

NOTHING so idle as to waste
This Life disputing upon *Taste* ;
And most—let that sad Truth be written
In this contentious Land of *Britain*,
Where each one holds “ it seems to me ”
Equivalent to Q.E.D.,
And if you dare to doubt his Word
Proclaims you Blockhead and absurd.
And then, too often, the Debate
Is not 'twixt First and Second-rate,
Some narrow Issue, where a Touch
Of more or less can't matter much,
But, and this makes the Case so sad,
Betwixt undoubted Good and Bad.
Nay,—there are some so strangely wrought,—
So warped and twisted in their Thought,—
That, if the Fact be but confest,
They like the baser Thing the best.
Take BOTTOM, who for one, 'tis clear,
Possessed a “ reasonable Ear ” ;
He might have had at his Command
The Symphonies of *Fairy-Land* ;
Well, our immortal SHAKESPEAR OWNS
The Oaf preferred the “ Tongs and Bones ” !
'Squire HOMESPUN from *Clod-Hall* rode down,
As the Phrase is—“ to see the Town ” ;
(The Town, in those Days, mostly lay
Between the *Tavern* and the *Play*.)
Like all their Worships the J.P.'s,
He put up at the *Hercules* ;
Then sallied forth on Shanks his Mare,
Rather than jolt it in a Chair,—

A curst, new-fangled *Little-Ease*,
 That knocks your Nose against your Knees.
 For the good 'Squire was Country-bred,
 And had strange Notions in his Head,
 Which made him see in every Cur
 The starveling Breed of *Hanover* ;
 He classed your Kickshaws and *Ragoos*
 With Popery and Wooden Shoes ;
 Railed at all Foreign Tongues as Lingo,
 And sighed o'er *Chaos* Wine for Stingo.

Hence, as he wandered to and fro,
 Nothing could please him, high or low.
 As *Savages* at *Ships of War*
 He looked unawed on *Temple-Bar* ;
 Scarce could conceal his Discontent
 With *Fish-Street* and the *Monument* ;
 And might (except at Feeding-Hour)
 Have scorned the Lion in the *Tower*,
 But that the Lion's Race was run,
 And—for the Moment—there was none.

At length, blind Fate, that drives us all,
 Brought him at Even to *Vauxhall*,
 What Time the eager Matron jerks
 Her slow Spouse to the *Water-Works*,
 And the coy Spinster, half-afraid,
 Consults the *Hermit* in the Shade.
 Dazed with the Din and Crowd, the 'Squire
 Sank in a Seat before the Choir.
 The FAUSTINETTA, fair and showy,
 Warbled an Air from *Arsinoë*,
 Playing her Bosom and her Eyes
 As Swans do when they agonise.
 Alas ! to some a Mug of Ale
 Is better than an *Orphic Tale* !
 The 'Squire grew dull, the 'Squire grew bored ;
 His chin dropt down ; he slept ; he snored.
 Then, straying thro' the "poppied Reign,"

He dreamed him at *Clod-Hall* again ;
He heard once more the well-known Sounds,
The Crack of Whip, the Cry of Hounds.
He rubbed his Eyes, woke up, and lo !
A Change had come upon the Show.
Where late the Singer stood, a Fellow,
Clad in a Jockey's Coat of Yellow,
Was mimicking a Cock that crew.
Then came the Cry of Hounds anew,
Yoicks ! Stole Away ! and harking back ;
Then Ringwood leading up the Pack.
The 'Squire in Transport slapped his Knee
At this most hugeous Pleasantry.
The sawn Wood followed ; last of all
The Man brought something in a Shawl,—
Something that struggled, scraped, and squeaked
As Porkers do, whose tails are tweaked.
Our honest 'Squire could scarcely sit,
So excellent he thought the Wit.
But when *Sir Wag* drew off the Sheath
And showed there was no Pig beneath,
His pent-up Wonder, Pleasure, Awe,
Exploded in a long Guffaw :
And, to his dying Day, he'd swear
That Naught in Town the Bell could bear
From " Jockey wi' the Yellow Coat
That had a Farm-Yard in his Throat ! "

MORAL THE FIRST you may discover :
The 'Squire was like TITANIA's lover ;
He put a squeaking Pig before
The Harmony of CLAYTON'S SCORE.

MORAL THE SECOND—not so clear ;
But still it shall be added here :
He praised the Thing he understood ;
'Twere well if every Critic would.

EDMUND GOSSE

(Born 1849)

LYING IN THE GRASS

BETWEEN two russet tufts of summer grass,
I watch the world through hot air as through glass,
And by my face sweet lights and colours pass.

Before me, dark against the fading sky,
I watch three mowers mowing, as I lie :
With brawny arms they sweep in harmony.

Brown English faces by the sun burnt red,
Rich glowing colour on bare throat and head,
My heart would leap to watch them, were I dead !

And in my strong young living as I lie,
I seem to move with them in harmony,—
A fourth is mowing, and that fourth am I.

The music of the scythes that glide and leap,
The young men whistling as their great arms sweep,
And all the ^{fit}perfume and sweet sense of sleep,

The weary butterflies that droop their wings,
The dreamy nightingale that hardly sings,
And all the lassitude of happy things,

Is mingling with the warm and pulsing blood
That gushes through my veins a languid flood
And feeds my spirit as the sap a bud.

Behind the mowers, on the amber air,
A dark-green beech-wood rises, still and fair,
A white path winding up it like a stair.

And see that girl, with pitcher on her head,
And clean white apron on her gown of red,—
Her even-song of love is but half-said :

She waits the youngest mower. Now he goes ;
Her cheeks are redder than a wild blush-rose ;
They climb up where the deepest shadows close.

But though they pass and vanish, I am there ;
I watch his rough hands meet beneath her hair,
Their broken speech sounds sweet to me like prayer.

Ah ! now the rosy children come to play,
And romp and struggle with the new-mown hay ;
Their clear high voices sound from far away.

They know so little why the world is sad,
They dig themselves warm graves and yet are glad ;
Their muffled screams and laughter make me mad !

I long to go and play among them there ;
Unseen, like wind, to take them by the hair,
And gently make their rosy cheeks more fair.

The happy children ! full of frank surprise,
And sudden whims and innocent ecstasies ;
What godhead sparkles from their liquid eyes !

No wonder round those urns of mingled clays
That Tuscan potters fashioned in old days,
And coloured like the torrid earth ablaze,

We find the little gods and loves portrayed,
Through ancient forests wandering undismayed,
Or gathered, whispering, in some pleasant glade.

They know, as I do now, what keen delight
A strong man feels to watch the tender flight
Of little children playing in his sight.

I do not hunger for a well-stored mind,
I only wish to live my life, and find
My heart in unison with all mankind.

My life is like the single dewy star
That trembles on the horizon's primrose-bar,—
A microcosm where all things living are.

And if, among the noiseless grasses, Death
Should come behind and take away my breath,
I should not rise as one who sorroweth,

For I should pass, but all the world would be
Full of desire and young delight and glee,
And why should men be sad through loss of me ?

The light is dying, in the silver blue
The young moon shines from her bright window through :
The mowers all are gone, and I go too.

THE CHILD ALONE

THE life of a child is so brief, its impressions are so illusory and fugitive, that it is as difficult to record its history as it would be to design a morning cloud sailing before the wind. It is short, as we count shortness in after years, when the drag of lead pulls 'down to earth the foot that used to flutter with the pulse of Hermes. But in memory, my childhood was long, long with interminable hours, hours with the pale cheek pressed against the window pane, hours of mechanical and repeated lonely "games," which had lost their savour, and were kept going by sheer inertness. Not unhappy, not fretful, but long—long, long. It seems to me, as I look back to the life in the motherless Islington house, as I resumed it in that slow eighth year of my life, that time had ceased to move. There was a whole age between one tick of the eight-day clock in the hall, and the next tick. When the milkman went his rounds in our grey street, with his eldritch scream over the top of each set of

area railings, it seemed as though he would never disappear again. There was no past and no future for me, and the present felt as though it were sealed up in a Leyden jar. Even my dreams were interminable, and hung stationary from the nightly sky.

At this time, the street was my theatre, and I spent long periods, as I have said, leaning against the window. I feel now the coldness of the pane, and the feverish heat that was produced, by contrast, in the orbit round the eye. Now and then amusing things happened. The onion-man was a joy long waited for. This worthy was a tall and bony Jersey protestant with a raucous voice, who strode several times a week, carrying a yoke across his shoulders, from the ends of which hung ropes of onions. He used to shout, at abrupt intervals, in a tone which might wake the dead :

Here's your rope . . .
To hang the Pope . . .
And a penn'orth of cheese to choke him.

The cheese appeared to be legendary ; he sold only onions. My Father did not eat onions, but he encouraged this terrible fellow, with his wild eyes and long strips of hair, because of his "godly attitude towards the Papacy," and I used to watch him dart out of the front door, present his penny, and retire, graciously waving back the proffered onion. On the other hand, my Father did not approve of a fat sailor, who was a constant passer-by. This man, who was probably crazed, used to walk very slowly up the centre of our street, vociferating with the voice of a bull,

Wa-a-atch and pray-hay !
Night and day-hay !

This melancholy admonition was the entire business of his life. He did nothing at all but walk up and down the streets of Islington exhorting the inhabitants to watch and pray. I do not recollect that this sailor-man stopped to collect pennies, and my impression is that he was, after his fashion, a volunteer evangelist.

The tragedy of Mr. Punch was another, and a still greater delight. I was never allowed to go out into the street to

minge with the little crowd which gathered under the stage, and as I was extremely near-sighted, the impression I received was vague. But when, by happy chance, the show stopped opposite our door, I saw enough of that ancient drama to be thrilled with terror and delight. I was much affected by the internal troubles of the Punch family; I thought that with a little more tact on the part of Mrs. Punch and some restraint held over a temper, naturally violent, by Mr. Punch, a great deal of this sad misunderstanding might have been prevented.

The momentous close, when a figure of shapeless horror appears on the stage, and quells the hitherto undaunted Mr. Punch, was to me the bouquet of the entire performance. When Mr. Punch, losing his nerve, points to this shape and says in an awestruck, squeaking whisper, "Who's that? Is it the butcher?" and the stern answer comes, "No, Mr. Punch!" And then, "Is it the baker?" "No, Mr. Punch!" "Who is it then?" (this in a squeak trembling with emotion and terror); and then the full, loud reply, booming like a judgment-bell, "It is the Devil come to take you down to Hell," and the form of Punch, with kicking legs, sunken in epilepsy on the floor—all this was solemn and exquisite to me beyond words. I was not amused—I was deeply moved and exhilarated, "purged," as the old phrase hath it, "with pity and terror."

Another joy, in a lighter key, was watching a fantastic old man who came slowly up the street, hung about with drums and flutes and kites and coloured balls, and bearing over his shoulders a great sack. Children and servant-girls used to bolt up out of areas, and chaffer with this gaudy person, who would presently trudge on, always repeating the same set of words:

Here's your toys
For girls and boys,
For bits of brass
And broken glass,

(these four lines being spoken in a breathless hurry)

A penny or a vial-bottell. . . .

(this being drawled out in an endless wail).

I was not permitted to go forth and trade with this old person, but sometimes our servant-maid did, thereby making me feel that if I did not hold the rose of merchandise, I was very near it. My experiences with my cousins at Clifton had given me the habit of looking out into the world—even though it was only into the pale world of our quiet street.

Father and Son.

WALTER HORATIO PATER

(1839-94)

THE RELIGION OF ÆSCULAPIUS

A LAD was just then drawing the water for temple uses, and Marius followed him as he returned from the well, more and more impressed by the religiousness of all he saw, as he passed through a long corridor, the walls of which were well-nigh covered by votive inscriptions recording favours received from the son of Apollo, and with a lurking fragrance of incense in the air, explained, as he turned aside through an open doorway into the temple itself. His heart bounded as the refined and dainty magnificence of the place came upon him suddenly, in the flood of early sunshine, with the ceremonial lights burning here and there, and withal a singular expression of sacred order, a surprising cleanliness and simplicity. Certain priests, men whose countenances bore a deep impression of cultivated mind, each with his little group of assistants, were gliding round silently, to perform their morning salutation to the god, raising the closed thumb and finger of the right hand with a kiss in the air, as they came and went on their sacred business, bearing their frankincense and lustral water. Around the walls, at such a level that the worshippers might read, as in a book, the story of the god and his sons, the brotherhood of the *Asclepiadæ*, ran a series of imageries, carved in low relief, their delicate light and shade being heightened, here and there, with gold. Fullest of inspired

and sacred expression, as if in this place the chisel of the artist had indeed dealt not with marble but with the very breath of feeling and thought, was the scene in which the earliest generation of the sons of Æsculapius were transformed into healing dreams; for "being grown now too glorious to abide any longer among men, by the aid of their sire they put away their mortal bodies, and came into another country, yet not indeed into Elysium nor into the Islands of the Blest. But being made like to the immortal gods, they began to pass about through the world, changed thus far from their first form that they appear eternally young, as many persons have seen them in many places—ministers and heralds of their father, passing to and fro over the earth, like gliding stars. Which thing is, indeed, the most wonderful concerning them!" And in this scene, as throughout the series, with all its crowded personages, Marius noted on the carved faces the same peculiar union of unction, almost of hilarity, with a certain reserve and self-possession, which was conspicuous in the living ministrants around him.

In the central space, upon a pillar or pedestal, hung, *ex voto*, with the richest personal ornaments, stood the image of Æsculapius himself, surrounded by choice flowering plants. It presented the type, still with something of the severity of the earlier art of Greece about it, not of an aged and crafty physician, but of a youth, earnest and strong of aspect, carrying an *ampulla* or bottle in one hand, and in the other a traveller's staff, as a pilgrim among his pilgrim worshippers; and one of the ministers explained to Marius this pilgrim guise: how one chief source of the master's knowledge of healing had been the observation of the remedies resorted to by animals when labouring under disease or pain—what leaf or berry the lizard or dormouse lay upon its wounded fellow; for which purpose he had for years led the life of a wanderer in wild places. The boy took his place as the last comer, a little way behind the group of worshippers who stood in front of the image; and there, lifting up his face, with the palms of his two hands raised and open before him, and taught by the

priest, said his collect of thanksgiving and prayer (Aristeides has recorded it at the end of his *Asclepiadæ*) to the *Inspired Dreams* :

“O ye children of Apollo ! who in time past have stilled the waves of sorrow for many people, and lighted up a lamp of safety before those who travel by sea and land, be pleased, in your great condescension, though ye be equal in glory with your elder brethren the Dioscuri, and your lot in immortal youth be as theirs, to accept this prayer, which in sleep and vision ye have inspired. Order it aright, I pray you, according to your loving-kindness to men. Preserve me from sickness ; and endue my body with such a measure of health as may suffice it for the obeying of the spirit, that I may pass my days unhindered and in quietness.”

On the last morning of his visit Marius entered the shrine again, and just before his departure the priest, who had been his special director during his stay at the place, lifting a cunningly contrived panel, which formed the back of one of the carved seats at the end of the temple, bade him look through. It was like the vision of a new world, by the opening of an unsuspected window in some familiar dwelling-place. He looked out upon a long-drawn valley, of a most cheerful aspect, hidden, by the peculiar conformation of the locality, from all points of observation but this. In a green meadow at the foot of the olive-clad rocks just below, the novices were taking their exercise. The sides of the vale lay both alike in full sunlight ; and its distant opening was closed by a beautifully formed mountain, from which the last wreaths of morning mist were rising under the heat. It was the very presentment of a land of hope ; its hollows brimful of a shadow of blue flowers ; and lo ! on the one level space of the horizon, in a long dark line, were towers and a dome : and that was Pisa.—Or Rome, was it ? asked Marius, ready to believe the utmost, in his excitement.

All this served, as he saw afterwards in retrospect, at once to strengthen and to purify a certain vein of character in him. Developing the ideal, pre-existent there, of a

religious beauty, associated for the future with the exquisite splendour of the temple of Æsculapius, as it dawned upon him on that morning of his first visit—it developed that ideal in connection with a vivid sense of the value of mental and bodily sanity. And this recognition of the beauty, even for the æsthetic sense, of mere bodily health, now acquired, operated afterwards as an influence morally salutary, counter-acting the less desirable, or even hazardous tendencies of some phases of thought, through which he was to pass.

Marius the Epicurean.

HENRY JAMES

(1843-1915)

A VISION OF ENGLISH SOCIETY

WHEN music, in English society, as we know, is not an accompaniment to the voice, the voice can in general be counted on to assert its pleasant identity as an accompaniment to music ; but at Newmarch we had been considerably schooled, and this evening, in the room in which most of us had assembled, an interesting pianist, who had given a concert the night before at the near county town and been brought over during the day to dine and sleep, would scarce have felt in any sensitive fibre that he was not having his way with us. It may just possibly have been an hallucination of my own, but while we sat together after dinner in a dispersed circle I could have worked it out that, as a company, we were considerably conscious of some experience, greater or smaller from one of us to the other, that had prepared us for the player's spell. Felicitously scattered and grouped, we might in almost any case have had the air of looking for a message from it—of an imagination to be flattered, nerves to be quieted, sensibilities to be soothed. The whole scene was as composed as if there were scarce one of us but had a secret thirst for the infinite to be quenched. And it was the infinite that, for the hour, the

distinguished foreigner poured out to us, causing it to roll in wonderful waves of sound, almost of colour, over our receptive attitudes and faces. Each of us, I think, now wore the expression—or confessed at least to the suggestion—of some indescribable thought; which might well, it was true, have been nothing more unmentionable than the simple sense of how the posture of deference to this noble art has always a certain personal grace to contribute. We neglected nothing of it that could make our general effect ample, and whether or no we were kept quiet by the piano, we were at least admonished, to and fro, by our mutual visibility, which each of us clearly desired to make a success. I have little doubt, furthermore, that to each of us was due, as the crown of our inimitable day, the imputation of having something quite of our own to think over.

We thought, accordingly—we continued to think, and I felt that, by the law of the occasion, there had as yet been for everyone no such sovereign warrant for an interest in the private affairs of everyone else. As a result of this influence, all that at dinner had begun to fade away from me came back with a rush and hovered there with a vividness. I followed many trains and put together many pieces; but perhaps what I most did was to render a fresh justice to the marvel of our civilised state. The perfection of that, enjoyed as we enjoyed it, all made a margin, a series of concentric circles of rose-colour (shimmering away into the pleasant vague of everything else that didn't matter,) for the so salient little figure of Mrs. Server, still the controlling image for me, the real principle of composition, in this affluence of fine things. What, for my part, while I listened, I most made out was the beauty and the terror of conditions so highly organised that under their rule her small lonely fight with disintegration could go on without the betrayal of a gasp or a shriek, and with no worse tell-tale contortion of lip or brow than the vibration, on its golden stem, of that constantly renewed flower of amenity which my observation had so often and so mercilessly detached only to find again in its place. This flower nodded perceptibly enough in our deeply stirred air, but there was a peace,

none the less, in feeling the spirit of the wearer to be temporarily at rest. There was for the time no gentleman on whom she need pounce, no lapse against which she need guard, no presumption she need create, nor any suspicion she need destroy. In this pause in her career it came over me that I should have liked to leave her; it would have prepared for me the pleasant after-consciousness that I had seen her pass, as I might say, in music out of sight.

But we were, alas! all too much there, too much tangled and involved for that; every actor in the play that had so unexpectedly insisted on constituting itself for me sat forth as with an intimation that they were not to be so easily disposed of. It was as if there were some last act to be performed before the curtain would fall. Would the definite dramatic signal for ringing the curtain down be then only—as a grand climax and *coup de théâtre*—the due attestation that poor Briss had succumbed to inexorable time and Mrs. Server given way under a cerebral lesion? Were the rest of us to disperse decorously by the simple action of the discovery that, on our pianist's striking his last note, with its consequence of permitted changes of attitude, Gilbert Long's victim had reached the point of final simplification and Grace Brissenden's the limit of age recorded of man? I could look at neither of these persons without a sharper sense of the contrast between the tragedy of their predicament and the comedy of the situation that did everything for them but suspect it. They had truly been arrayed and anointed, they had truly been isolated, for their sacrifice. I was sufficiently aware even then that if one hadn't known it one might have seen nothing; but I was not less aware that one couldn't know anything without seeing all; and so it was that, while our pianist played, my wandering vision played and played as well. It took in again, while it went from one of them to the other, the delicate light that each had shed on the other, and it made me wonder afresh what still more delicate support they themselves might not be in the very act of deriving from their dim community. It was for the glimmer of this support that I had left them together two or three hours before; yet I was

obliged to recognise that, travel between them as my fancy might, it could detect nothing in the way of a consequent result. I caught no look from either that spoke to me of service rendered them ; and I caught none, in particular, from one of them to the other, that I could read as a symptom of their having compared notes. The fellow-feeling of each for the lost light of the other remained for me but a tie supposititious—the full-blown flower of my theory. It would show here as another flower, equally mature, for me to have made out a similar dim community between Gilbert Long and Mrs. Brissenden—to be able to figure them as groping side by side, proportionately, towards a fellowship of light overtaken ; but if I failed of this, for ideal symmetry, that seemed to rest on the general truth that joy brings people less together than sorrow.

The Sacred Fount.

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON

(1850-94)

THE LITERARY GYMNASTIC

ALL through my boyhood and youth, I was known and pointed out for the pattern of an idler ; and yet I was always busy on my own private end, which was to learn to write. I kept always two books in my pocket, one to read, one to write in. As I walked, my mind was busy fitting what I saw with appropriate words ; when I sat by the roadside, I would either read, or a pencil and a penny version-book would be in my hand, to note down the features of the scene or commemorate some halting stanzas. Thus I lived with words. And what I thus wrote was for no ulterior use, it was written consciously for practice. It was not so much that I wished to be an author (though I wished that too) as I had vowed that I would learn to write. That was a proficiency that tempted me ; and I practised

to acquire it, as men learn to whistle, in a wager with myself. Description was the principal field of my exercise ; for to any one with senses there is always something worth describing, and town and country are but one continuous subject. But I worked in other ways also ; often accompanied my walks with dramatic dialogues, in which I played many parts ; and often exercised myself in writing down conversations from memory.

This was all excellent, no doubt ; so were the diaries I sometimes tried to keep, but always and very speedily discarded, finding them a school of posturing and melancholy self-deception. And yet this was not the most efficient part of my training. Good though it was, it only taught me (so far as I have learned them at all) the lower and less intellectual elements of the art, the choice of the essential note and the right word : things that to a happier constitution had perhaps come by nature. And regarded as training, it had one grave defect ; for it set me no standard of achievement. So that there was perhaps more profit, as there was certainly more effort, in my secret labours at home. Whenever I read a book or a passage that particularly pleased me, in which a thing was said or an effect rendered with propriety, in which there was either some conspicuous force or some happy distinction in the style, I must sit down at once and set myself to ape that quality. I was unsuccessful, and I knew it ; and tried again, and was again unsuccessful and always unsuccessful ; but at least in these vain bouts, I got some practice in rhythm, in harmony, in construction and the co-ordination of parts. I have thus played the sedulous ape to Hazlitt, to Lamb, to Wordsworth, to Sir Thomas Browne, to Defoe, to Hawthorne, to Montaigne, to Baudelaire and to Obermann. I remember one of these monkey tricks, which was called *The Vanity of Morals* : it was to have had a second part, *The Vanity of Knowledge* ; and as I had neither morality nor scholarship, the names were apt ; but the second part was never attempted, and the first part was written (which is my reason for recalling it, ghostlike, from its ashes) no less than three times : first in the manner of

Hazlitt, second in the manner of Ruskin, who had cast on me a passing spell, and third, in a laborious pasticcio of Sir Thomas Browne. So with my other words : *Cain*, an epic, was (save the mark !) an imitation of *Sordello* ; *Robin Hood*, a tale in verse, took an eclectic middle course among the fields of Keats, Chaucer and Morris : in *Monmouth*, a tragedy, I reclined on the bosom of Mr. Swinburne ; in my innumerable gouty-footed lyrics, I followed many masters ; in the first draft of *The King's Pardon*, a tragedy, I was on the trail of no lesser man than John Webster ; in the second draft of the same piece, with staggering versatility, I had shifted my allegiance to Congreve, and of course conceived my fable in a less serious vein—for it was not Congreve's verse, it was his exquisite prose, that I admired and sought to copy. Even at the age of thirteen I had tried to do justice to the inhabitants of the famous city of Peebles in the style of the *Book of Snobs*. So I might go on for ever, through all my abortive novels, and down to my later plays, of which I think more tenderly, for they were not only conceived at first under the bracing influence of old Dumas, but have met with resurrections : one, strangely bettered by another hand, came on the stage itself and was played by bodily actors ; the other, originally known as *Semiramis : a Tragedy*, I have observed on book-stalls under the *alias* of *Prince Otto*. But enough has been said to show by what arts of impersonation, and in what purely ventriloquial efforts I first saw my words on paper.

That, like it or not, is the way to learn to write ; whether I have profited or not, that is the way. It was so Keats learned, and there was never a finer temperament for literature than Keats's ; it was so, if we could trace it out, that all men have learned ; and that is why a revival of letters is always accompanied or heralded by a cast back to earlier and fresher models. Perhaps I hear some one cry out : But this is not the way to be original ! It is not ; nor is there any way but to be born so. Nor yet, if you are born original, is there anything in this training that shall clip the wings of your originality. There can be none more original than Montaigne, neither could any be more

unlike Cicero ; yet no craftsman can fail to see how much the one must have tried in his time to imitate the other. Burns is the very type of a prime force in letters : he was of all men the most imitative. Shakespeare himself, the imperial, proceeds directly from a school. It is only from a school that we can expect to have good writers ; it is almost invariably from a school that great writers, these lawless exceptions, issue. Nor is there anything here that should astonish the considerate. Before he can tell what cadences he truly prefers, the student should have tried all that are possible ; before he can choose and preserve a fitting key of words, he should long have practised the literary scales ; and it is only after years of such gymnastic that he can sit down at last, legions of words swarming to his call, dozens of turns of phrase simultaneously bidding for his choice, and he himself knowing what he wants to do and (within the narrow limit of a man's ability) able to do it.

A College Magazine (Memories and Portraits).

THE VAGABOND

(TO AN AIR OF SCHUBERT)

GIVE to me the life I love,
 Let the lave go by me,
 Give the jolly heaven above
 And the byway nigh me.
 Bed in the bush with stars to see,
 Bread I dip in the river—
 There's the life for a man like me,
 There's the life for ever.

Let the blow fall soon or late,
 Let what will be o'er me ;
 Give the face of earth around
 And the road before me.

Wealth I seek not, hope nor love,
Nor a friend to know me ;
All I seek, the heaven above
And the road below me.

Or let autumn fall on me
Where afield I linger,
Silencing the bird on tree,
Biting the blue finger.
White as meal the frosty field—
Warm the fireside haven—
Not to autumn will I yield,
Not to winter even !

Let the blow fall soon or late,
Let what will be o'er me ;
Give the face of earth around,
And the road before me.
Wealth I ask not, hope nor love,
Nor a friend to know me ;
All I ask, the heaven above
And the road below me.

THE HOUSE BEAUTIFUL

*A naked house, a naked moor,
A shivering pool before the door,
A garden bare of flowers and fruit
And poplars at the garden foot :
Such is the place that I live in,
Bleak without and bare within.*

Yet shall your ragged moor receive
The incomparable pomp of eve,
And the cold glories of the dawn
Behind your shivering trees be drawn ;
And when the wind from place to place

Doth the unmoored cloud-galleons chase,
 Your garden gloom and gleam again,
 With leaping sun, with glancing rain.
 Here shall the wizard moon ascend
 The heavens, in the crimson end
 Of day's declining splendour ; here
 The army of the stars appear.
 The neighbour hollows dry or wet,
 Spring shall with tender flowers beset ;
 And oft the morning muser see
 Larks rising from the broomy lea,
 And every fairy wheel and thread
 Of cobweb dew-bediamonded.
 When daisies go, shall winter time
 Silver the simple grass with rime ;
 Autumnal frosts enchant the pool
 And make the cart-ruts beautiful ;
 And when snow-bright the moor expands,
 How shall your children clap their hands !
 To make this earth our hermitage,
 A cheerful and a changeful page,
 God's bright and intricate device
 Of days and seasons doth suffice.

REQUIEM

UNDER the wide and starry sky,
 Dig the grave and let me lie.
 Glad did I live and gladly die,
 And I laid me down with a will.

This be the verse you grave for me :
Here he lies where he longed to be ;
Home is the sailor, home from sea,
And the hunter home from the hill.

TO S. R. CROCKETT

(ON RECEIVING A DEDICATION)

Blows the wind to-day, and the sun and the rain are flying,
Blows the wind on the moors to-day and now,
Where about the graves of the martyrs the whaups are crying,
My heart remembers how !

Grey recumbent tombs of the dead in desert places,
Standing stones on the vacant wine-red moor,
Hills of sheep, and the homes of the silent vanished races,
And winds, austere and pure :

Be it granted me to behold you again in dying,
Hills of home ! and to hear again the call ;
Hear about the graves of the martyrs the peewees crying,
And hear no more at all.

WILLIAM ERNEST HENLEY

(1849-1903)

ON HAZLITT

It is told of him that he was dark-eyed and dark-haired, slim in figure, rather slovenly in his habit ; that he valued himself on his effect in evening dress ; that his manners were rather ceremonious than easy ; that he had a wonderfully eloquent face, with a mouth as expressive as Kean's, and a frown like the Giaour's own¹—that Giaour whom he did not love. He worshipped women, but was awkward and afraid with them ; he played a good game of fives, and would walk his forty to fifty miles a day ; he would lie abed till two in the afternoon, then rise, dally with his breakfast until eight without ever moving from his tea-pot

¹ There was a laughing devil in his sneer
That raised emotions both of rage and fear ;
And where his frown of hatred darkly fell,
Hope, withering, fled—and Mercy sighed farewell.

and his chair, and go to a theatre, a bite at the Southampton, and talk till two in the morning.¹ That he excelled in talk is beyond all doubt. Witness after witness is here to his wit, his insight, his grip on essentials, his beautiful trick of paradox, his brilliancy in attack, his desperate defence, his varying, far-glancing, inextinguishable capacity for expression. And he was himself—Hazlitt : a man who borrowed nobody's methods, set no limits to the field of discussion, nor made other men wonder if this were no talk but a lecture. He bore no likeness to that "great but useless genius," Coleridge : who, beginning well as few begin, lived ever after "on the sound of his own voice" ; none to Wordsworth, whose most inspiring theme was his own poetry ; none to Sheridan, who "never oped his mouth but out there flew" a jest ; none to Lamb, who—— But no ; I cannot imagine Lamb in talk. Hazlitt himself has plucked out only a tag or two of Lamb's mystery ; and I own that, even in the presence of the notes in which he sets down Lamb as Lamb was to his intimates, I am divided in appreciation between the pair. Lamb for the unexpected, the incongruous, the profound, the jest that bred seriousness, the pun that was that and a light upon dark places, a touch of the dread, the all-disclosing Selene, besides ; Hazlitt for none of these but for himself ; and what that was I have tried to show. Well ; Lamb, Coleridge, Sheridan, Hazlitt, Hunt, Wordsworth—all are dead, tall men of their tongues as they were. And dead is Burke, and Fox is dead, and Byron, most quizzical of lords ! And of them all there is nothing left but their published work ; and of those that have told us most about some of them, "in their habit as they lived," the best and the strictest-seeing, the most eloquent and the most persuasive, is assuredly Hazlitt. And, being something of an expert in talk,² I think that, if I could break the grave and call the great ghosts back to earth for a spell of their mortal fury, I would begin and

¹ These details are Patmore's, and, even if they be true, are not the whole truth. Hazlitt loved solitude and the country, had to write for a living, wrote with difficulty, and left no inconsiderable body of work.

² What I mean is, that I have heard the best, as I believe, the last of the old century and the first of the new have shown.

end with Lamb and Hazlitt: Lamb as he always was;¹ Hazlitt in one of his high and mighty moods, sweeping life, and letters, and the art of painting, and the nature of man, and the curious case of woman (especially the curious case of woman!) into a rapture of give-and-take, a night-long series of achievements in consummate speech.

Many men, as Coleridge, have written well, and yet talked better than they wrote. I have named Coleridge, though his talk, prodigious as it was, in the long run ended in "Om-m-mject" and "Sum-m-mject," and though, some enchanting and undying verses apart, his writing, save when it is merely critical, is nowadays of small account. But, in truth, I have in my mind, rather, two friends, both dead, of whom one, an artist in letters, lived to conquer the English-speaking world, while the second, who should, I think, have been the greater writer, addicted himself to another art, took to letters late in life, and, having the largest and the most liberal utterance I have known, was constrained by the very process of composition so to produce himself that scarce a touch of his delightful, apprehensive, all-expressing spirit appeared upon his page. I take these two cases because both are excessive. In the one you had both speech and writing; in the other you found a rarer brain, a more fanciful and daring humour, a richer gusto, perhaps a wider knowledge, in any event a wider charity. And at one point the two met, and that point was talk. Therein each was pre-eminent, each irresistible, each a master after his kind, each endowed with a full measure of those gifts that qualify the talker's temperament: as voice and eye and laugh, look and gesture, humour and fantasy, audacity and agility of mind, a lively and most impudent invention, a copious vocabulary, a right gift of foolery, a just, inevitable sense of conversational right and wrong. Well; one wrote like an angel, the other like poor

¹ "He always made the best pun and the best remark in the course of the evening. His serious conversation, like his serious writing, is his best. No one ever stammered out such fine, piquant, deep, eloquent things in half a dozen half-sentences as he does. His jests scald like tears: and he probes a question with a play upon words. What a keen, laughing, hare-brained vein of home-felt truth! What choice venom!"

Poll ; and both so far excelled in talk that I can take it on me to say that they who know them only in print scarce know them at all. 'Twas thus, I imagine, with Hazlitt. He wrote the best he could ; but I see many reasons to believe that he was very much more brilliant and convincing at the Southampton than he is in the most convincing and the most brilliant of his Essays. He was a full man ; he had all the talker's gifts ; he exulted in all kinds of oral opportunities ; what more is there to say ? Sure 'tis the case of all that are born to talk as well as write. They live their best in talk, and what they write is but a sop for posterity : a last dying speech and confession (as it were) to show that not for nothing were they held rare fellows in their day.

This is not to say that Hazlitt was not an admirable man of letters. His theories were many, for he was a reality among men, and so had many interests, and there was none on which he did not write forcibly, luminously, arrestingly. He had the true sense of his material, and used the English language as a painter his pigments, as a musician the varying and abounding tonalities that constitute a symphonic scheme. His were a beautiful and choice vocabulary, an excellent ear for cadence, a notable gift of expression. In fact, when Stevenson was pleased to declare that " we are mighty fine fellows, but we cannot write like William Hazlitt," he said no more than the truth. Whether or not we are mighty fine fellows is a Great Perhaps ; but that none of us, from Stevenson down, can as writers come near to Hazlitt—this, to me, is merely indubitable. To note that he now and then writes blank verse is to note that he sometimes writes impassioned prose ;¹ he misquoted habitually ; he

¹ It filled the valley like a mist,
And still poured out its endless chant,
And still it swells upon the ear,
And wraps me in a golden trance,
Drowning the noisy tumult of the world.

Like sweetest warblings from a sacred grove . . .
Contending with the wild winds as they roar . . .
And the proud places of the insolent
And the oppressor fell . . .
Such and so little is the mind of Man !

was a good hater, and could be monstrous unfair; he was given to thinking twice, and his second thoughts were not always better than his first; he repeated himself as seemed good to him. But in the criticism of politics, the criticism of letters, the criticism of acting, the criticism and expression of life,¹ there is none like him.

APPARITION

THIN-LEGGED, thin-chested, slight unspeakably,
 Neat-footed and weak-fingered : in his face—
 Lean, large-boned, curved of beak, and touched with race,
 Bold-lipped, rich-tinted, mutable as the sea,
 The brown eyes radiant with vivacity—
 There shines a brilliant and romantic grace,
 A spirit intense and rare, with trace on trace
 Of passion and impudence and energy.

¹ His summary of the fight between Hickman and Bill Neate is alone in literature, as also in the annals of the Ring. Jon Bee was an intelligent creature of his kind, and knew a very great deal more about pugilism than Hazlitt knew; but to contrast the two is to learn much. Badcock (which is Jon Bee) had seen (and worshipped) Jem Belcher, and had reported fights with an extreme contempt for Pierce Egan, the illiterate ass who gave us *Boxiana*. Hazlitt, however, looked on at the proceedings of Neate and the Gaslight Man exactly as he had looked on at divers creations of Edmund Kean. He saw the essentials in both expressions of human activity, and his treatment of both is fundamentally the same. In both he ignores the trivial: here the acting (in its lowest sense), there the hits that did not count. And thus, as he gives you only the vital touches, you know how and why Neate beat Hickman, and can tell the exact moment at which Hickman began to be a beaten man. 'Tis the same with his panegyric on Cavanagh, the fives-player. For a blend of gusto with understanding I know but one thing to equal with this: the note on Dr. Grace, which appeared in *The National Observer*; and the night that that was written, I sent the writer back to Hazlitt's *Cavanagh*, and said to him—! On the whole the *Dr. Grace* is the better of the two. But it has scarce the incorruptible fatness of the *Cavanagh*. Gusto, though, is Hazlitt's special attribute: he glories in what he likes, what he reads, what he feels, what he writes. He triumphed in his Kean, his Shakespeare, his Bill Neate, his Rousseau, his coffee-and-cream and *Love for Love* in the inn-parlour at Alton. He relished things; and expressed them with a relish. That is his "note." Some others have relished only the consummate expression of nothing.

Valiant in velvet, light in ragged luck,
 Most vain, most generous, sternly critical,
 Buffoon and poet, lover and sensualist :
 A deal of Ariel, just a streak of Puck,
 Much Antony, of Hamlet most of all,
 And something of the Shorter-Catechist.

In Hospital.

MARGARITÆ SORORI

A LATE lark twitters from the quiet skies
 And from the west,
 Where the sun, his day's work ended,
 Lingers as in content,
 There falls on the old, grey city
 An influence luminous and serene,
 A shining peace.

The smoke ascends
 In a rosy-and-golden haze. The spires
 Shine and are changed. In the valley
 Shadows rise. The lark sings on. The sun,
 Closing his benediction,
 Sinks, and the darkening air
 Thrills with a sense of the triumphing night—
 Night with her train of stars
 And her great gift of sleep.

So be my passing !
 My task accomplish'd and the long day done,
 My wages taken, and in my heart
 Some late lark singing,
 Let me be gather'd to the quiet west,
 The sundown splendid and serene,
 Death.

ROBERT BRIDGES

(Born 1844)

SONNETS

XVI

THIS world is unto God a work of art,
Of which the unaccomplish'd heavenly plan
Is hid in life within the creature's heart,
And for perfection looketh unto man.

Ah me ! those thousand ages : with what slow
Pains and persistence were his idols made,
Destroy'd and made, ere ever he could know
The mighty mother must be so obey'd.

For lack of knowledge and thro' little skill
His childish mimicry outwent his aim ;
His effort shaped the genius of his will ;
Till thro' distinction and revolt he came,
True to his simple terms of good and ill,
Seeking the face of Beauty without blame.

XIX

WHERE San Miniato's convent from the sun
At forenoon overlooks the city of flowers
I sat, and gazing on her domes and towers
Call'd up her famous children one by one :
And three who all the rest had far outdone,
Mild Giotto first, who stole the morning hours,
I saw, and god-like Buonarroti's powers,
And Dante, gravest poet, her much-wrong'd son.

Is all this glory, I said, another's praise ?
Are these heroic triumphs things of old,
And do I dead upon the living gaze ?
Or rather doth the mind, that can behold
The wondrous beauty of the works and days,
Create the image that her thoughts enfold ?

XXIX

I TRAVEL to thee with the sun's first rays,
 That lift the dark west and unwrap the night ;
 I dwell beside thee when he walks the height,
 And fondly toward thee at his setting gaze.
 I wait upon thy coming, but always—
 Dancing to meet my thoughts if they invite—
 Thou hast outrun their lodgings with delight,
 And in my solitude dost mock my praise.

Now doth my drop of time transcend the whole :
 I see no fame in Khufu's pyramid,
 No history where loveless Nile doth roll.
 —This is eternal life, which doth forbid
 Mortal detraction to the exalted soul,
 And from her inward eye all fate hath hid.

XXXV

ALL earthly beauty hath one cause and proof,
 To lead the pilgrim soul to beauty above :
 Yet lieth the greater bliss so far aloof,
 That few there be are wean'd from earthly love.
 Joy's ladder it is, reaching from home to home,
 The best of all the work that all was good;
 Whereof 'twas writ the angels aye upclomb,
 Down sped, and at the top the Lord God stood.

But I my time abuse, my eyes by day
 Center'd on thee, by night my heart on fire—
 Letting my number'd moments run away—
 Nor e'en 'twixt night and day to heaven aspire :
 So true it is that what the eye seeth not
 But slow is loved, and loved is soon forgot.

The Growth of Love.

LONDON SNOW

WHEN men were all asleep the snow came flying,
In large white flakes falling on the city brown,
Stealthily and perpetually settling and loosely lying,
Hushing the latest traffic of the drowsy town ;
Deadening, muffling, stifling its murmurs failing ;
Lazily and incessantly floating down and down :
Silently sifting and veiling road, roof and railing ;
Hiding difference, making unevenness even,
Into angles and crevices softly drifting and sailing.
All night it fell, and when full inches seven
It lay in the depth of its uncompacted lightness,
The clouds blew off from a high and frosty heaven ;
And all woke earlier for the unaccustomed brightness
Of the winter dawning, the strange unheavenly glare :
The eye marvelled—marvelled at the dazzling whiteness ;
The ear hearkened to the stillness of the solemn air ;
No sound of wheel rumbling nor of foot falling,
And the busy morning cries came thin and spare.
Then boys I heard, as they went to school, calling,
They gathered up the crystal manna to freeze
Their tongues with tasting, their hands with snowballing ;
Or rioted in a drift, plunging up to the knees ;
Or peering up from under the white-mossed wonder,
“ O look at the trees ! ” they cried, “ O look at the trees ! ”
With lessened load a few carts creak and blunder,
Following along the white deserted way,
A country company long dispersed asunder :
When now already the sun, in pale display
Standing by Paul’s high dome, spread forth below
His sparkling beams, and awoke the stir of the day.
For now doors open, and war is waged with the snow ;
And trains of sombre men, past tale of number,
Tread long brown paths, as toward their toil they go :
But even for them awhile no cares encumber

Their minds diverted ; the daily word is spoken,
 The daily thoughts of labour and sorrow slumber
 At the sight of the beauty that greets them, for the charm
 they have broken.

ON A DEAD CHILD

PERFECT little body, without fault or stain on thee,
 With promise of strength and manhood full and fair !
 Though cold and stark and bare,
 The bloom and the charm of life doth awhile remain on thee.

Thy mother's treasure wert thou ;—alas ! no longer
 To visit her heart with wondrous joy ; to be
 Thy father's pride ;—ah, he
 Must gather his faith together, and his strength make stronger.

To me, as I move thee now in the last duty,
 Dost thou with a turn or gesture anon respond ;
 Startling my fancy fond
 With a chance attitude of the head, a freak of beauty.

Thy hand clasps, as 'twas wont, my finger, and holds it :
 But the grasp is the clasp of Death, heartbreaking and stiff ;
 Yet feels to my hand as if
 'Twas still thy will, thy pleasure and trust that enfolds it.

So I lay thee there, thy sunken eyelids closing,—
 Go lie thou there in thy coffin, thy last little bed !—
 Propping thy wise, sad head,
 Thy firm, pale hands across thy chest disposing.

So quiet ! doth the change content thee ?—Death, whither
 hath he taken thee ?
 To a world, do I think, that rights the disaster of this ?
 The vision of which I miss,
 Who weep for the body, and wish but to warm thee and
 awaken thee ?

Ah ! little at best can all our hopes avail us
To lift this sorrow, or cheer us, when in the dark,
Unwilling, alone we embark,
And the things we have seen and have known and have heard
of, fail us.

AWAKE, MY HEART

AWAKE, my heart, to be loved, awake, awake !
The darkness silvers away, the morn doth break,
It leaps in the sky : unrisen lustres slake
The o'ertaken moon. Awake, O heart, awake !

She too that loveth awaketh and hopes for thee ;
Her eyes already have sped the shades that flee,
Already they watch the path thy feet shall take :
Awake, O heart, to be loved, awake, awake !

And if thou tarry from her,—if this could be,—
She cometh herself, O heart, to be loved, to thee ;
For thee would unashamed herself forsake :
Awake to be loved, my heart, awake, awake !

Awake, the land is scattered with light, and see,
Uncanopied sleep is flying from field and tree :
And blossoming boughs of April in laughter shake
Awake, O heart, to be loved, awake, awake !

Lo all things wake and tarry and look for thee :
She looketh and saith, “ O sun, now bring him to me.
Come more adored, O adored, for his coming's sake
And awake my heart to be loved : awake, awake ! ”

NIGHTINGALES

BEAUTIFUL must be the mountains whence ye come,
And bright in the fruitful valleys the streams, wherefrom
 Ye learn your song :
Where are those starry woods ? O might I wander there,
 Among the flowers, which in that heavenly air
 Bloom the year long !

Nay, barren are those mountains and spent the streams :
Our song is the voice of desire, that haunts our dreams,
 A throe of the heart,
Whose pining visions dim, forbidden hopes profound,
 No dying cadence nor long sigh can sound,
 For all our art.

Alone, aloud in the raptured ear of men
We pour our dark nocturnal secret, and then,
 As night is withdrawn
From these sweet-springing meads and bursting boughs of May,
 Dream, while the innumerable choir of day
 Welcome the dawn.

MY DELIGHT AND THY DELIGHT

My delight and thy delight
Walking, like two angels white,
In the gardens of the night :

My desire and thy desire
Twining to a tongue of fire,
Leaping live, and laughing higher ;
Thro' the everlasting strife
In the mystery of life.

Love, from whom the world begun,
Hath the secret of the sun.

Love can tell, and love alone,
Whence the million stars were strewn,
Why each atom knows its own,
How, in spite of woe and death,
Gay is life, and sweet is breath :

This he taught us, this we knew,
Happy in his science true,
Hand in hand as we stood
Neath the shadows of the wood,
Heart to heart as we lay
In the dawning of the day.

ELEGY

THE SUMMER-HOUSE ON THE MOUND

How well my eyes remember the dim path !
My homing heart no happier playground hath.
I need not close my lids but it appears
Through the bewilderment of forty years
To tempt my feet, my childish feet, between
Its leafy walls, beneath its arching green,
Fairer than dream of sleep, than Hope more fair
Leading to dreamless sleep her sister Care.

There grew two fellow limes, two rising trees,
Shadowing the lawn, the summer haunt of bees,
Whose stems, engraved with many a russet scar
From the spear-hurlings of our mimic war,
Pillar'd the portico to that wide walk,
A mossy terrace of the native chalk
Fashion'd, that led thro' the dark shades around
Straight to the wooden temple on the mound.

There live the memories of my early days,
There still with childish heart my spirit plays ;
Yea, terror-stricken by the fiend despair
When she hath fled me, I have found her there ;
And there 'tis ever noon, and glad suns bring
Alternate days of summer and of spring,
With childish thought, and childish faces bright,
And all unknown save but the hour's delight.

High on the mound the ivied arbour stood,
A dome of straw upheld on rustic wood :
Hidden in fern the steps of the ascent,
Whereby unto the southern front we went,
And from the dark plantation climbing free,
Over a valley look'd out on the sea.

That sea is ever bright and blue, the sky
Serene and blue, and ever white ships lie
High on the horizon, steadfast in full sail,
Or nearer in the roads pass within hail
Of naked brigs and barques that windbound ride
At their taut cables heading to the tide.

There many an hour I have sat to watch ; nay, now
The brazen disk is cold against my brow,
And in my sight a circle of the sea
Enlarged to swiftness, where the salt waves flee,
And ships in stately motion pass so near
That what I see is speaking to my ear :
I hear the waves dash and the tackle strain,
The canvas flap, the rattle of the chain
That runs out thro' the hawse, the clank of the winch
Winding the rusty cable inch by inch,
Till half I wonder if they have no care,
Those sailors, that my glass is brought to bear
On all their doings, if I vex them not
On every petty task of their rough lot
Prying and spying, searching every craft
From painted truck to gunnel, fore and aft,—
Thro' idle Sundays as I have watch'd them lean

Long hours upon the rail, or neath its screen
Prone on the deck to lie outstretch'd at length,
Sunk in renewal of their wearied strength.

But what a feast of joy to me, if some
Fast-sailing frigate to the Channel come
Back'd here her topsail, or brought gently up
Let from her bow the splashing anchor drop,
By faint contrary wind stay'd in her cruise,
The *Phaethon* or dancing *Arethuse*,
Or some immense three-decker of the line,
Romantic as the tale of Troy divine ;
Ere yet our iron age had doom'd to fall
The towering freeboard of the wooden wall,
And for the engines of a mightier Mars
Clipp'd their wide wings, and dock'd their soaring spars.
The gale that in their tackle sang, the wave
That neath their gilded galleries dasht so brave
Lost then their merriment, nor look to play
With the heavy-hearted monsters of to-day.

One noon in March upon that anchoring ground
Came Napier's fleet unto the Baltic bound :
Cloudless the sky and calm and blue the sea,
As round Saint Margaret's cliff mysteriously,
Those murderous queens walking in Sabbath sleep
Glided in line upon the windless deep :
For in those days was first seen low and black
Beside the full-rigg'd mast the strange smoke-stack,
And neath their stern revolv'd the twisted fan.
Many I knew as soon as I might scan,
The heavy *Royal George*, the *Acre* bright,
The *Hogue* and *Ajax*, and could name aright
Others that I remember now no more ;
But chief, her blue flag flying at the fore,
With fighting guns a hundred, thirty and one,
The Admiral ship *The Duke of Wellington*,
Whereon sail'd George, who in her gig had flown
The silken ensign by our sisters sewn.

The Iron Duke himself,—whose soldier fame
 To England's proudest ship had given her name,
 And whose white hairs in this my earliest scene
 Had scarce more honour'd than accustom'd been,—
 Was two years since to his last haven past :
 I had seen his castle-flag to fall half-mast
 One morn as I sat looking on the sea,
 When thus all England's grief came first to me,
 Who hold my childhood favour'd that I knew
 So well the face that won at Waterloo.

But now 'tis other wars, and other men ;—
 The year that Napier sail'd, my years were ten—
 Yea, and new homes and loves my heart hath found :
 A priest has there usurped the ivied mound,
 The bell that call'd to horse calls now to prayers,
 And silent nuns tread the familiar stairs.
 Within the peach-clad walls that old outlaw,
 The Roman wolf, scratches with privy paw.

THE FAIR BRASS

AN effigy of brass
 Trodden by careless feet
 Of worshippers that pass,
 Beautiful and complete,

Lieth in the sombre aisle
 Of this old church unwreckt,
 And still from modern style
 Shielded by kind neglect.

It shows a warrior arm'd :
 Across his iron breast
 His hands by death are charm'd
 To leave his sword at rest,

Wherewith he led his men
O'ersea, and smote to hell
The astonisht Saracen,
Nor doubted he did well.

Would wé could teach our sons
His trust in face of doom,
Or give our bravest ones
A comparable tomb :

Such as to look on shrives
The heart of half its care ;
So in each line survives
The spirit that made it fair ;

So fair the characters,
With which the dusty scroll,
That tells his title, stirs
A requiem for his soul.

Yet dearer far to me,
And brave as he are they,
Who fight by land and sea
For England at this day ;

Whose vile memorials,
In mournful marbles gilt,
Deface the beauteous walls
By growing glory built :

Heirs of our antique shrines,
Sires of our future fame,
Whose starry honour shines
In many a noble name

Across the deathful days,
Link'd in the brotherhood
That loves our country's praise,
And lives for heavenly good.

OPEN FOR ME THE GATES OF DELIGHT

OPEN for me the gates of delight,
 The gates of the garden of man's desire ;
 Where spirits touch'd by heavenly fire
 Have planted the trees of life.—
 Their branches in beauty are spread,
 Their fruit divine
 To the nations is given for bread,
 And crush'd into wine.

To thee, O man, the sun his truth hath given,
 The moon hath whisper'd in love her silvery dreams ;
 Night hath unlockt the starry heaven,
 The sea the trust of his streams :
 And the rapture of woodland spring
 Is stay'd in its flying ;
 And Death cannot sting
 Its beauty undying.

Fear and Pity disentwine
 Their aching beams in colours fine ;
 Pain and woe forgo their might.
 After darkness thy leaping sight,
 After dumbness thy dancing sound,
 After fainting thy heavenly flight,
 After sorrow thy pleasures crown'd :
 O enter the garden of thy delight,
 Thy solace is found.

Ode to Music.

TRAFALGAR SQUARE

SEPTEMBER, 1917

FOOL that I was : my heart was sore,
 Yea sick for the myriad wounded men,
 The maim'd in the war : I had grief for each one :
 And I came in the gay September sun

To the open smile of Trafalgar Square ;
Where many a lad with a limb fordone
Loll'd by the lion-guarded column
That holdeth Nelson statued thereon
Upright in the air.

The Parliament towers and the Abbey towers,
The white Horseguards and grey Whitehall,
He looketh on all,
Past Somerset House and the river's bend
To the pillar'd dome of St. Paul,
That slumbers, confessing God's solemn blessing
On England's glory, to keep it ours—
While children true her prowess renew
And throng from the ends of the earth to defend
Freedom and honour—till Earth shall end.

The gentle unjealous Shakespeare, I trow,
In his country tomb of peaceful fame,
Must feel exiled from life and glow
If he think of this man with his warrior claim,
Who looketh o'er London as if 'twere his own
As he standeth in stone, aloft and alone,
Sailing the sky with one arm and one eye.

JOSEPH HENRY SHORTHOUSE

(1834-1901)

VENGEANCE IS MINE

THE Italian still continued on his knees, his hands clasped before him, his face working with terror and agony that could not be disguised.

“Mercy, *monsignore*,” he cried. “Mercy. I cannot, I

dare not, I am not fit to die. For the blessed Host, *monsignore*, have mercy—for the love of Jesu—for the sake of Jesu."

As he said these last words Inglesant's attitude altered, and the cruel light faded out of his eyes. His hand ceased to finger the carabine at his saddle, and he sat still upon his horse, looking down upon the abject wretch before him, while a man might count fifty. The Italian saw, or thought he saw, that his judge was inclining to mercy, and he renewed his appeals for pity.

"For the love of the crucifix, *monsignore*, for the blessed Virgin's sake."

But Inglesant did not seem to hear him. He turned to the horsemen behind him, and said :

"Take him up, one of you, on the crupper. Search him first for arms. Another keep his eye on him, and if he moves or attempts to escape, shoot him dead. You had better come quietly," he continued ; "it is your only chance of life."

Two of the men-at-arms dismounted and searched the prisoner, but found no arms upon him. He seemed indeed to be in the greatest distress from hunger and want, and his clothes were ragged and thin. He was mounted behind one of the soldiers and closely watched, but he made no attempt to escape, and indeed appeared to have no strength or energy for such an effort.

They went on down the pass for about an Italian league. The country became more thickly wooded, and here and there on the hillsides patches of corn appeared, and once or twice in a sheltered spot a few vines. At length, on the broad shoulder of the hill round which the path wound, they saw before them a few cottages, and above them, on the hillside, in a position that commanded the distant pass till it opened on the plain, was a Chapel, the bell of which had just ceased ringing for mass.

Inglesant turned his horse's head up the narrow stony path, and when the gate was reached, he dismounted and entered the Chapel, followed by his train. The Cappella had apparently been built of the remains of some temple

or old Roman house, for many of the stones of the front were carved in bold relief. It was a small narrow building, and possessed no furniture save the altar and a rude pulpit built of stones ; but behind the altar, painted on the plaster of the wall, was the rood or crucifix, the size of life. Who the artist had been cannot now be told ; it might have been the pupil of some great master, who had caught something of the master's skill, or, perhaps, in the old time, some artist had come up the pass from Borgo san Sepolcro, and had painted it for the love of his art and of the Blessed Virgin ; but, whoever had done it, it was well done, and it gave a sanctity to the little Chapel, and possessed an influence of which the villagers were not unconscious, and of which they were even proud.

The mass had commenced some short time as the train entered, and such few women and peasants as were present turned in surprise.

Inglesant knelt upon the steps before the altar, and the men-at-arms upon the floor of the Chapel, the two who guarded the prisoner keeping close behind their leader.

The priest, who was an old and simple-looking countryman, continued his office without stopping ; but when he had received the sacred elements himself, he turned, and, influenced probably by his appearance and by his position at the altar, he offered Inglesant the Sacrament. He took it, and the priest, turning again to the altar, finished the mass.

Then Inglesant rose, and when the priest turned again he was standing before the altar with his drawn sword held lengthwise across his hands.

"My father," he said, "I am the Cavaliere di San Giorgio, and as I came across the mountains this morning on my way to Rome, I met my mortal foe, the murderer of my brother, a wretch whose life is forfeit by every law, either of earth or heaven, a guilty monster steeped in every crime. Him, as soon as I had met him—sent by this lonely and untrodden way as it seems to me by the Lord's hand—I thought to crush at once, as I would a venomous beast, though he is worse than any beast. But, my Father,

he has appealed from me to the adorable Name of Jesus, and I cannot touch him. But he will not escape. I give him over to the Lord. I give up my sword into the Lord's hands, that He may work my vengeance upon him as it seems to Him good. Henceforth he is safe from earthly retribution, but the Divine Powers are just. Take this sword, reverend Father, and let it lie upon the altar beneath the Christ Himself; and I will make an offering for daily masses for my brother's soul."

The priest took the sword, and kneeling before the altar, placed it thereon like a man acting in a dream.

He was one of those child-like peasant-priests to whom the great world was unknown, and to whom his mountain solitudes were peopled as much by the saints and angels of his breviary as by the peasants who shared with him the solitudes and the legends that gave to these mountain fastnesses a mysterious awe. To such a man as this it seemed nothing strange that the blessed St. George himself, in jewelled armour, should stand before the altar in the mystic morning light, his shining sword in his hand.

He turned again to Inglesant, who had knelt down once more.

"It is well done, *monsignore*," he said, "as all that thou doest doubtless is most well. The sword shall remain here as thou sayest, and the Lord doubtless will work His blessed will. But I entreat, *monsignore*, thy intercession for me, a poor sinful man; and when thou returnest to thy place, and seest again the Lord Jesus, that thou wilt remind Him of His unworthy priest. Amen."

Inglesant scarcely heard what he said, and certainly did not understand it. His sense was confused by what had happened, and by the sudden overmastering impulse upon which he had acted. He moved as in a dream; nothing seemed to come strange to him, nothing startled him, and he took slight heed of what passed. He placed his embroidered purse, heavy with gold, in the priest's hand, and in his excitement totally forgot to name his brother, for whose repose masses were to be said.

He signed to his men to release the prisoner, and, his

trumpets sounding to horse before the Chapel gate, he mounted and rode on down the pass.

John Inglesant.

MARY COLERIDGE

(1861-1907)

TO MEMORY

STRANGE Power, I know not what thou art,
Murderer, or mistress of my heart.
I know I'd rather meet the blow
Of my most unrelenting foe
Than live—as now I live—to be
Slain twenty times a day by thee.

Yet, when I would command thee hence,
Thou mockest at the vain pretence,
Murmuring in mine ear a song
Once loved, alas ! forgotten long ;
And on my brow I feel a kiss
That I would rather die than miss.

UNITY

THE sense of fellowship is grown
A radiant mystery.
The dark is shot with light ; the stone
Is light unto the eyes that see.

No more the wild confusèd main
Is tossed about with storms of fear.
The sea is singing ; and the rain
Is music to the ears that hear.

NIGHT IS FALLEN WITHIN, WITHOUT

NIGHT is fallen within, without,
Come, Love, soon !
I am weary of my doubt.
The golden fire of the Sun is out,
The silver fire of the Moon.

Love shall be
A child in me

When they are cinders gray,
With the earth and with the sea,
With the star that shines on thee,
And the night and day.

EGYPT'S MIGHT IS TUMBLED DOWN

EGYPT's might is tumbled down
Down a-down the deeps of thought ;
Greece is fallen and Troy town,
Glorious Rome hath lost her crown,
Venice' pride is nought.

But the dreams their children dreamed
Fleeting, unsubstantial, vain,
Shadowy as the shadows seemed,
Airy nothing, as they deemed,
These remain.

AH, I HAVE STRIVEN, I HAVE STRIVEN

AH, I have striven, I have striven,
That it might vanish as the smoke ;
Angels remember it in heaven.
In vain I have striven, I have striven
To forget the word that I spoke.

See, I am fighting, I am fighting
That I may bring it to nought.
It is written in fiery writing,
In vain I am fighting, I am fighting
To forget the thought that I thought.

WE WERE NOT MADE FOR REFUGES OF LIES

We were not made for refuges of lies,
And false embattled bulwarks will not screen us.
We mocked the careful shieldings of the wise,
And only utter truth can be between us.

Long suns and moons have wrought this day at length,
The heavens in naked majesty have told thee.
To see me as I am have thou the strength ;
And, even as thou art, I dare behold thee.

O THE HIGH VALLEY, THE LITTLE LOW HILL

O THE high valley, the little low hill,
And the cornfield over the sea,
The wind that rages and then lies still,
And the clouds that rest and flee !

O the grey island in the rainbow haze,
And the long thin spits of land,
The roughening pastures and the stony ways,
And the golden flash of the sand !

O the red heather on the moss-wrought rock,
And the fir-tree stiff and straight,
The shaggy old sheep-dog barking at the flock,
And the rotten old five-barred gate !

O the brown bracken, the blackberry bough,
The scent of the gorse in the air !
I shall love them ever as I love them now,
I shall weary in Heaven to be there !

Chillingham.

INDEX OF AUTHORS

- ADDISON, Joseph, 455-463
 Anonymous, 1-3, 37-38, 42-50, 63-65, 79-100, 226-231, 257-276
 Arnold, Matthew, 860-869
 Austen, Jane, 678-683

 Bacon, Francis, 231-237
 Barnefield, Richard, 245-246
 Baxter, Richard, 387-389
 Beaconsfield, Earl of. *See* Disraeli, Benjamin
 Beaumont, Francis, 289-292
 Beddoes, Thomas Lovell, 738
 Bentham, Jeremy, 569-572
 Berkeley, Bishop George, 483-486
 Berners, Lord, 101-107
 Bible, Wyclif, 18-23; Coverdale, 115-120; Authorised Version (1611), 286-288
 Blake, William, 588-594
 Bolingbroke, Viscount. *See* St. John, Henry
 Borrow, George, 806-810
 Boswell, James, 596-599
 Bridges, Robert, 989-1001
 Brontë, Charlotte, 822-825
 Brontë, Emily, 825-830
 Brooke, Lord. *See* Greville, Fulke
 Browne, Sir Thomas, 339-344
 Browne, William, of Tavistock, 295
 Browning, Elizabeth Barrett, 821
 Browning, Robert, 843-856
 Bunyan, John, 408-418
 Burke, Edmund, 552-555
 Burleigh, Lord. *See* Cecil, William
 Burney, Frances, 566-569
 Burns, Robert, 578-588
 Burton, Robert, 299-301
 Butler, Bishop Joseph, 498-500
 Butler, Samuel, 391-393
 Byron, George Gordon, Lord Byron, 692-700

 Campbell, Thomas, 635-637
 Campion, Thomas, 180-182
 Carew, Thomas, 338-339
 Carlyle, Thomas, 769-774
 Caxton, William, 65-67
 Cecil, William, Lord Burleigh, 125-129
 Chapman, George, 297-298
 Chatterton, Thomas, 547-549
 Chaucer, Geoffrey, 6-16, 23-35
 Chesterfield, Earl of. *See* Stanhope, Philip Dormer
 Clare, John, 690-692
 Clarendon, Earl of. *See* Hyde, Edward
 Clough, Arthur Hugh, 837-838
 Cobbett, William, 642-645
 Coleridge, Mary, 1005-1008
 Coleridge, Samuel Taylor, 611-635
 Collins, William, 534-536
 Congreve, William, 435-438
 Cory, William (Johnson), 869-870
 Cowley, Abraham, 353-356
 Cowper, William, 572-578
 Crabbe, George, 667-672
 Crashaw, Richard, 351-353

 Daniel, Samuel, 189-191
 Darley, George, 750
 Darwin, Charles, 801-804
 Davenant, Sir William, 337
 Davies, Sir John, 633
 Defoe, Daniel, 490-495
 Dekker, Thomas, 283-284
 De Quincey, Thomas, 751-754
 Dibdin, Charles, 599-600
 Dickens, Charles, 797-800
 Disraeli, Benjamin, Earl of Beaconsfield, 760-763

- Dobson, Austin, 963-965
 Donne, John, 276-283
 Drake, Sir Francis, 146-147
 Drayton, Michael, 214-218
 Drummond, William, of Hawthornden, 301-303
 Dryden, John, 418-429
 Dunbar, William, 73-78

 Edgeworth, Maria, 639-642
 Elliot, Ebenezer, 689
 "Eliot, George," 923-931
 Elyot, Sir Thomas, 107-109
 Emerson, Ralph Waldo, 781-783
 Evelyn, John, 432-434

 Fielding, Henry, 516-520
 FitzGerald, Edward, 885-894
 Fletcher, Giles, 284-285
 Fletcher, John, 289-293
 Fletcher, Phineas, 310-313
 Ford, John, 331-335
 Foxe, John, 123-124
 Froude, James Anthony, 931-934
 Fuller, Thomas, 386-387

 Gay, John, 452-454, 480-482
 Gibbon, Edward, 562-565
 Goldsmith, Oliver, 543-547
 Gosse, Edmund, 966-971
 Gower, John, 35-36
 Gray, Thomas, 527-534
 Greene, Robert, 148-152
 Greville, Fulke, Lord Brooke, 328-329

 Hakluyt, Richard, 218-223
 Halifax, Marquess of. *See* Savile, George
 Hardy, Thomas, 945-962
 Hawes, Stephen, 101
 Hawthorne, Nathaniel, 871-874
 Hazlitt, William, 741-745
 Hemans, Felicia, 755
 Henley, William Ernest, 983-988
 Henryson, Robert, 59-63
 Herbert, George, 330-331
 Herrick, Robert, 356-363
 Hobbes, Thomas, 371-375
 Holinshed, Raphael, 133-139
 Hood, Thomas, 750-751
 Hooker, Richard, 195-201
 Howard, Henry, Earl of Surrey, 121-123

 Hume, David, 512-515
 Hunt, Leigh, 684
 Huxley, Thomas Henry, 903-906
 Hyde, Edward, Earl of Clarendon, 368-371

 James, Henry, 974-977
 James I. of Scotland, 50-52
 Jeffrey, Francis, 754-757
 Johnson, Samuel, 504-511
 Jonson, Ben, 246-257

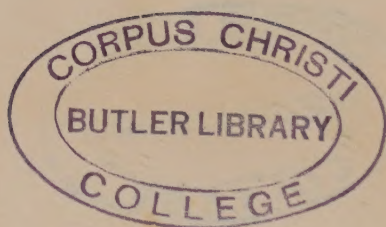
 Keats, John, 700-716
 King, Henry, Bishop of Chester, 389-390
 Kingsley, Charles, 774-780
 Knox, John, 130-133

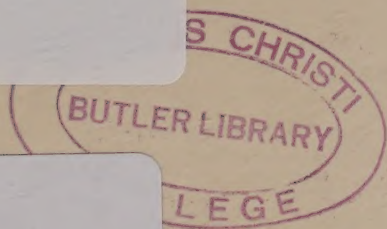
 Lamb, Charles, 659-667
 Landor, Walter Savage, 724-729
 Lang, Andrew, 943-945
 Langland, William, 4-6
 Locke, John, 434-435
 Lodge, Thomas, 168-172
 Longfellow, Henry Wadsworth, 767-769
 Lovelace, Sir Richard, 364-366
 Lydgate, John, 38-39
 Lyly, John, 142-145
 Lytton, Edward Bulwer, Lord Lytton, 763-766

 Macaulay, Thomas Babington, 745-749
 Macpherson, James, 536-538
 Malory, Sir Thomas, 67-72
 Mandeville, Sir John, 39-42
 Mannyng, Robert, of Brunne, 4
 Marlowe, Christopher, 191-195
 Marryat, Captain Frederick, 757-760
 Marvell, Andrew, 375-378
 Meredith, George, 874-885
 Meres, Francis, 224-226
 Mill, John Stuart, 816-820
 Milton, John, 313-327, 344-348, 403-407
 Montagu, Lady Mary Wortley, 487-490
 Moore, Thomas, 638-639
 More, Sir Thomas, 109-115
 Morris, William, 912-922

- Napier, Major-General Sir W. F. P., 684-688
- Newman, Cardinal John Henry, 838-840
- North, Sir Thomas, 140-142
- Orford, Earl of. *See* Walpole, Horace
- Osborne, Dorothy, 381-383
- Parker, Martin, 335-337
- Paston (Letters), 53-58
- Pater, Walter Horatio, 971-974
- Patmore, Coventry, 841-843
- Peacock, Thomas Love, 730-737
- Peele, George, 152
- Pepys, Samuel, 393-397
- Poe, Edgar Allan, 795-796
- Pope, Alexander, 463-479
- Praed, Winthrop Mackworth, 738-741
- Prior, Matthew, 486-487
- Purchas, Samuel, 294-295
- Quarles, Francis, 309-310
- Raleigh, Sir Walter, 182-189
- Reade, Charles, 894-900
- Reynolds, Sir Joshua, 549-552
- Richardson, Samuel, 502-504
- Rochester, Earl of. *See* Wilmot, John
- Rossetti, Christina, 900-903
- Rossetti, Dante Gabriel, 935-943
- Ruskin, John, 811-815
- St. John, Henry, Viscount Bolingbroke, 500-502
- Savile, George, Marquess of Halifax, 430-432
- Scott, Sir Walter, 645-658
- Sedley, Sir Charles, 399-400
- Shakespeare, William, 201-214, 237-245
- Shelley, Percy Bysshe, 716-724
- Sheridan, Richard Brinsley, 559-562
- Shirley, James, 350-351
- Shorthouse, Joseph Henry, 1001-1005
- Sidney, Sir Philip, 172-180
- Skelton, John, 72-73
- Smart, Christopher, 540-542
- Smollett, Tobias, 524-527
- Southey, Robert, 674-677
- Spenser, Edmund, 153-168
- Stanhope, Philip Dormer, Earl of Chesterfield, 555-559
- Steele, Sir Richard, 440-443
- Sterne, Laurence, 538-540
- Stevenson, Robert Louis, 977-983
- Suckling, Sir John, 338
- Surrey, Earl of. *See* Howard, Henry
- Swift, Jonathan, 444-454
- Swinburne, Algernon Charles, 907-911
- Taylor, Jeremy, 383-386
- Temple, Sir William, 379-381
- Tennyson, Alfred, Lord Tennyson, 784-795
- Tennyson, Frederick, 840-841
- Thackeray, William Makepeace, 831-836
- Thomson, James, 495-497
- Traherne, Thomas, 400-403
- Trollope, Anthony, 856-860
- Vaughan, Henry, 366-368
- Waller, Edmund, 349-350
- Walpole, Horace, Earl of Orford, 521-524
- Walton, Izaak, 397-399
- Watts, Isaac, 438-439
- Webster, John, 303-307
- White, Gilbert, 594-596
- Whitman, Walt, 804-806
- Wilmot, John, Earl of Rochester, 390-391
- Wither, George, 296-297
- Wolfe, Charles, 673-674
- Wordsworth, William, 600-611
- Wotton, Sir Henry, 308-309
- Wyatt, Sir Thomas, 120
- Wyclif, John, 16-18

PRINTED BY
THE TEMPLE PRESS AT LETCHWORTH
IN GREAT BRITAIN







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KW-157-864

